

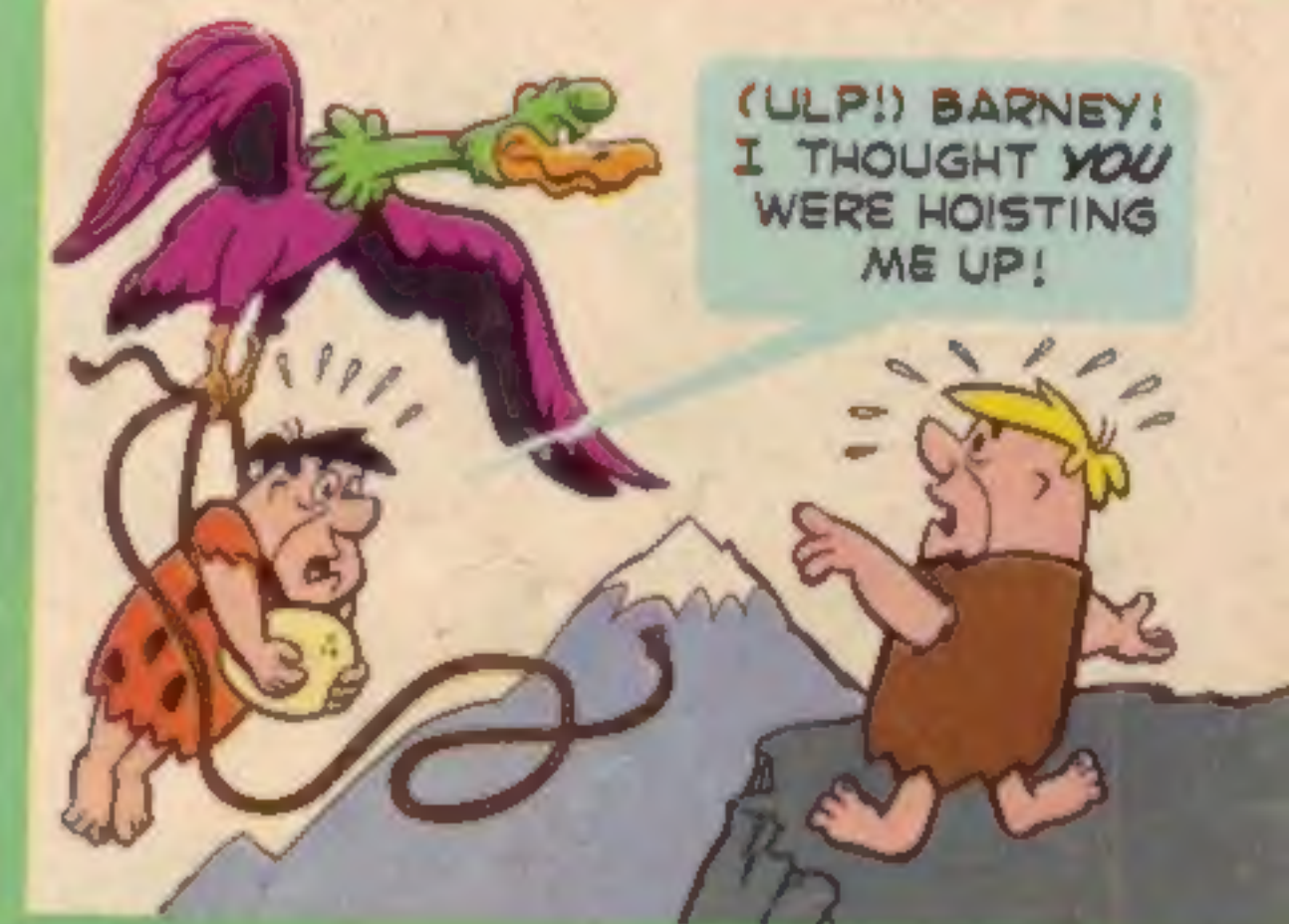
HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

0006-304
APRIL

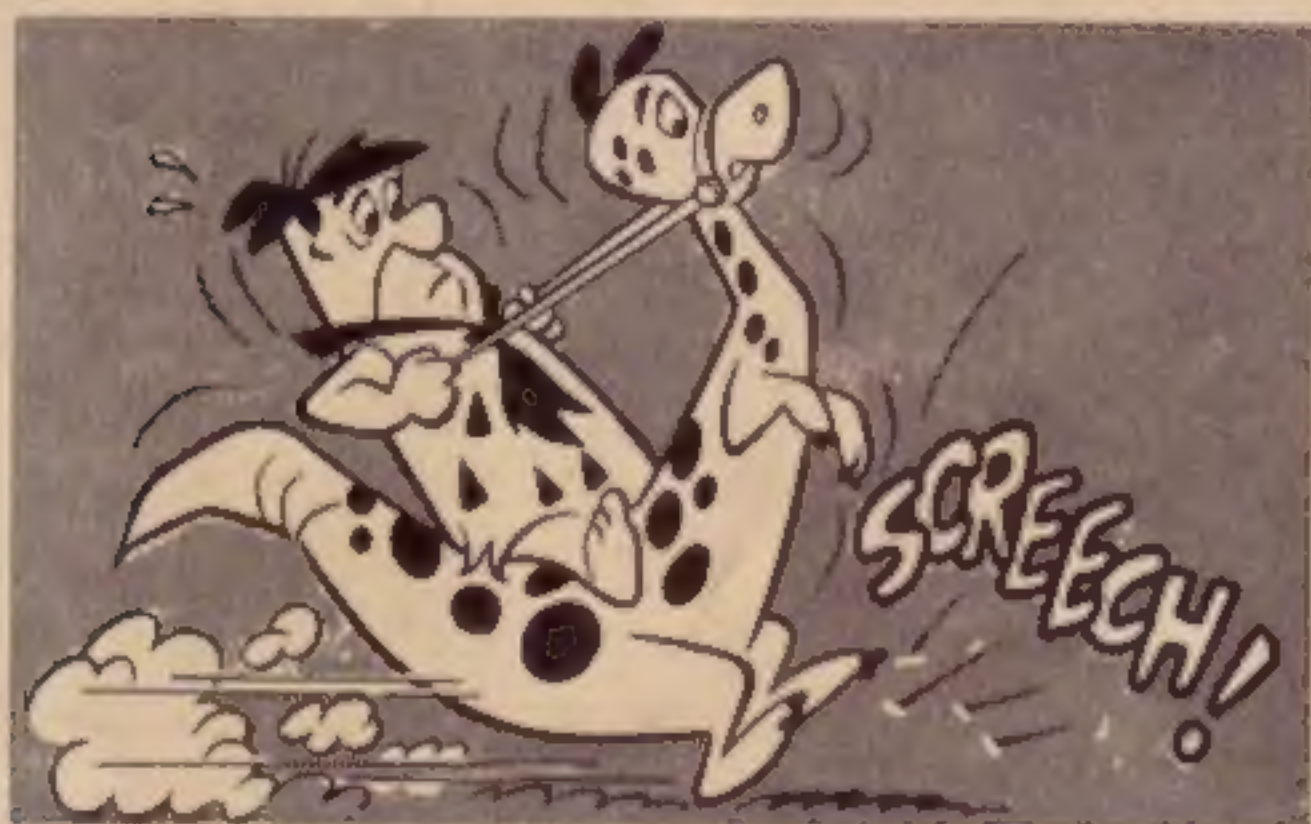
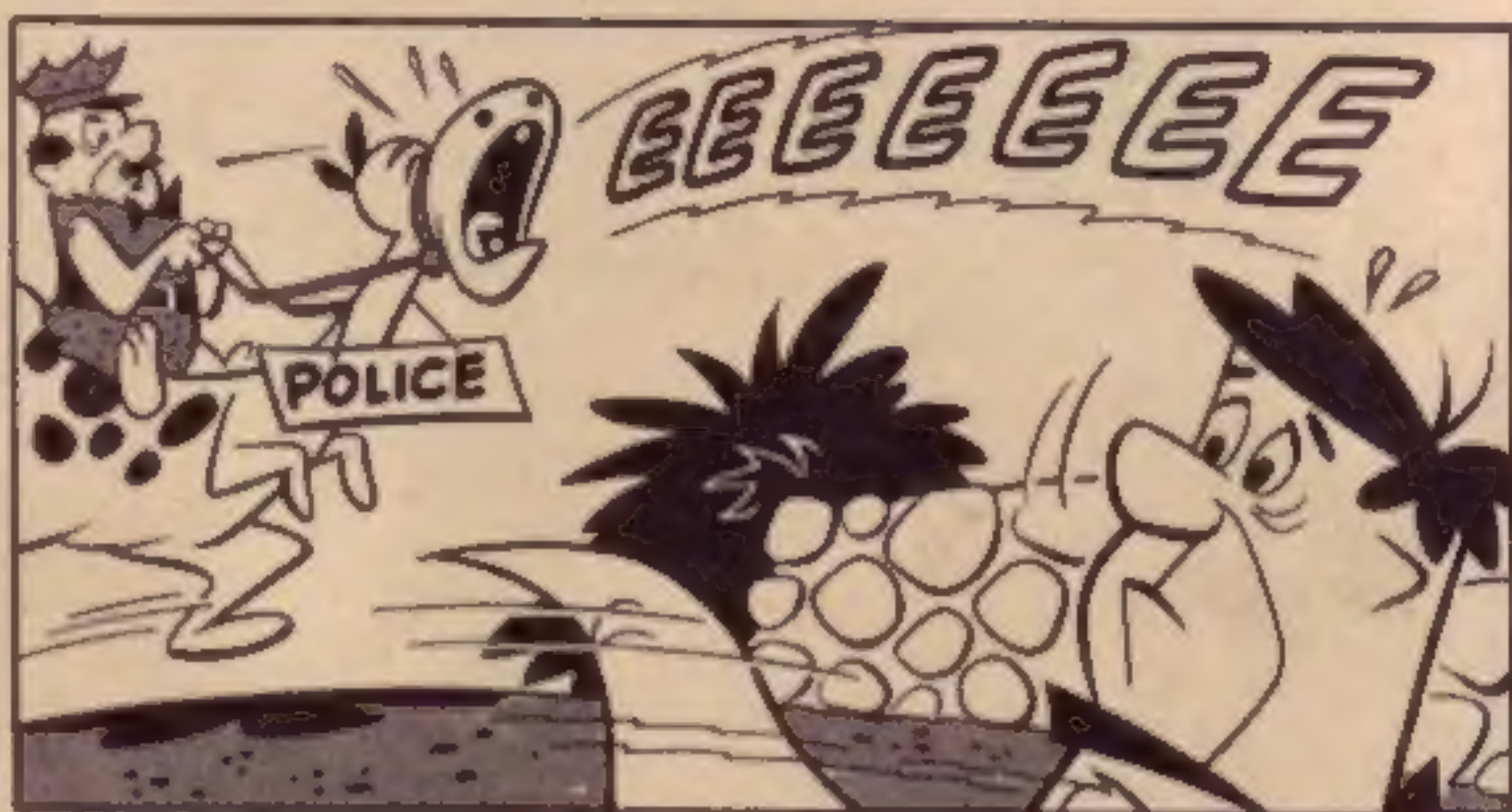


The
PRE-
HYSTERICAL
EGG

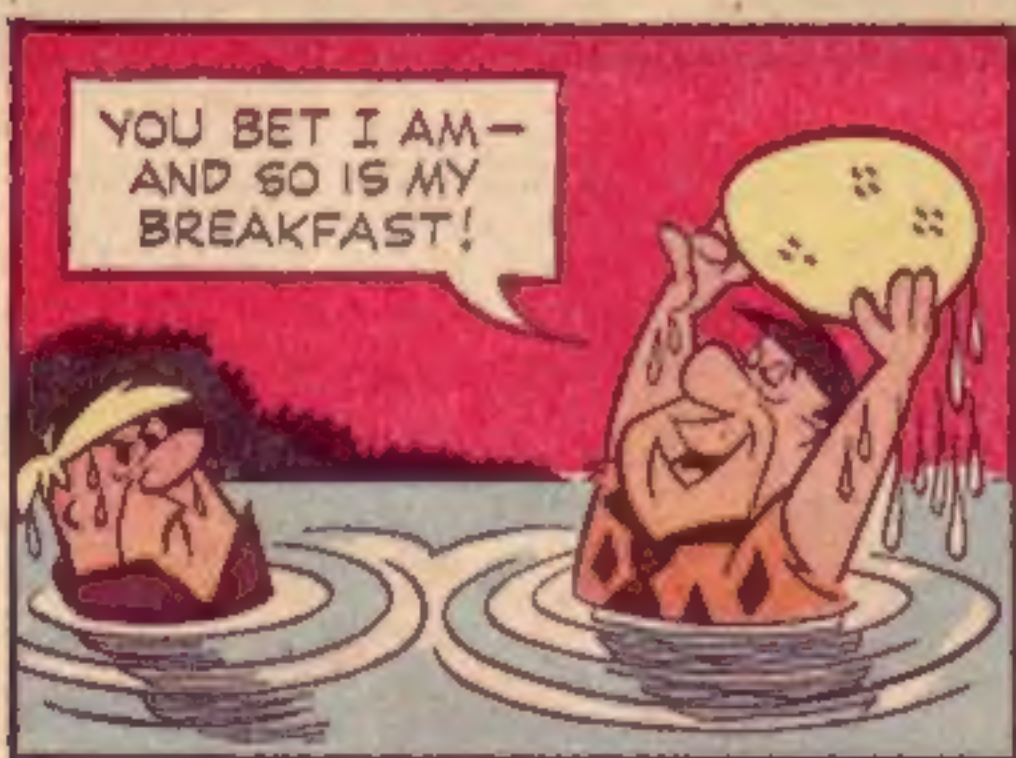
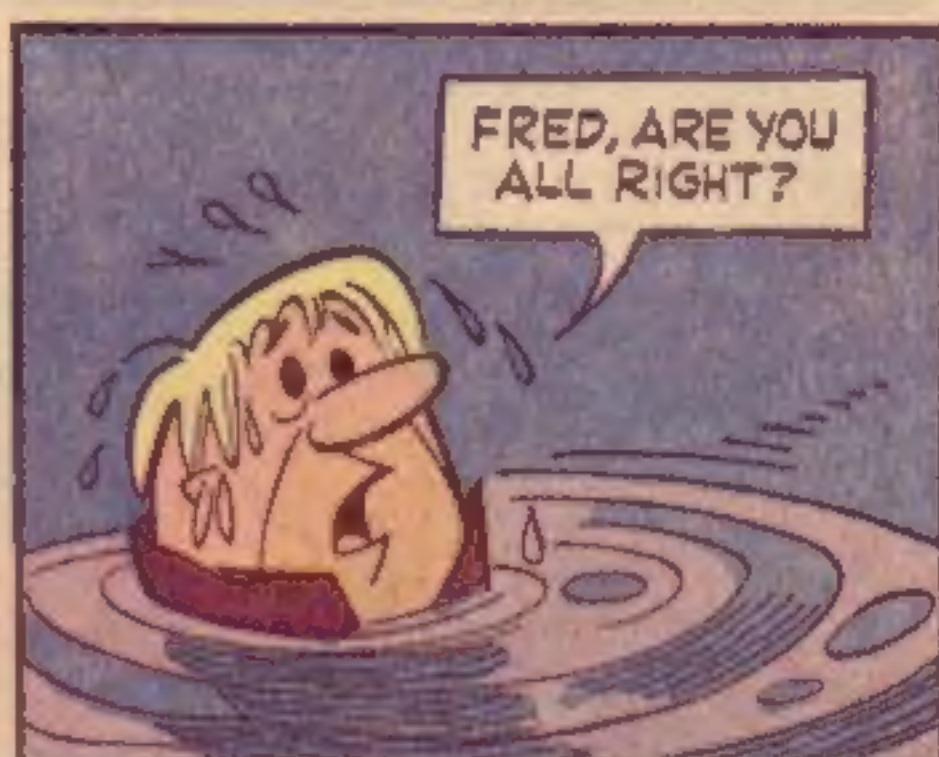
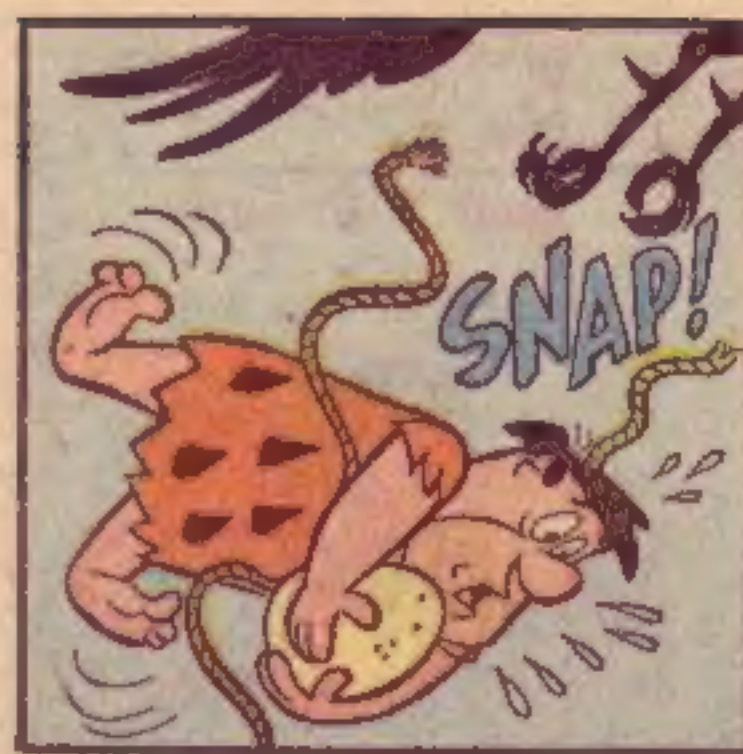


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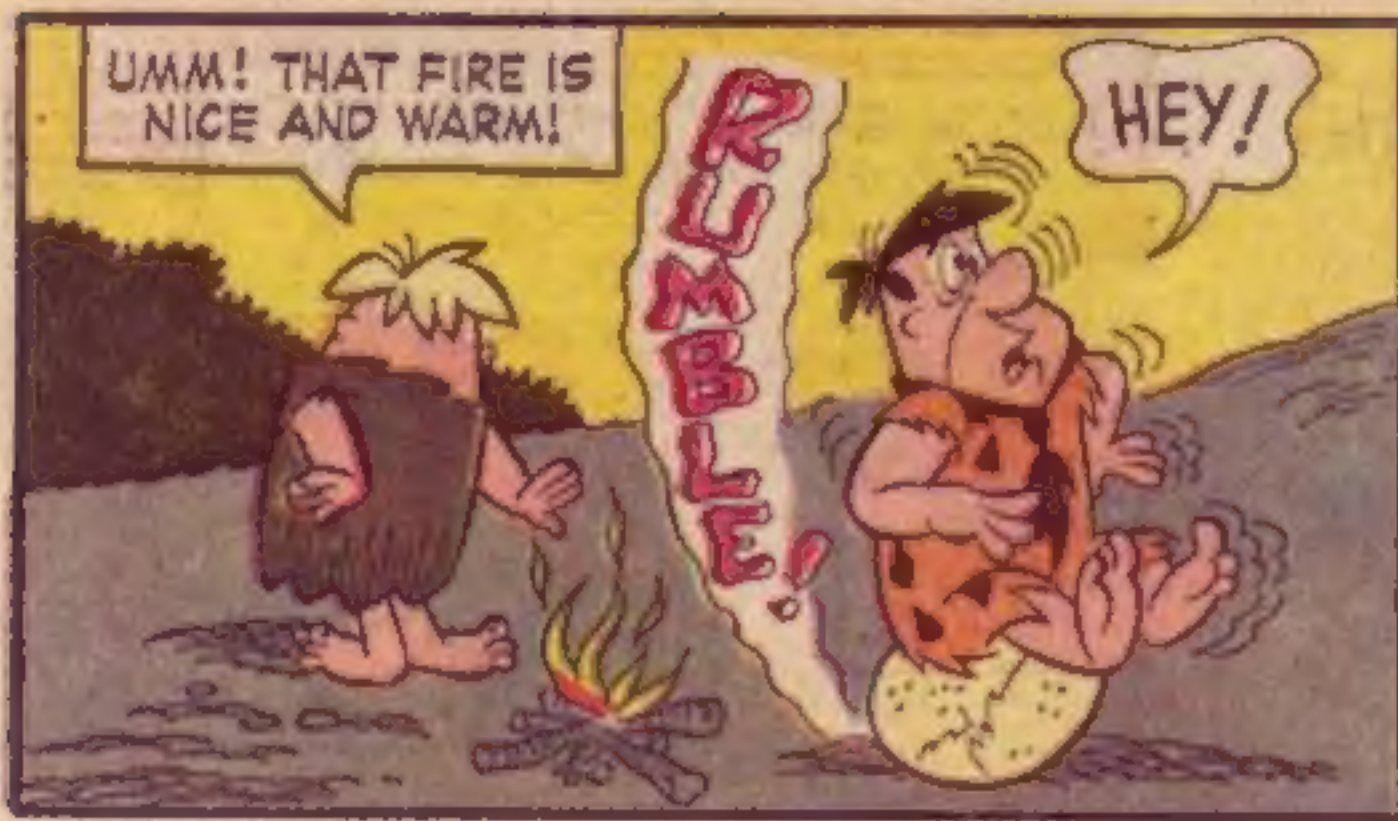
A Flintstone Funny



Hanna-Barbera
the FLINTSTONES
THE PRE-HYSTERICAL EGG
 CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER →



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IN A WAY,
YOU *ARE* ITS
MOTHER!

FLEEP!

HUH?



LOOK, BARNEY, JUST BECAUSE I
HAPPENED TO BE SITTING ON THAT
EGG WHEN IT HATCHED, DOESN'T
MEAN...

FRED...LOOK!



GRRRR!
SLURP!

FLEEP!

IT'S A
SABER-TOOTH
TIGER!



HOLD IT, YOU
OVERGROWN
FLEA BAG!



PICK ON SOMEBODY
YOUR *OWN* SIZE!

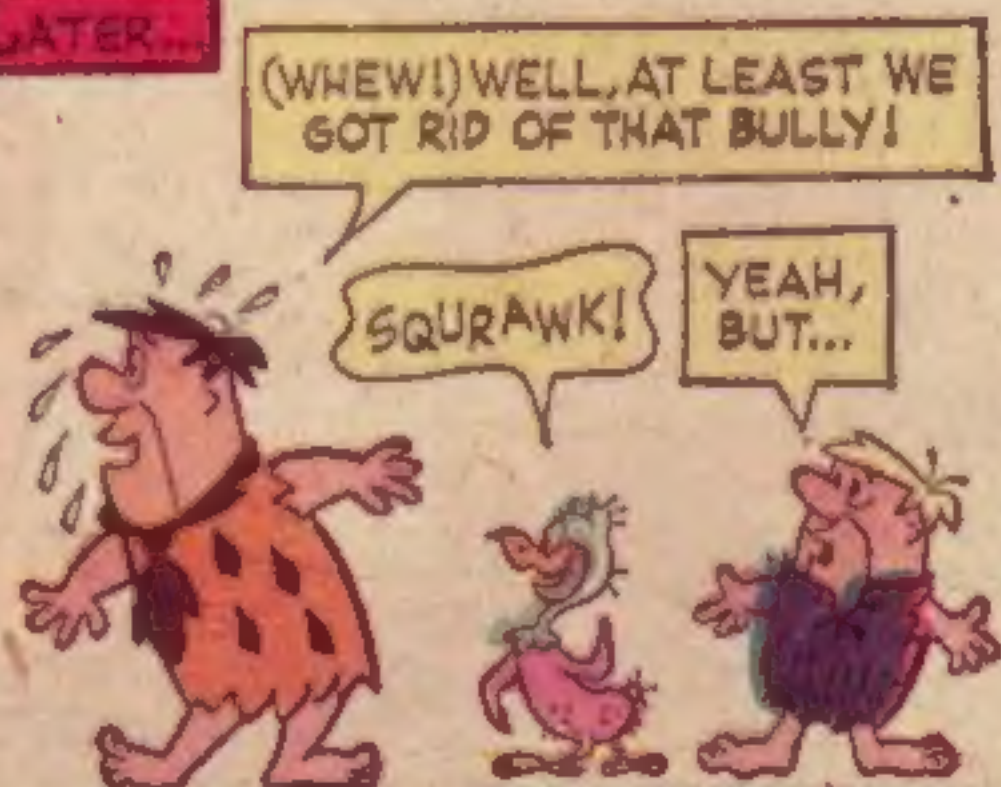
PLOK!



(ULP!) ME AND
MY BIG MOUTH!

IT'S *HIS*
MOUTH I'M
WORRYING
ABOUT!

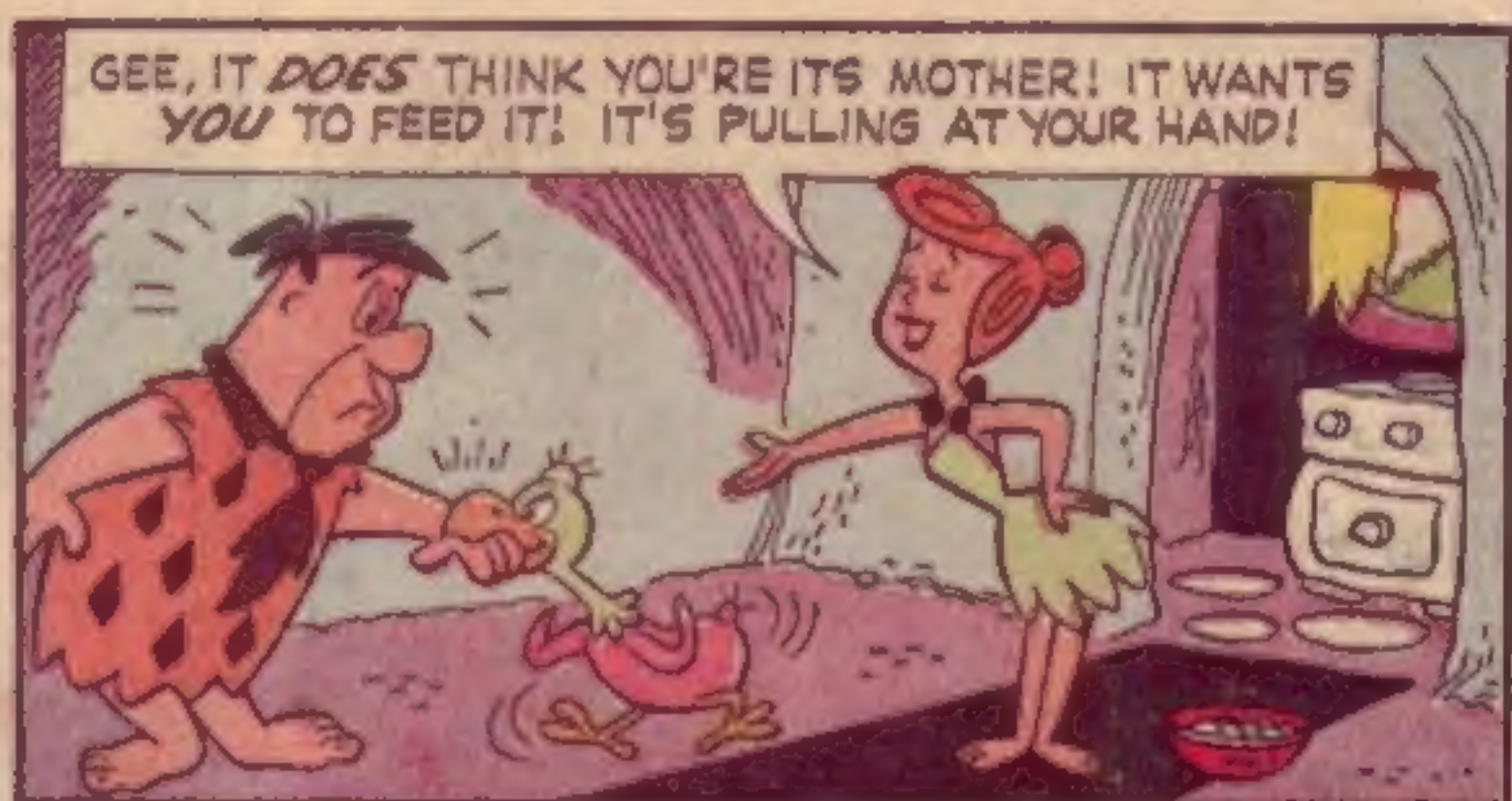
LATER...

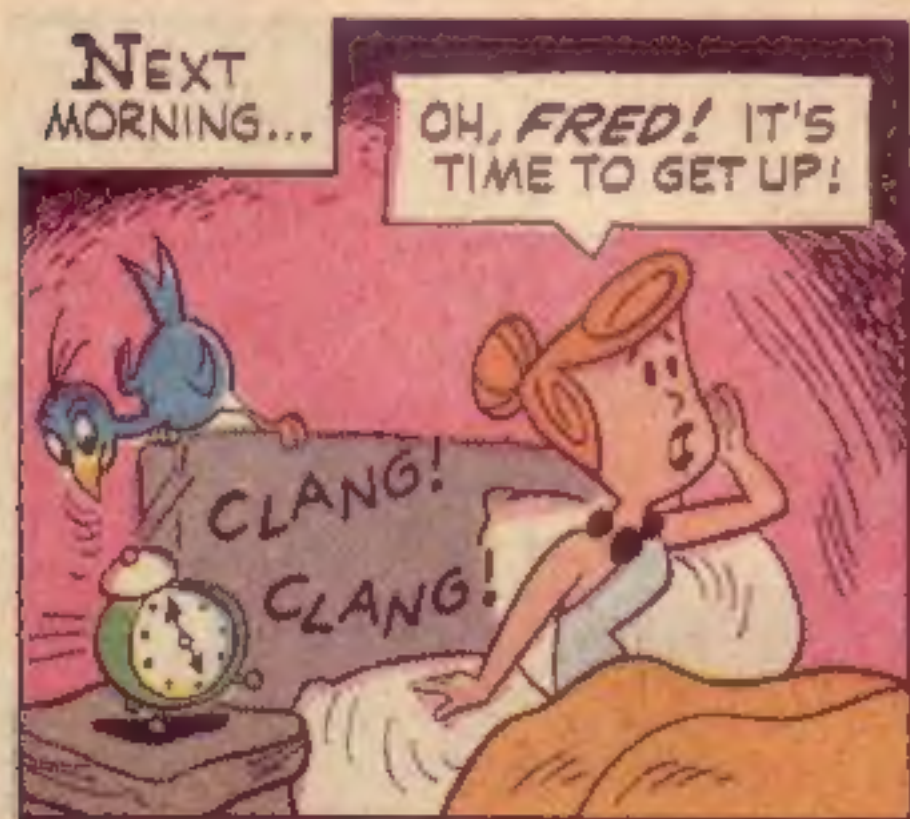


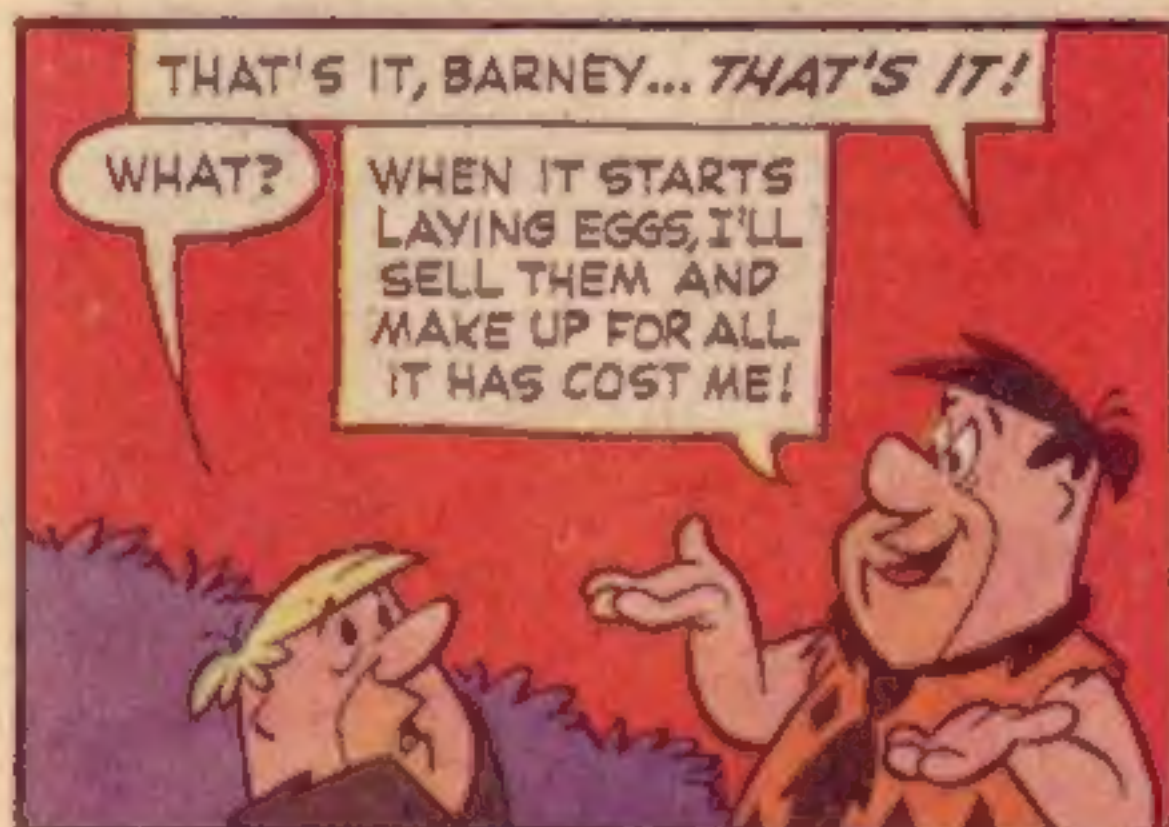
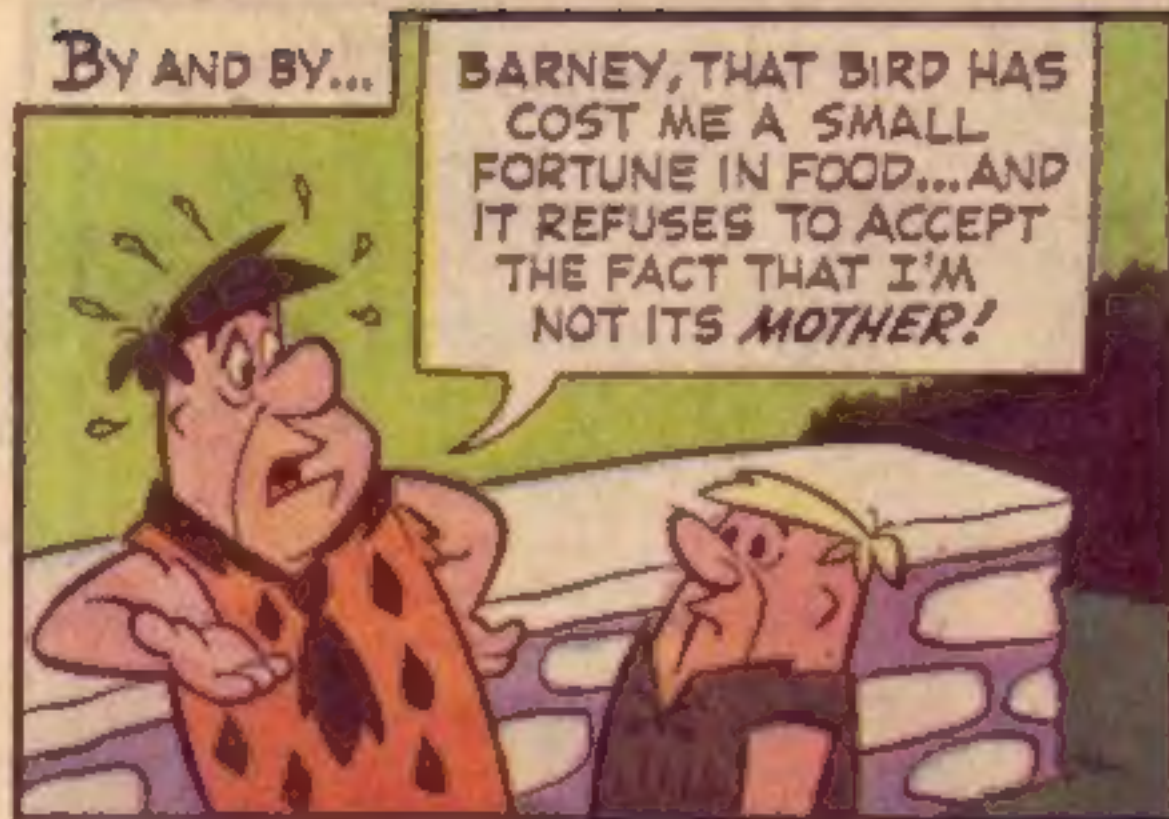
(WHEW!) WELL, AT LEAST WE
GOT RID OF THAT BULLY!

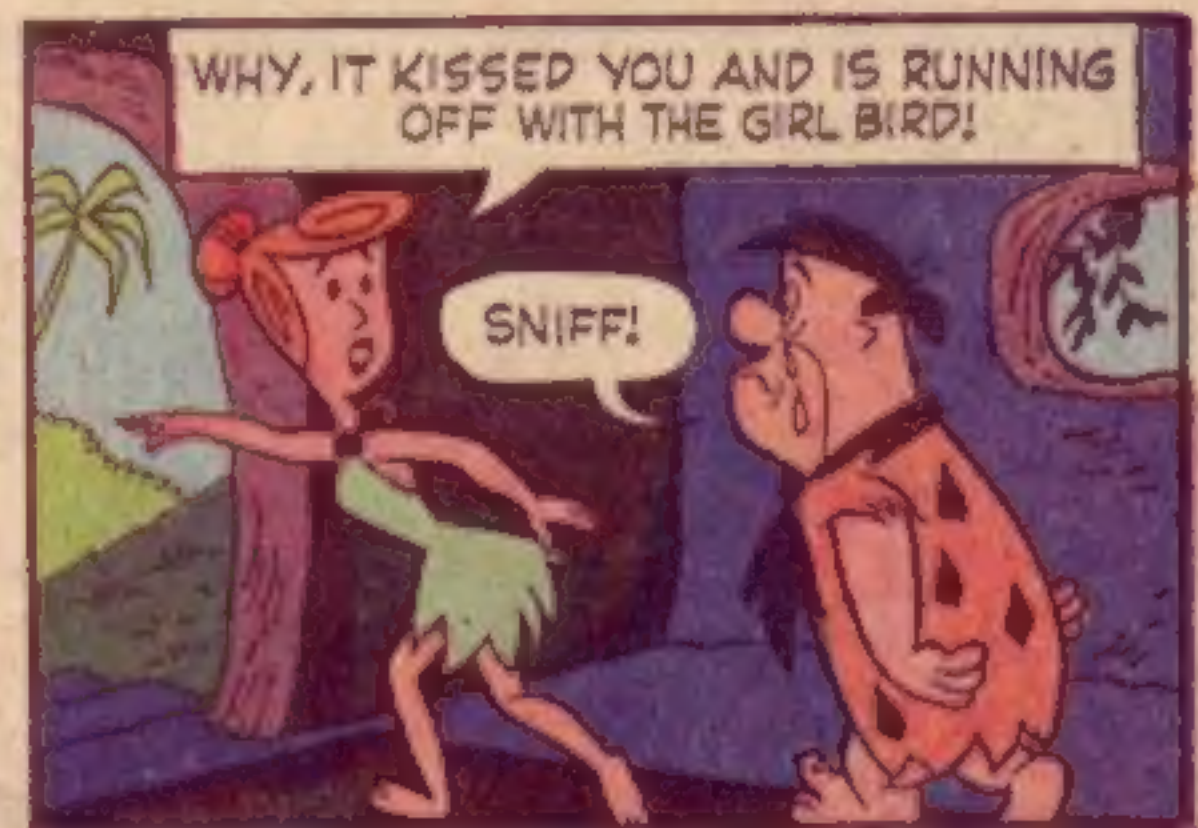
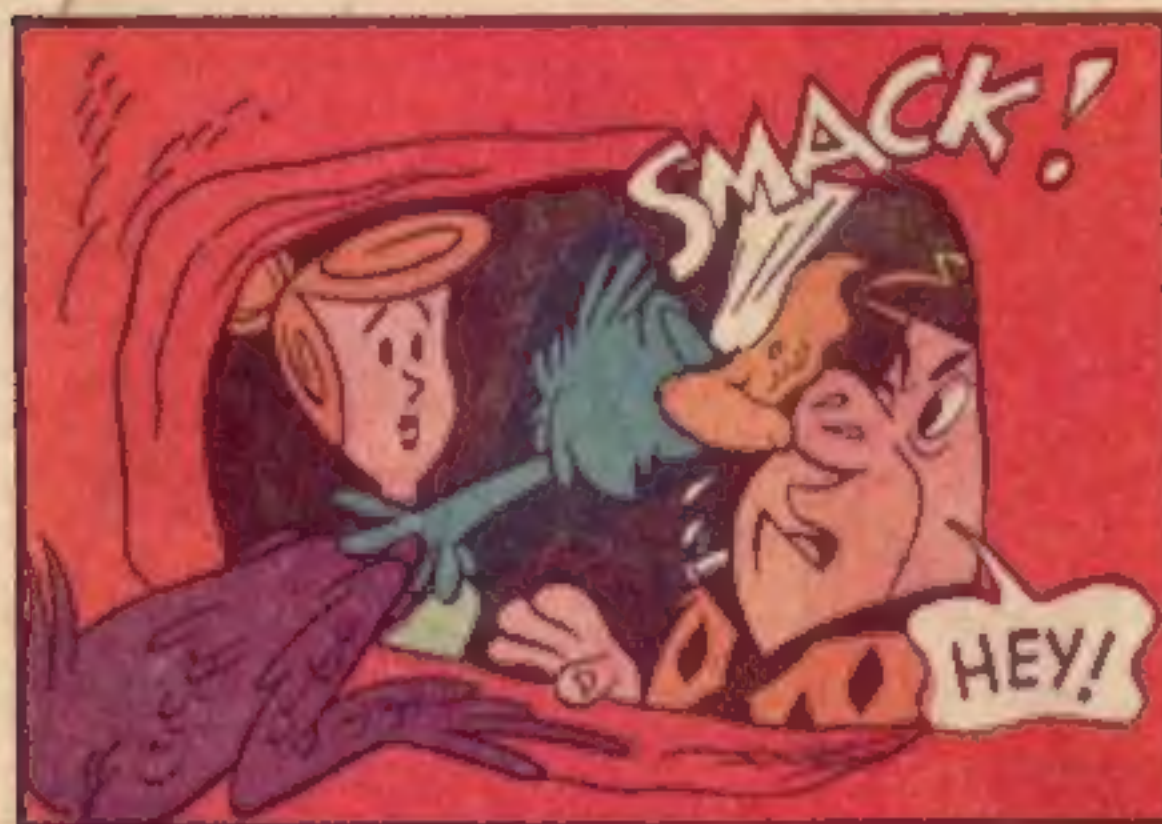
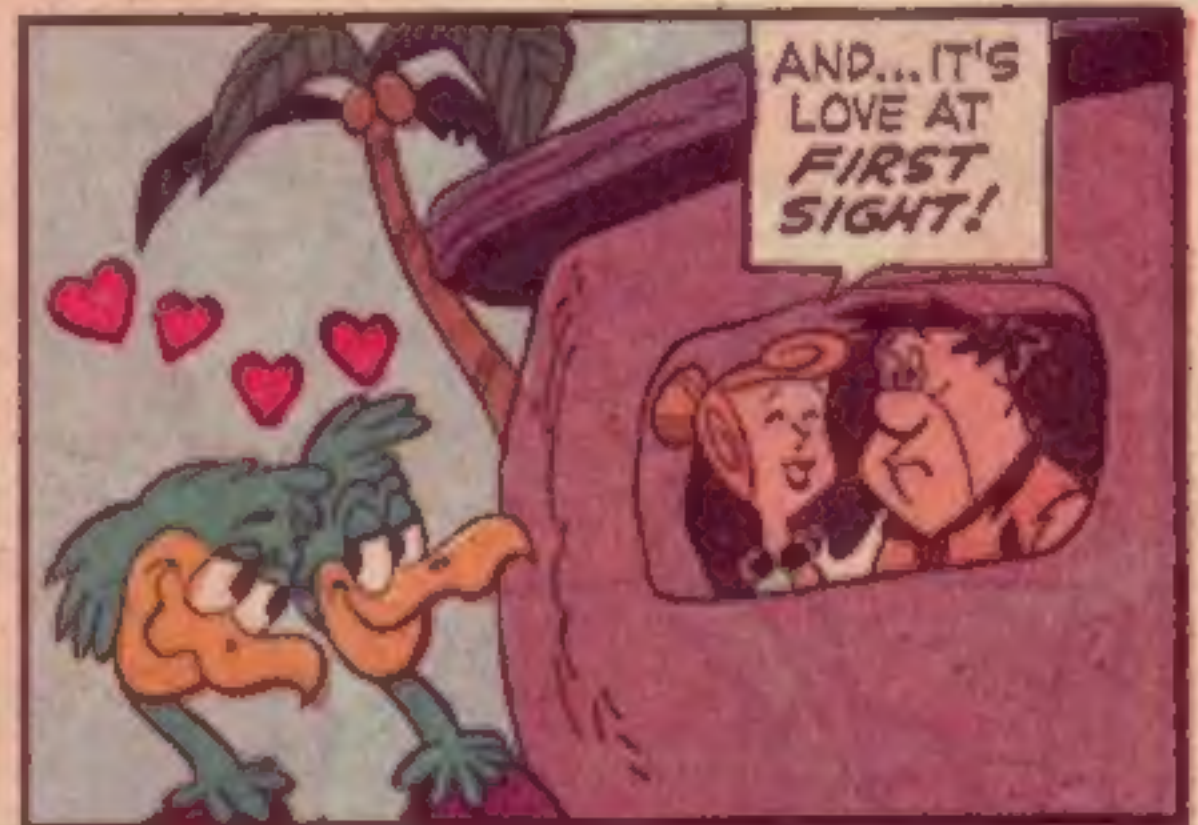
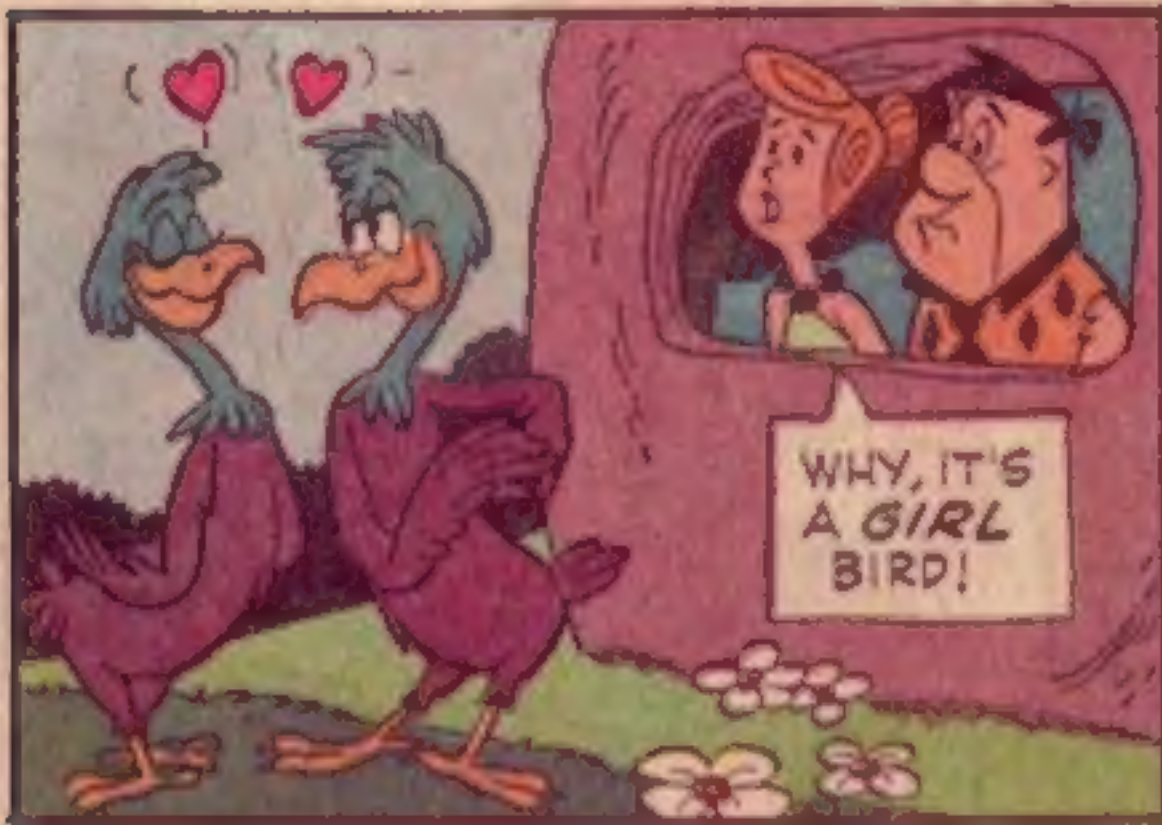
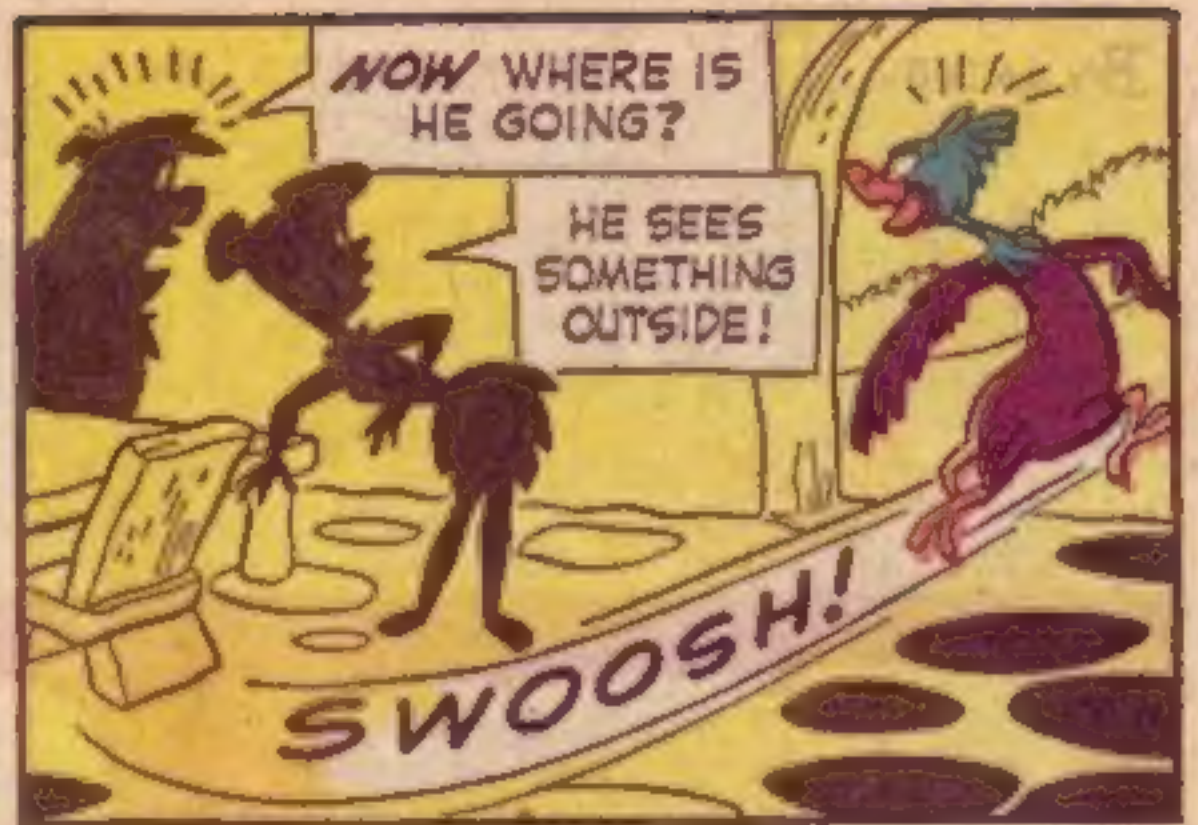
SQURAWK!

YEAH,
BUT...

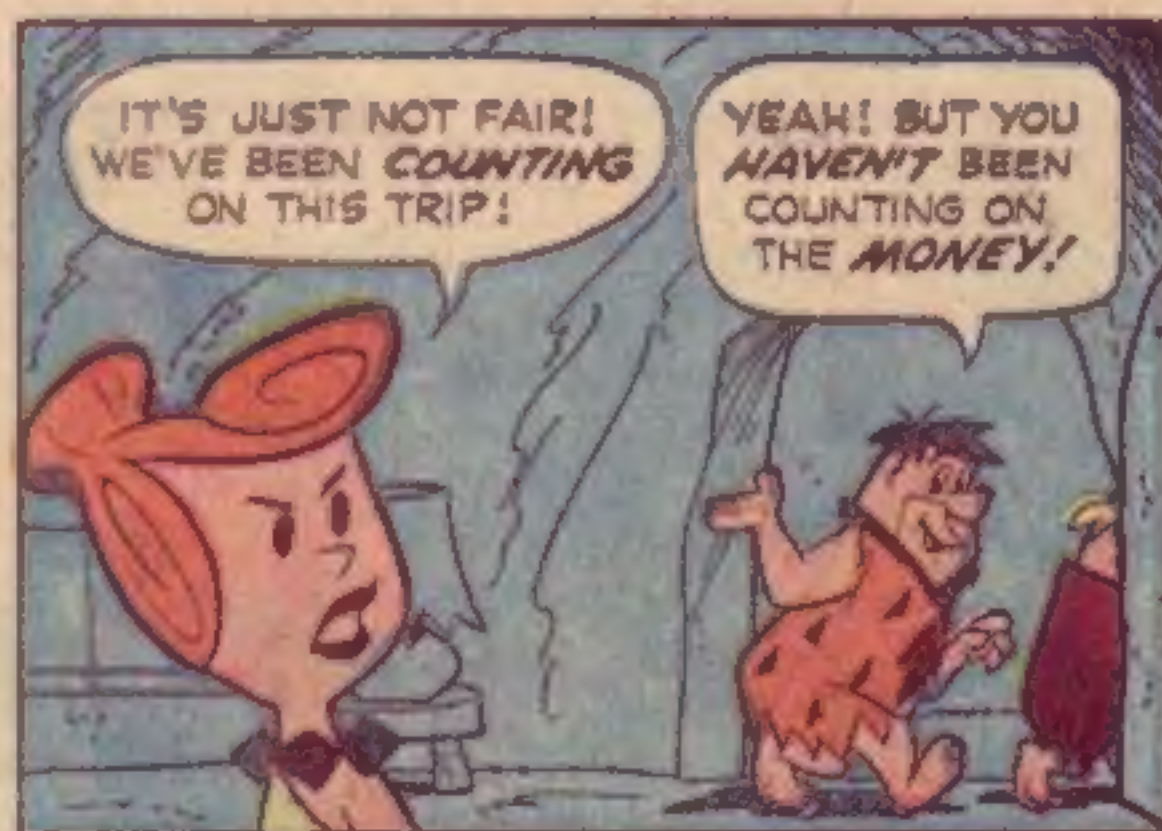


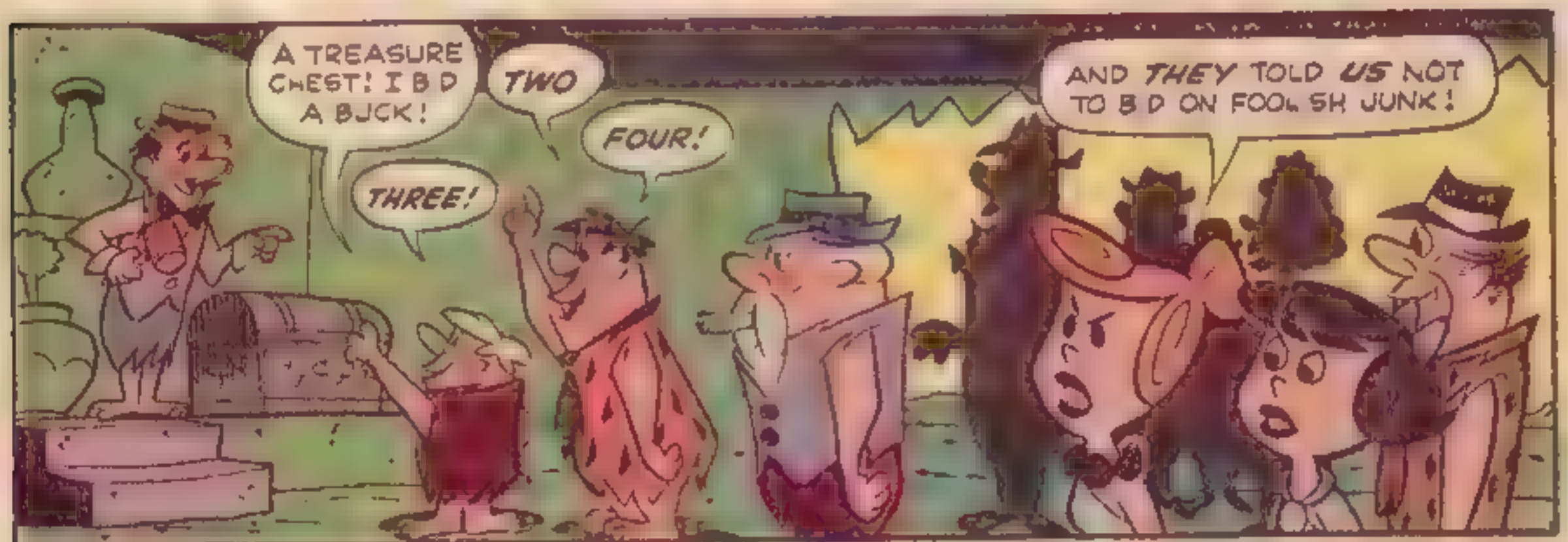
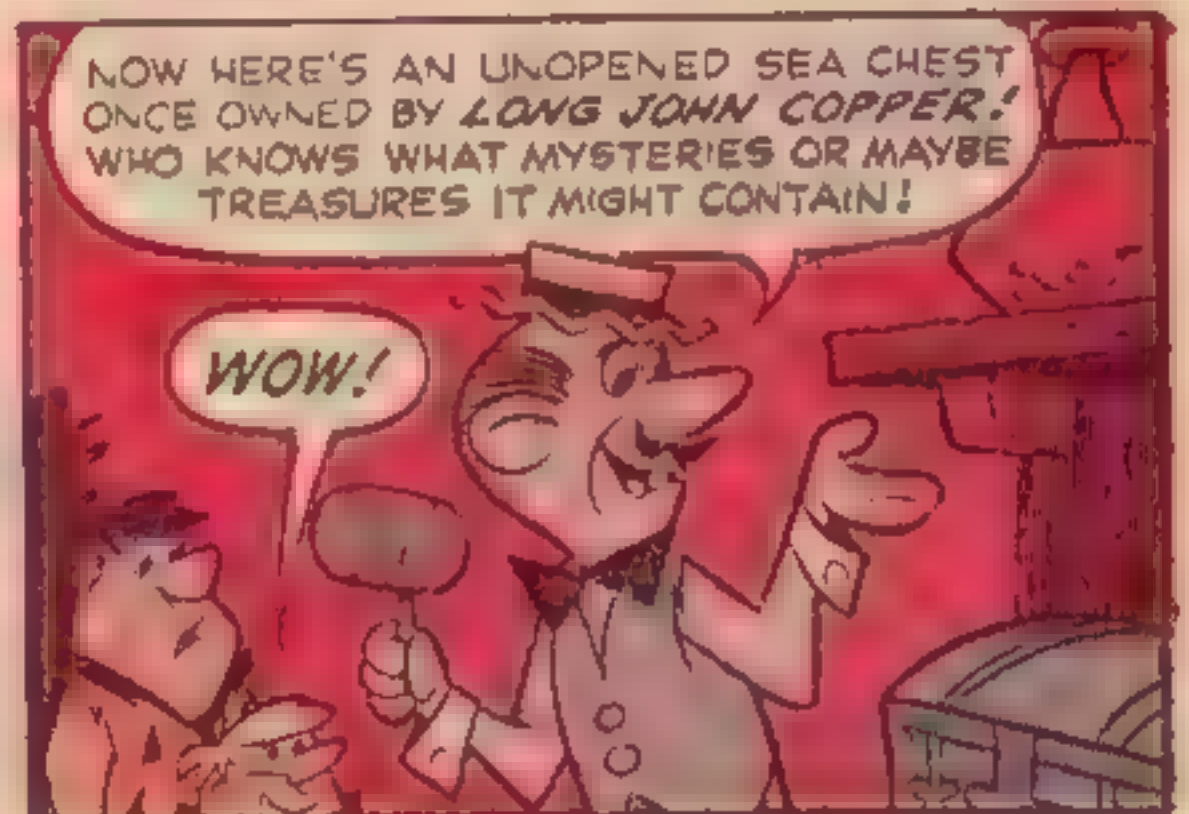
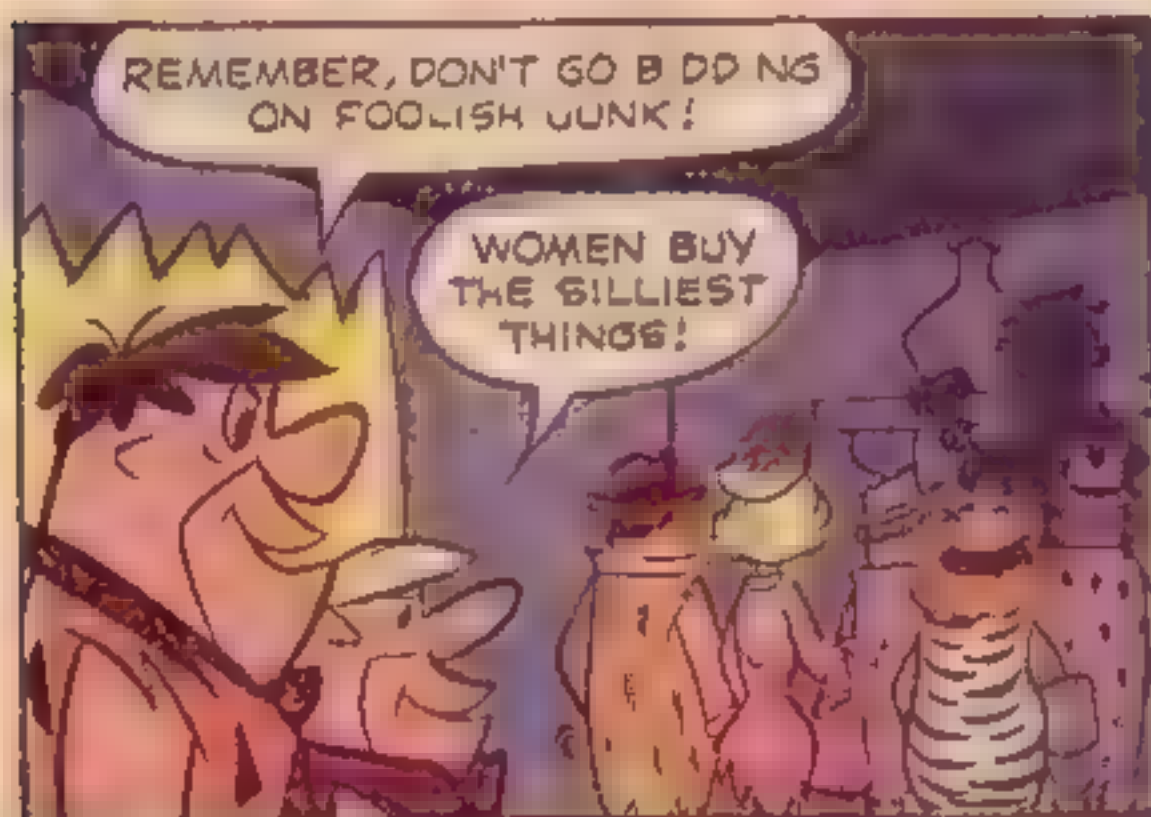
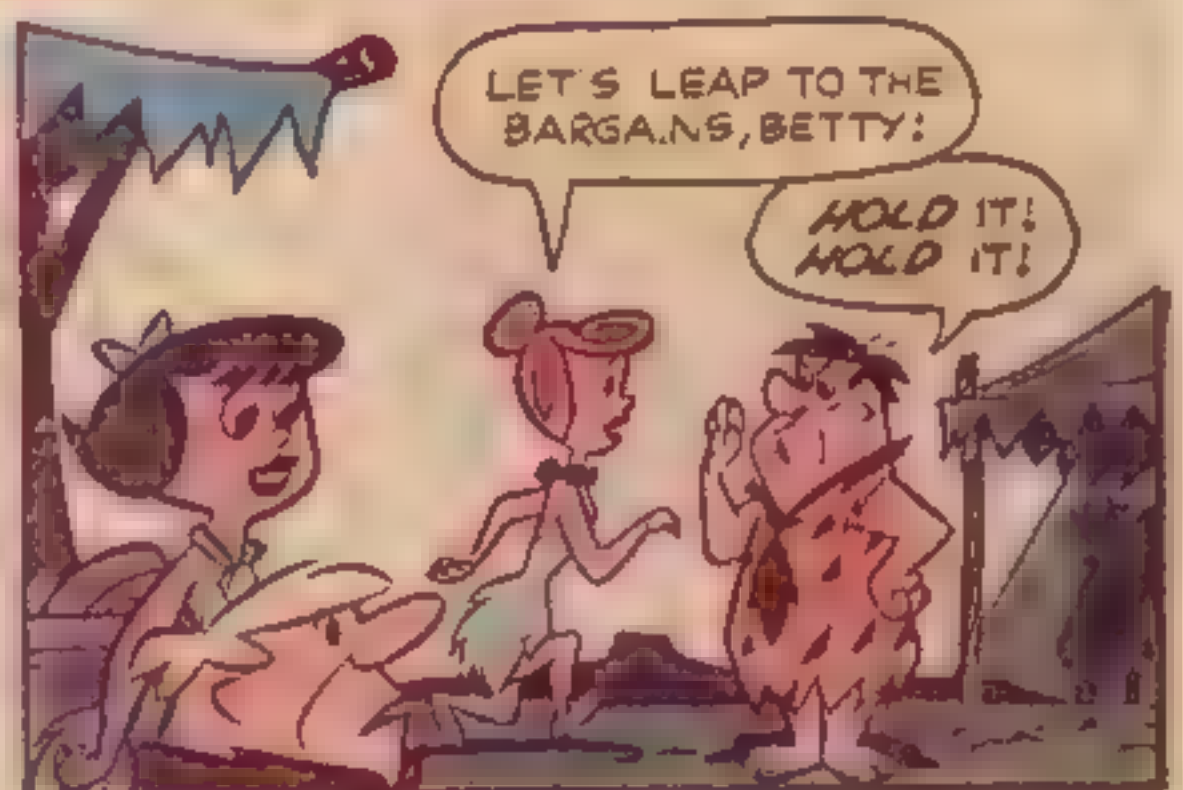
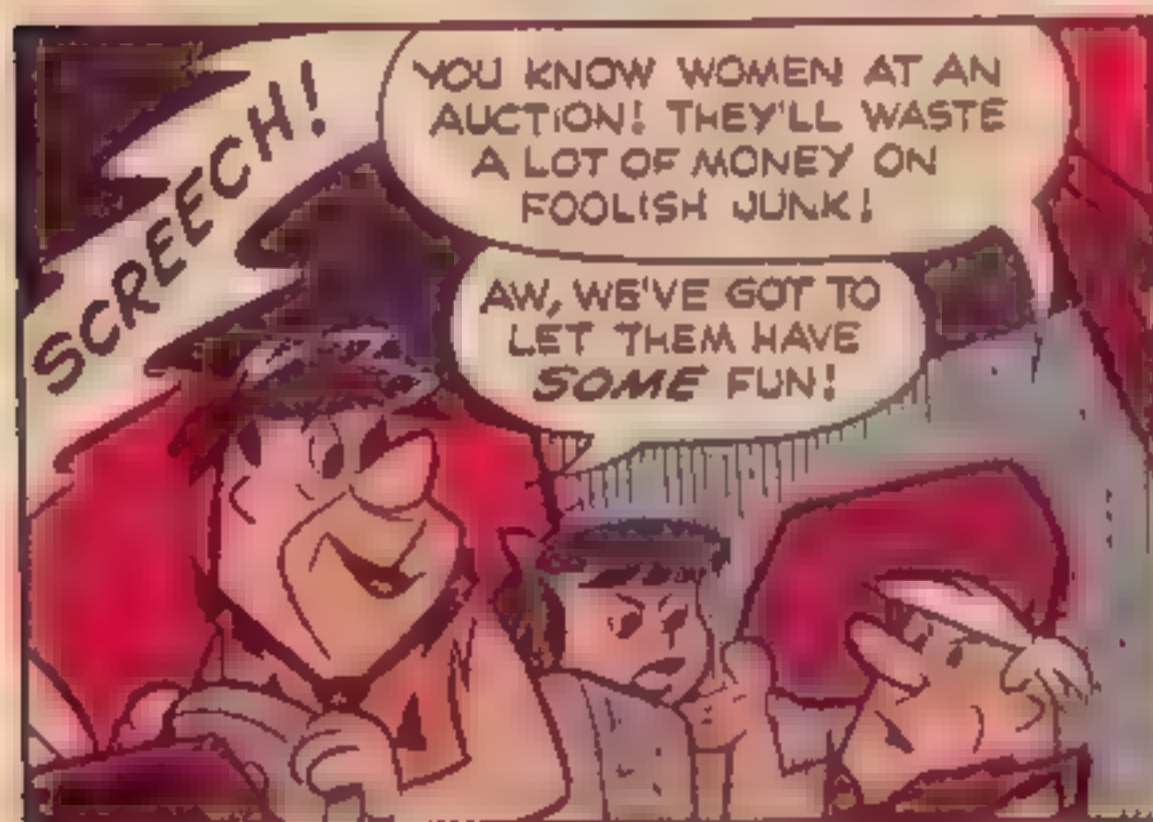


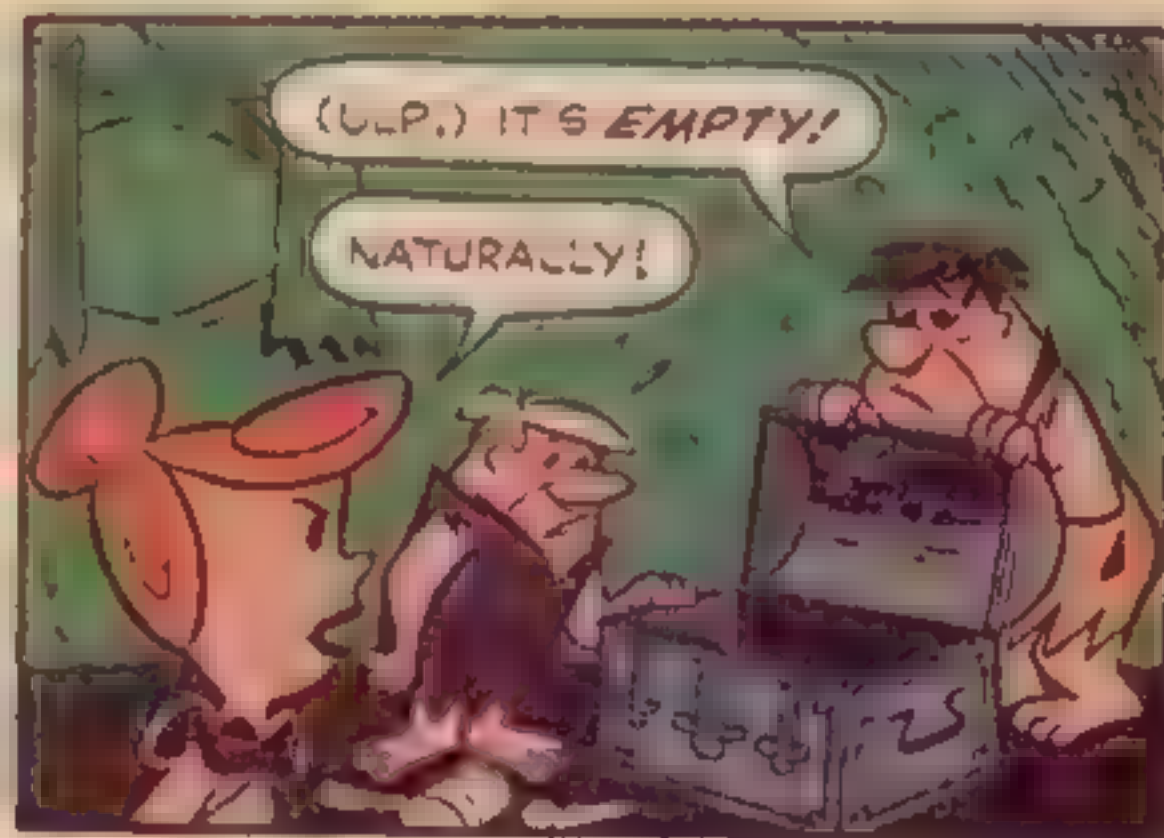
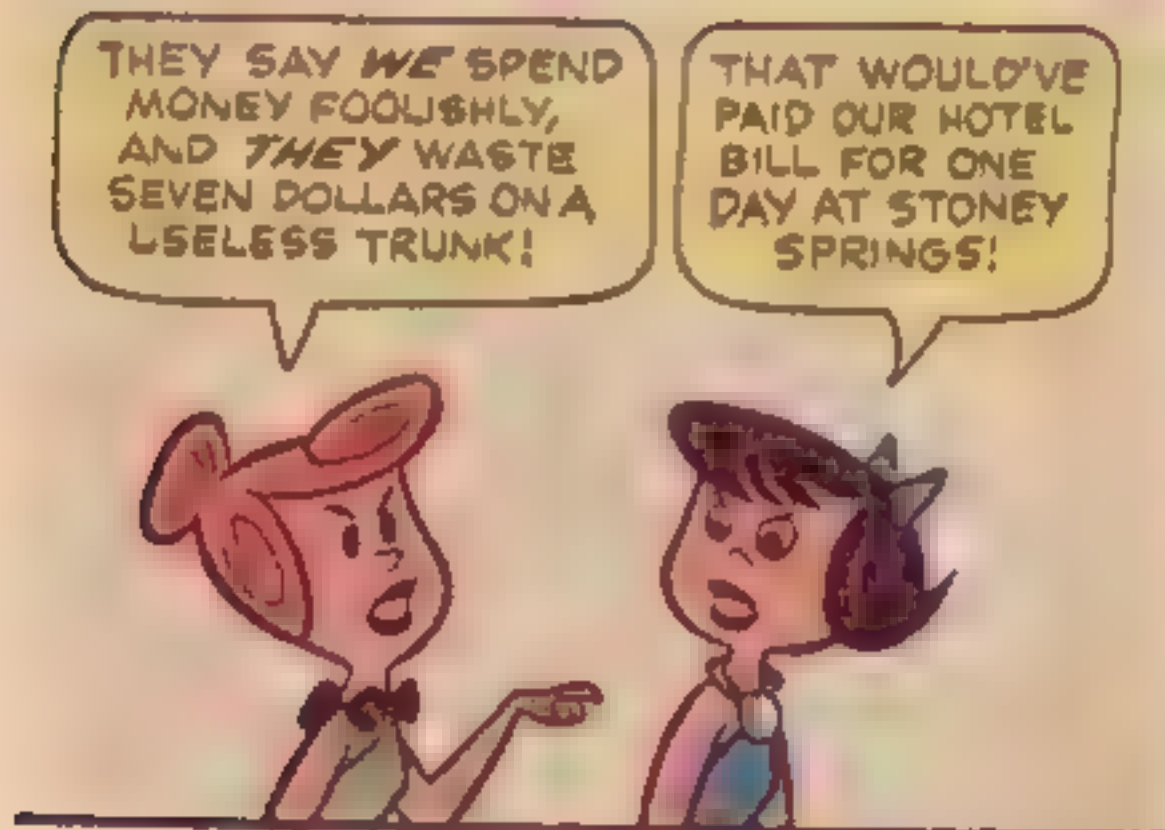
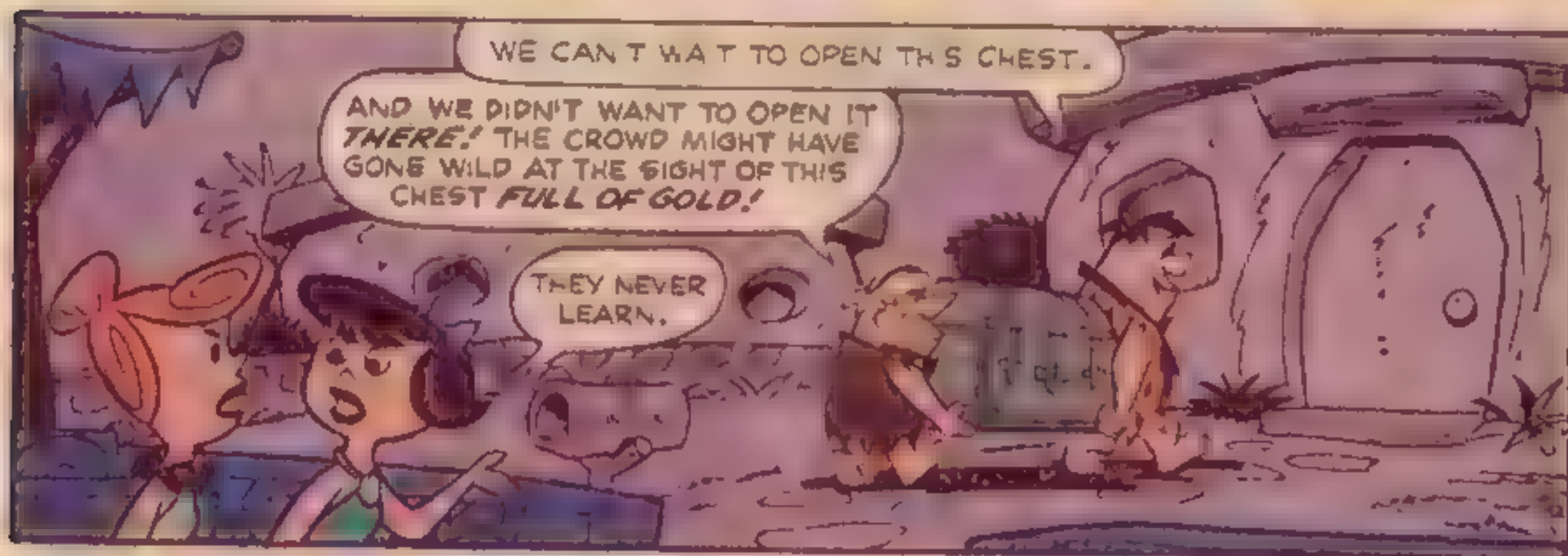
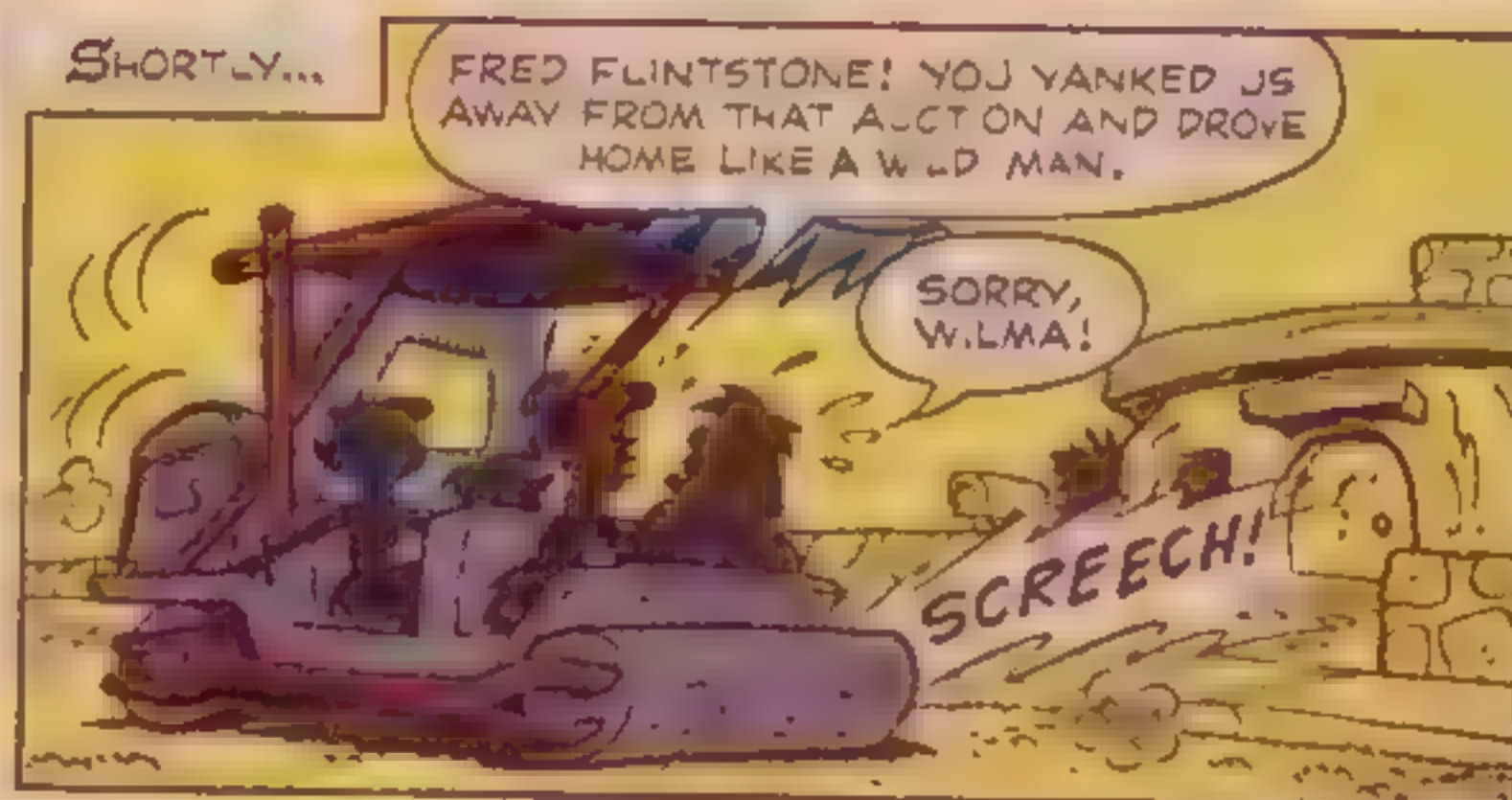
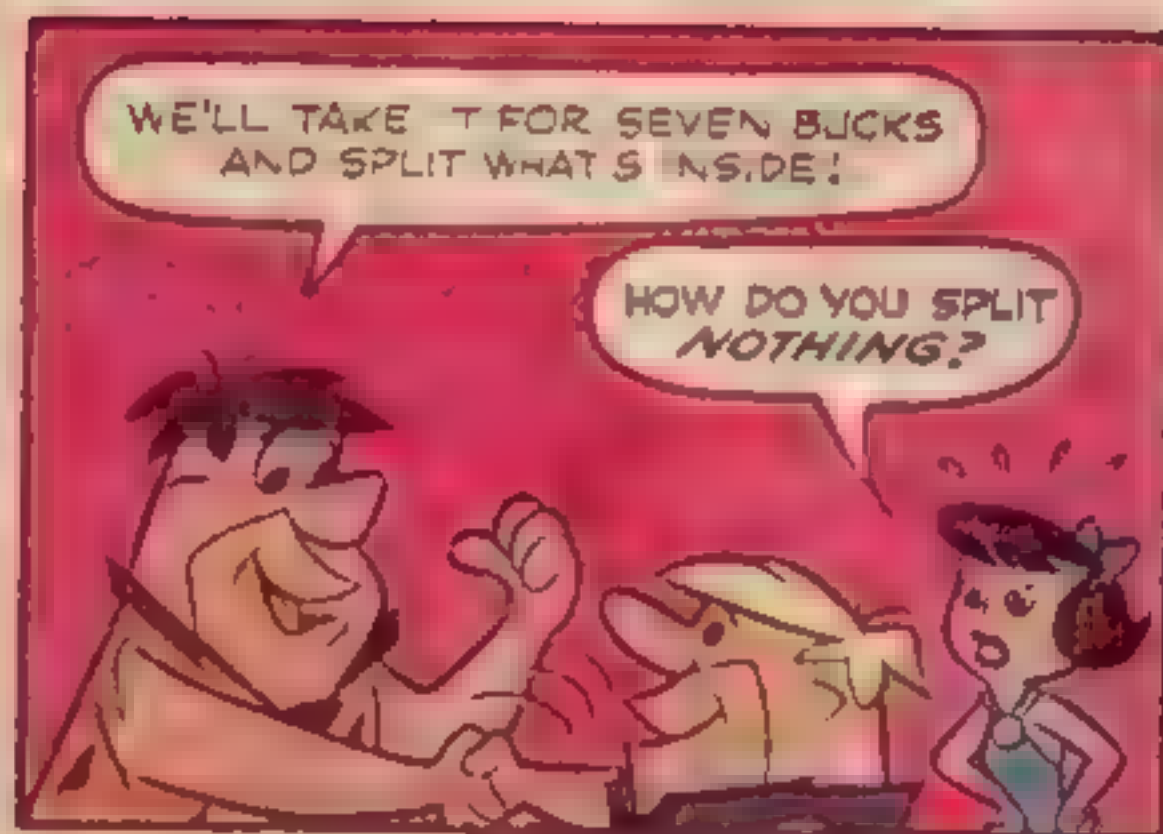
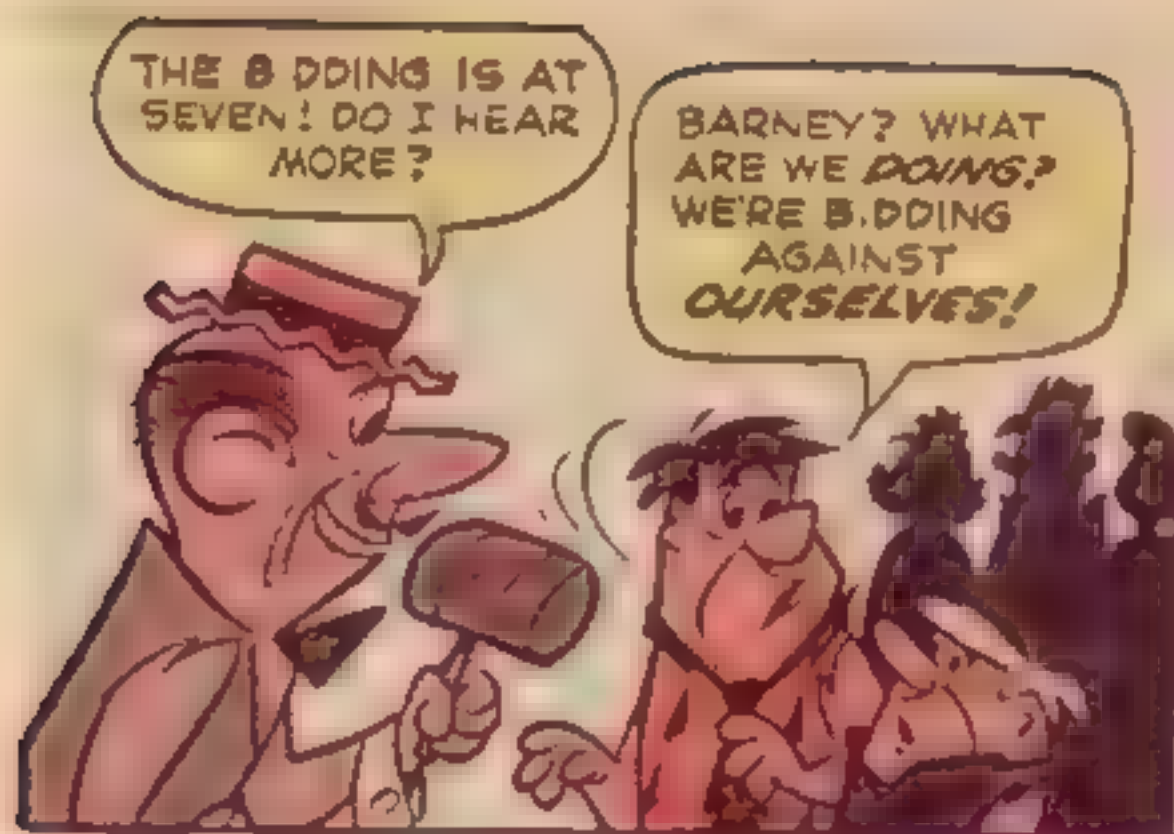


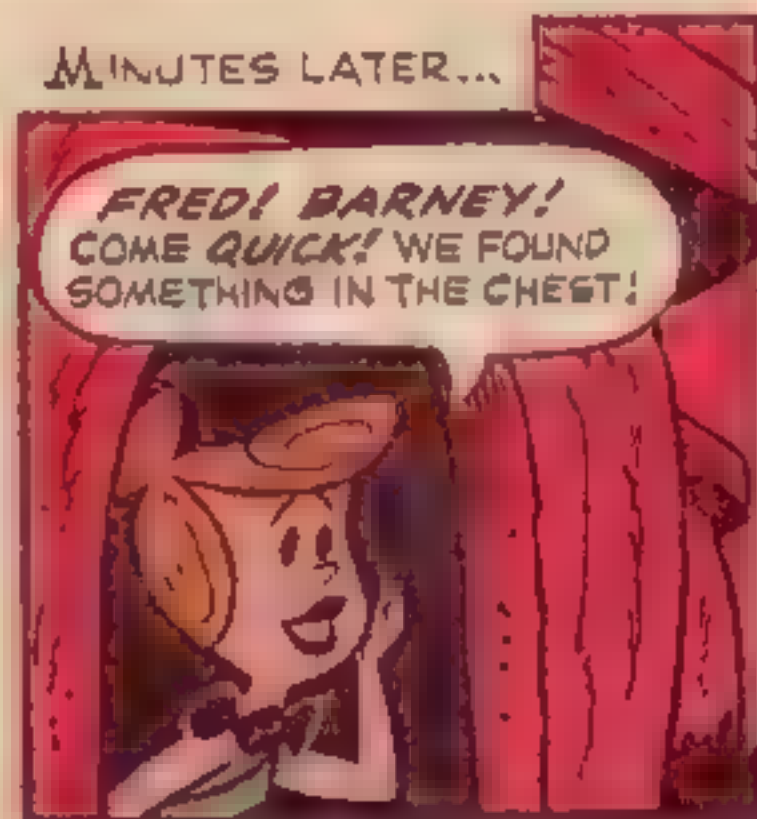
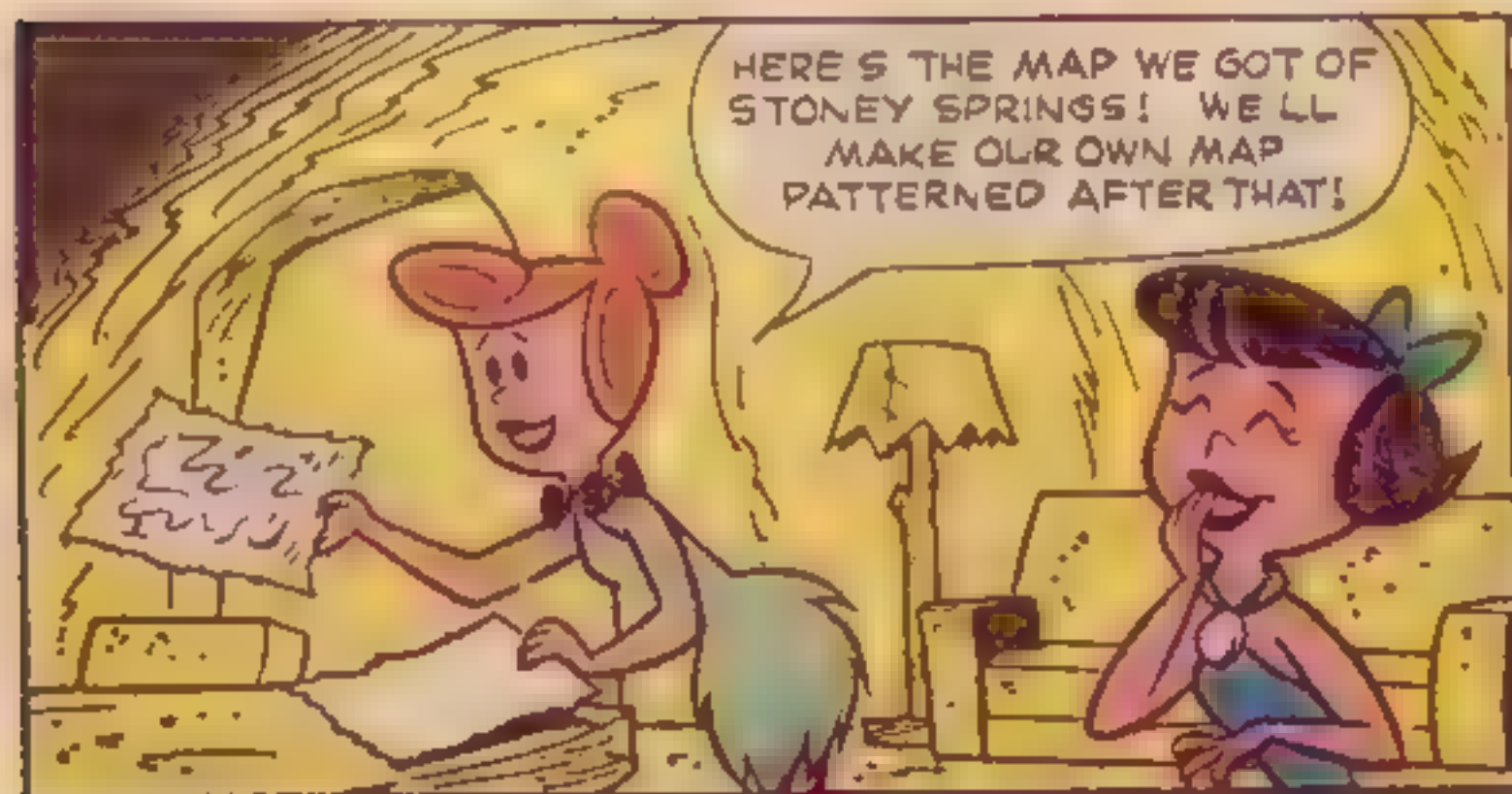
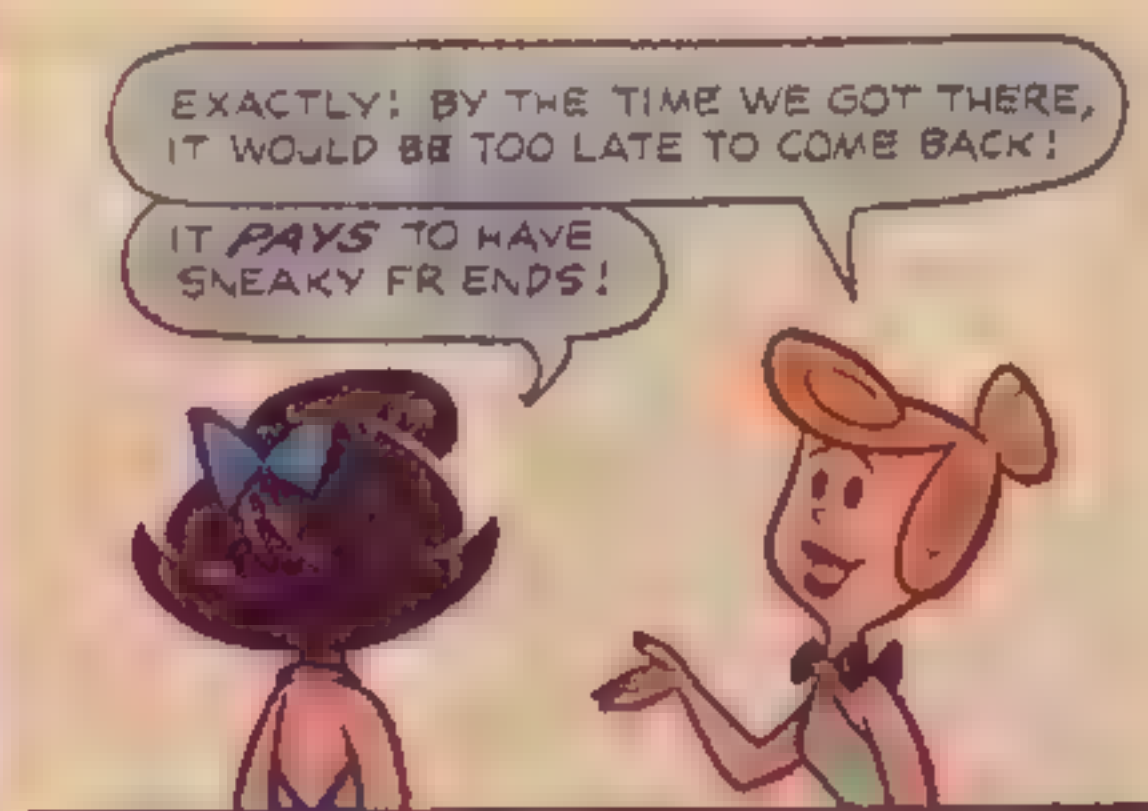
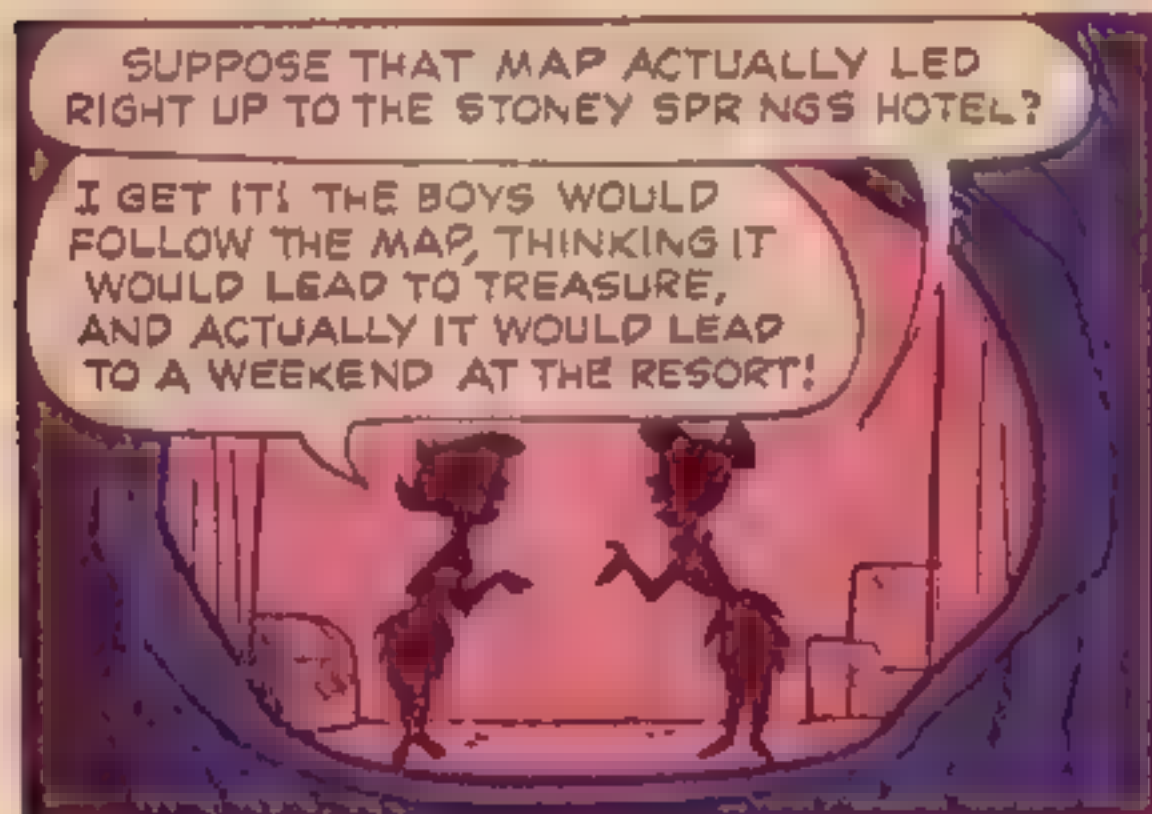
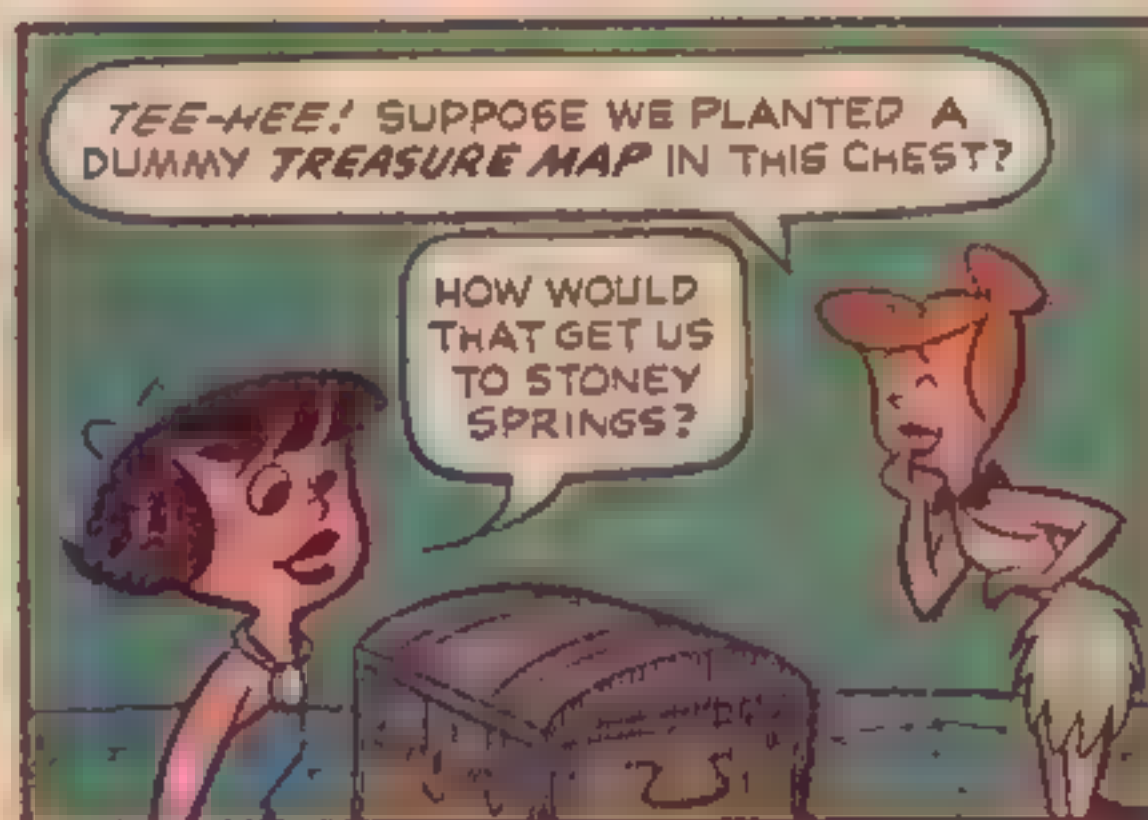
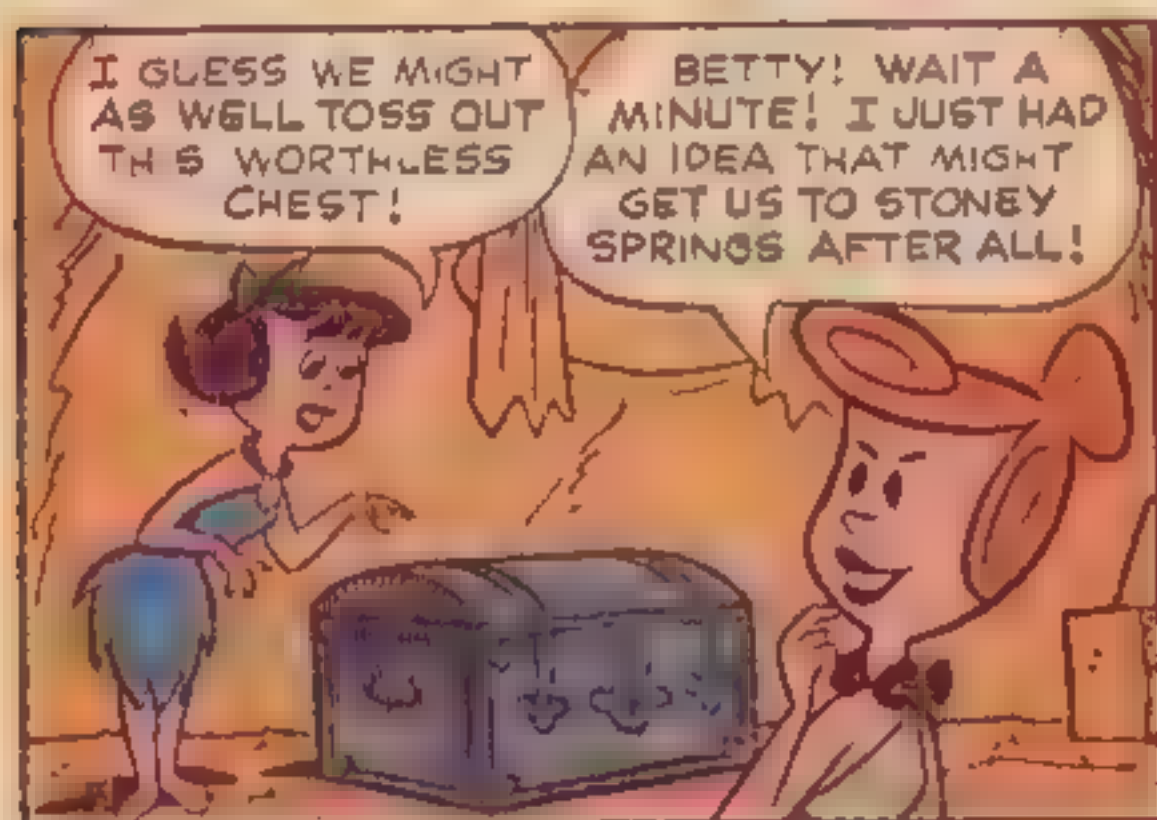
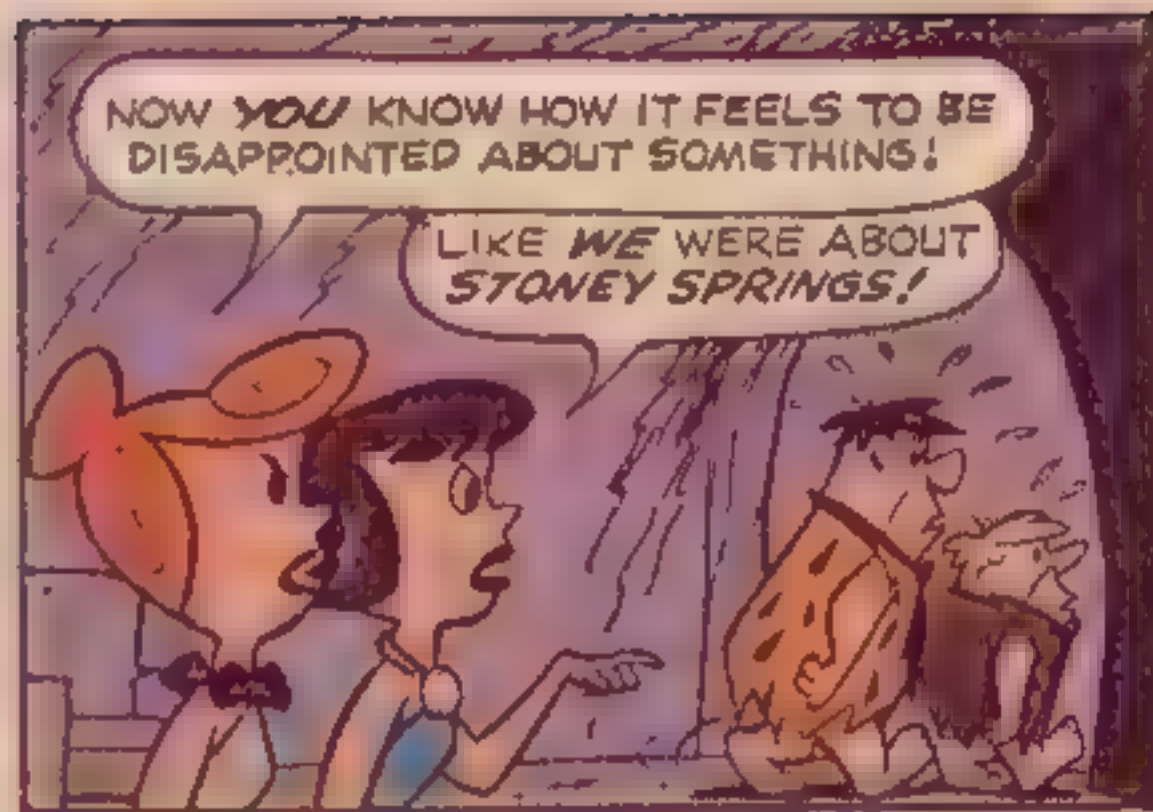
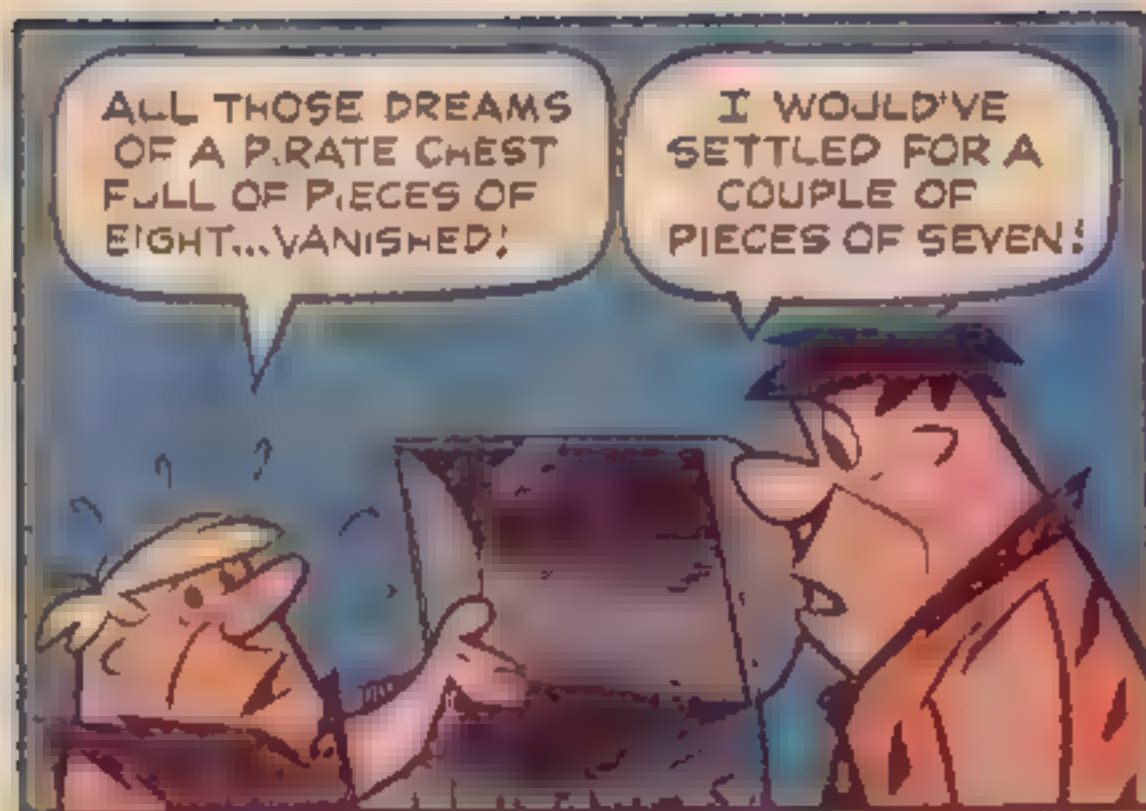


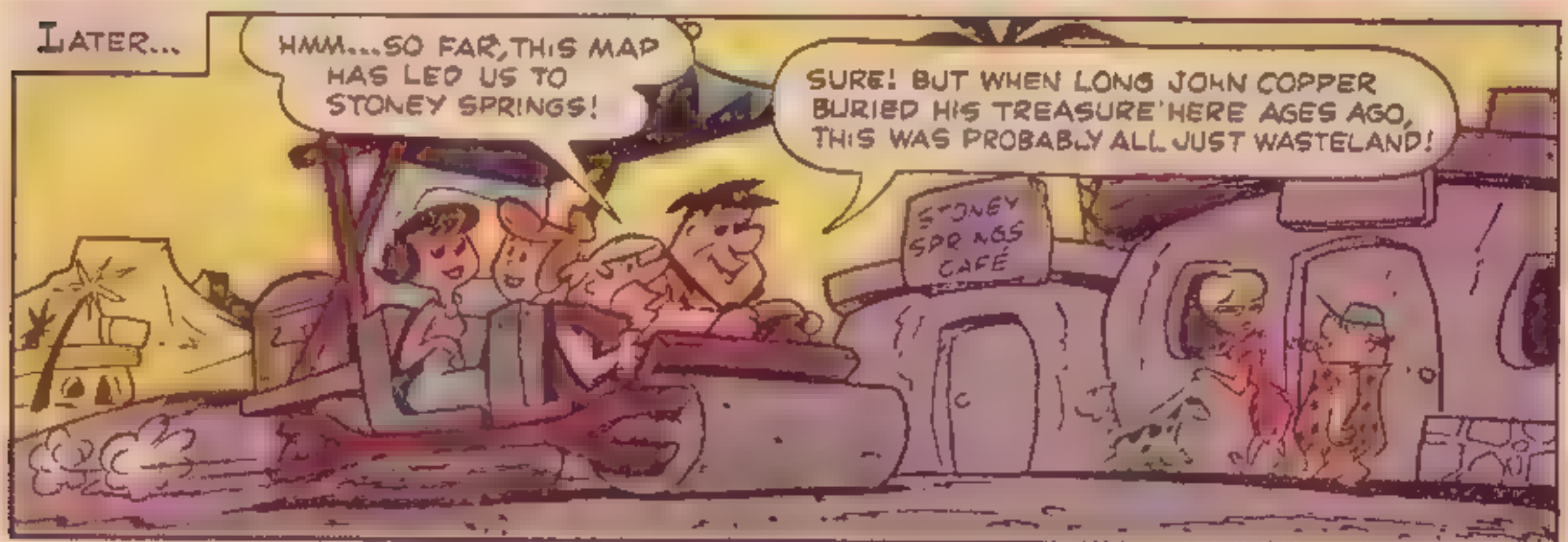
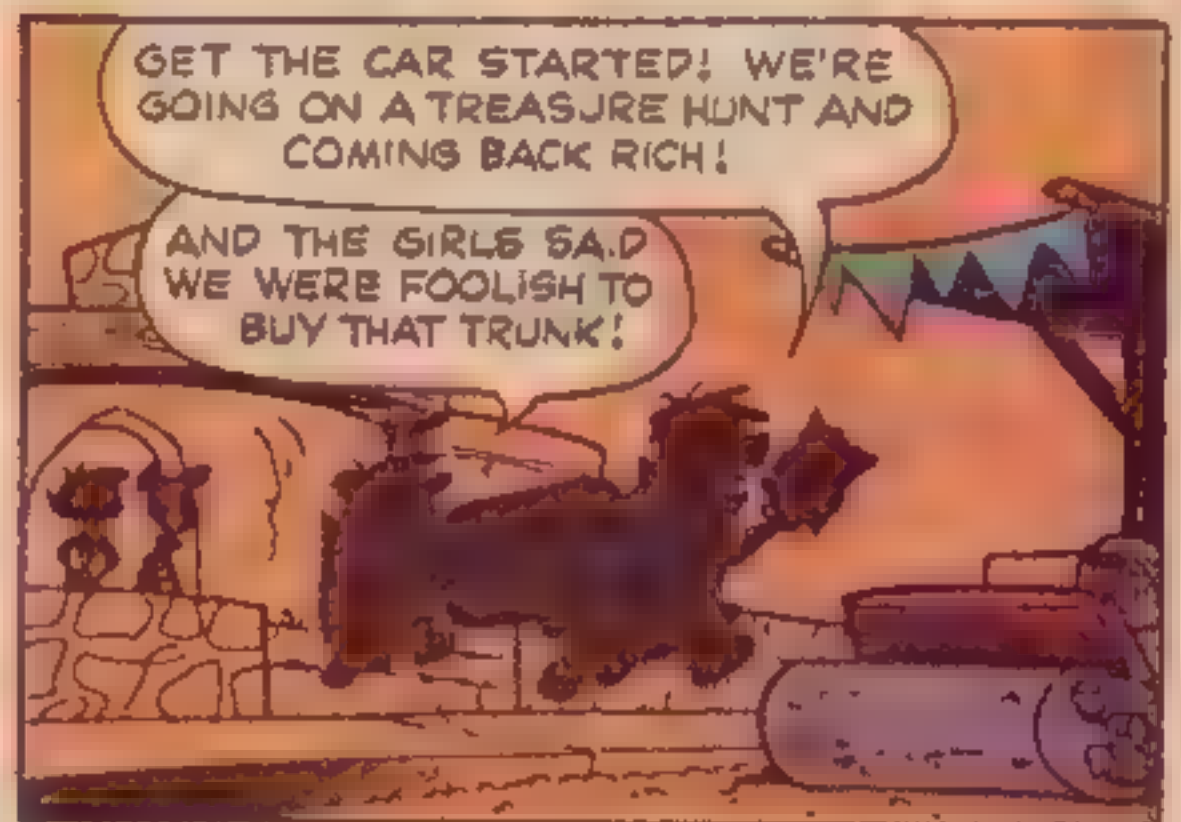
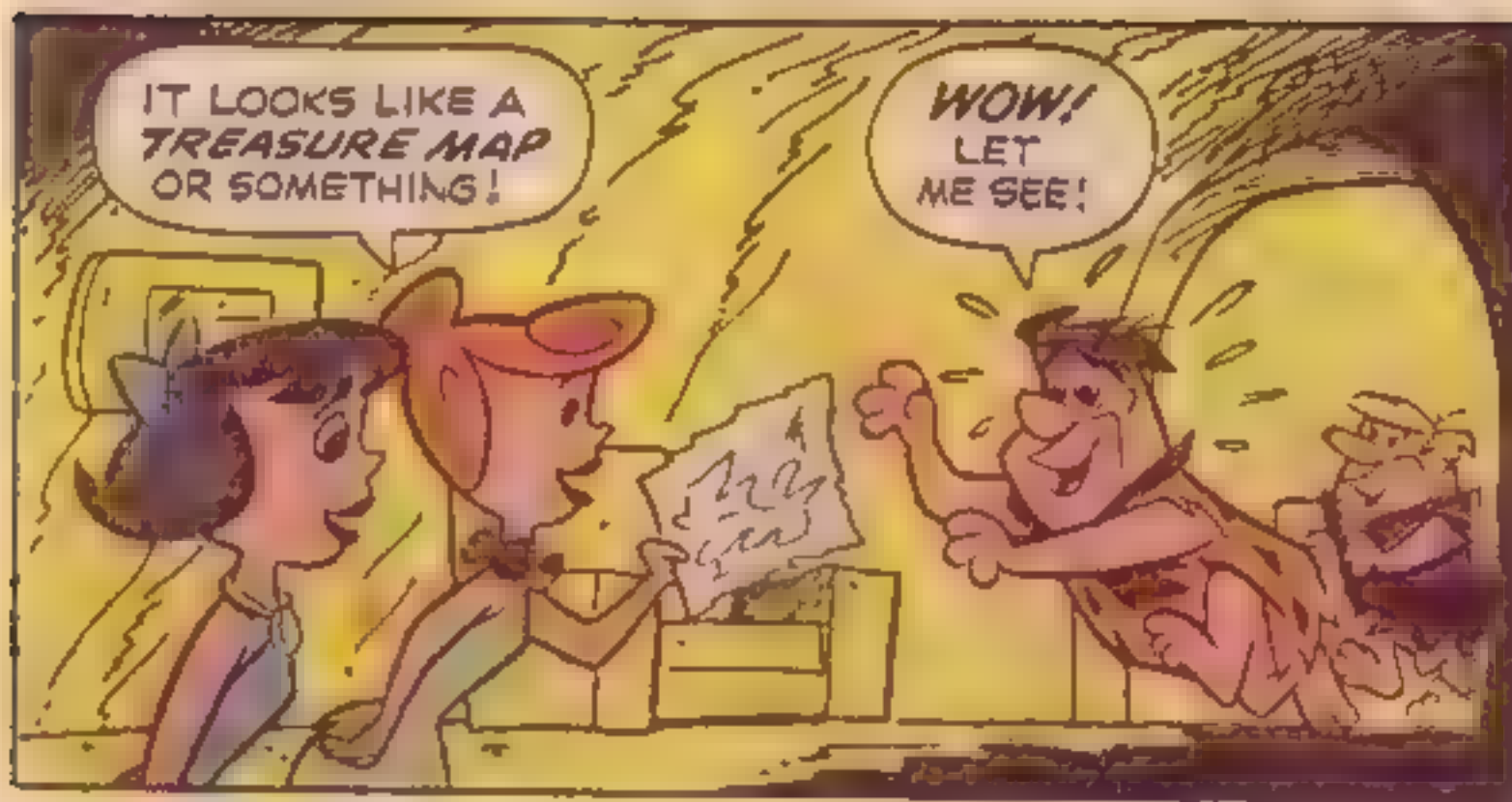
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES
TREASURE HUNTERS

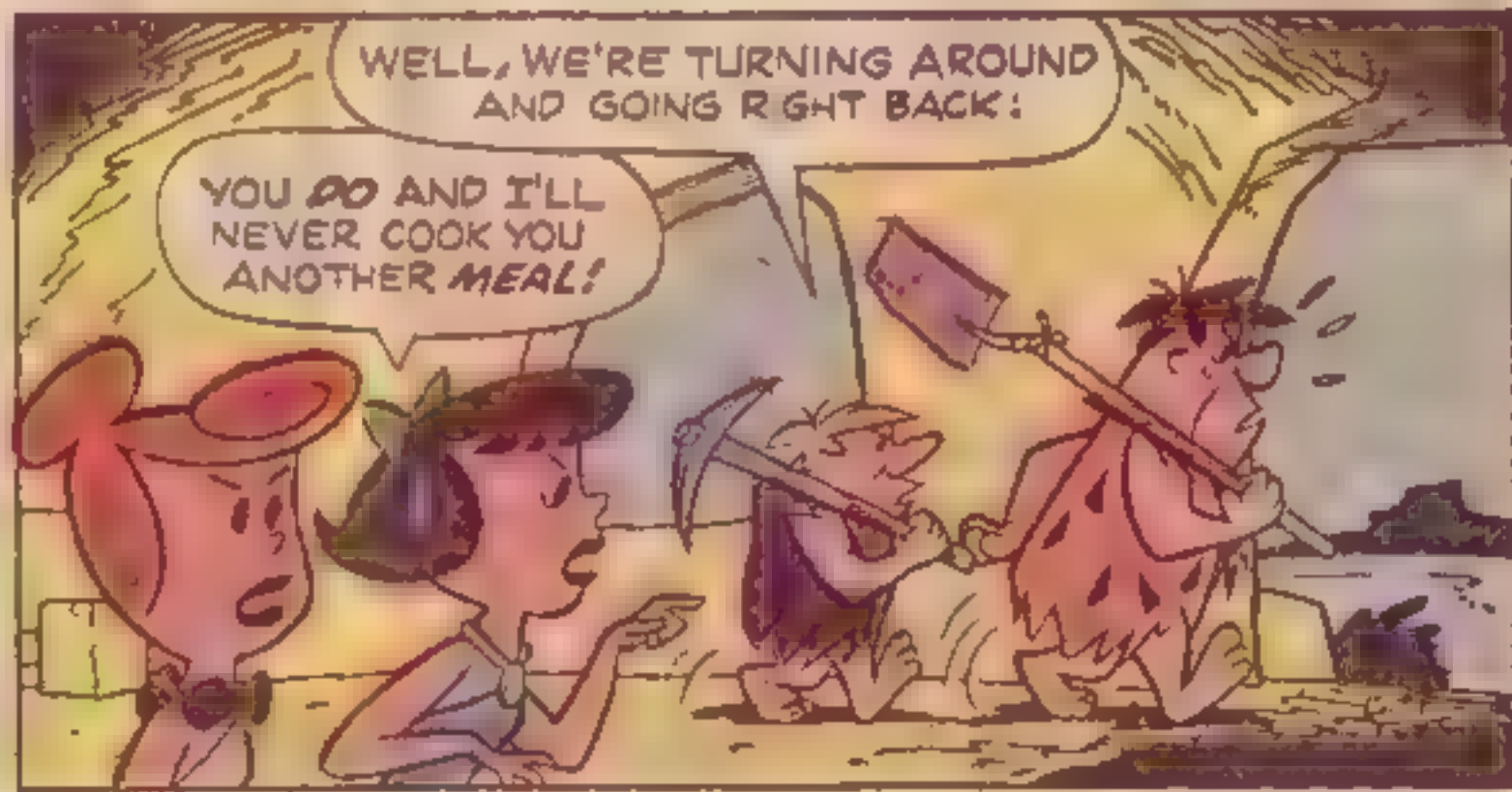
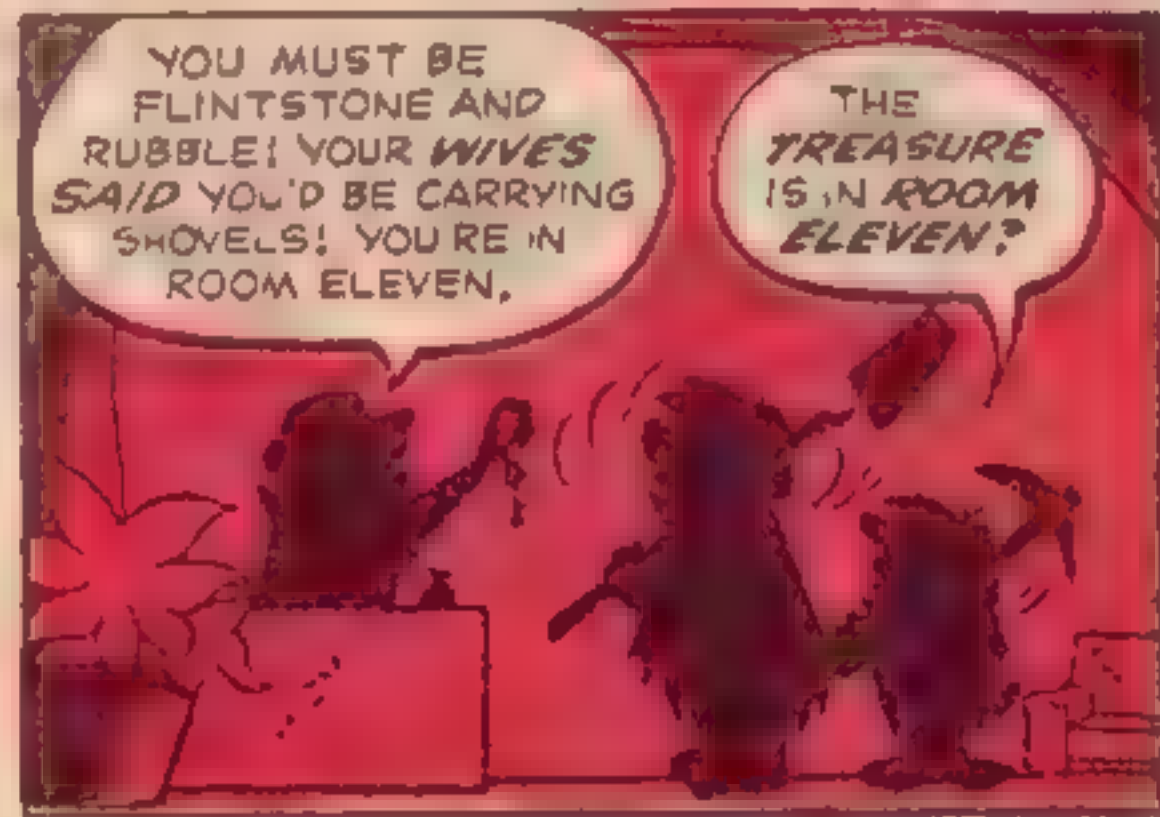
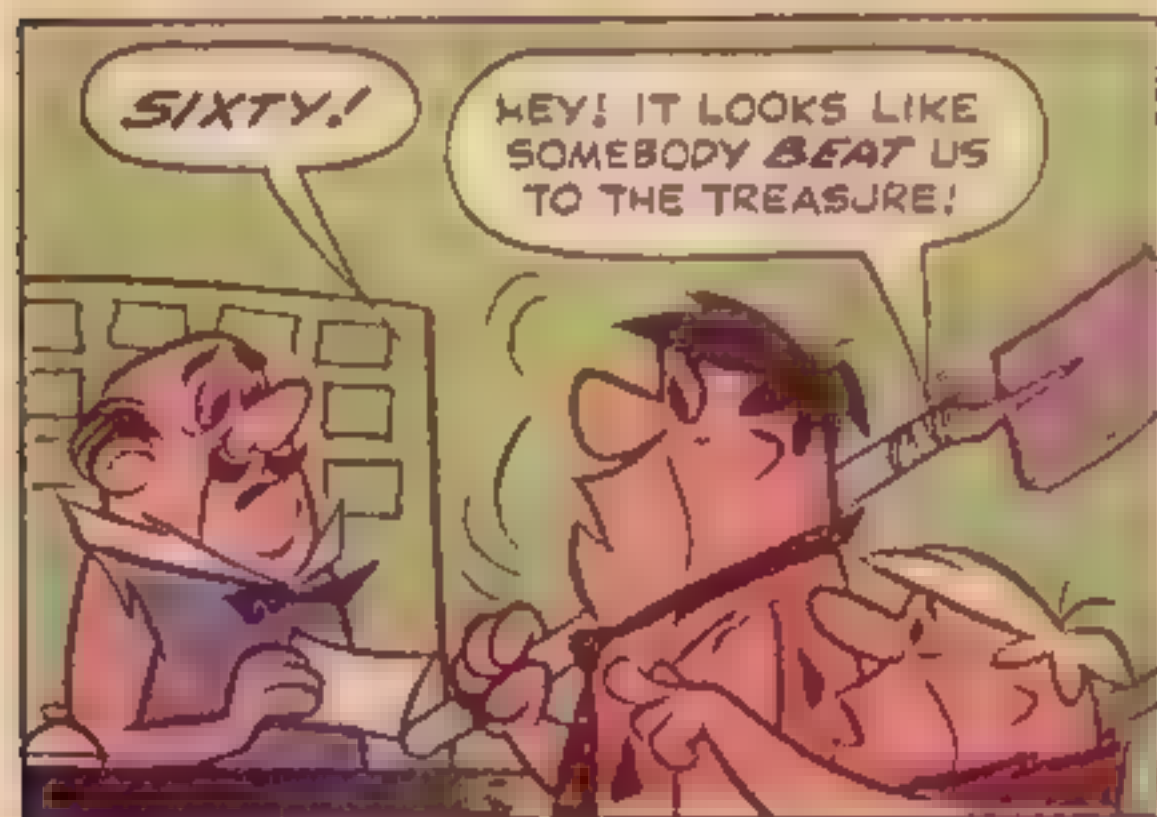
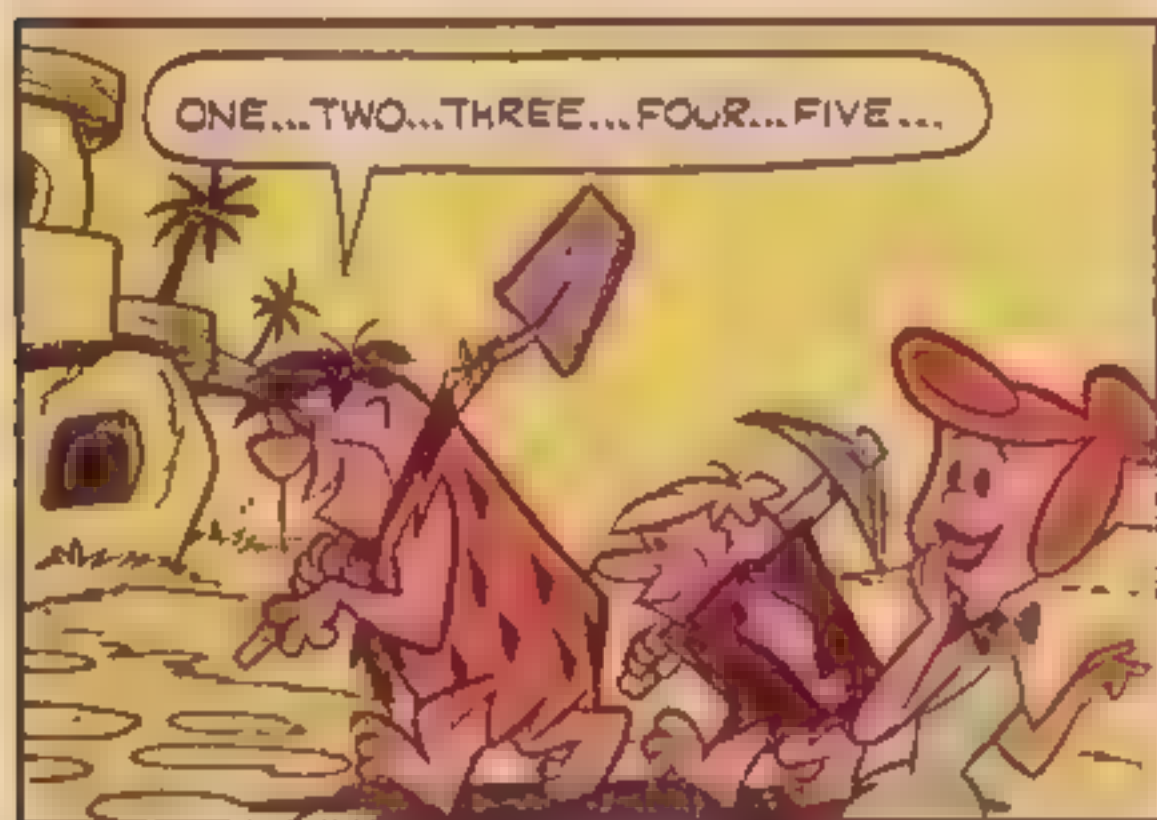
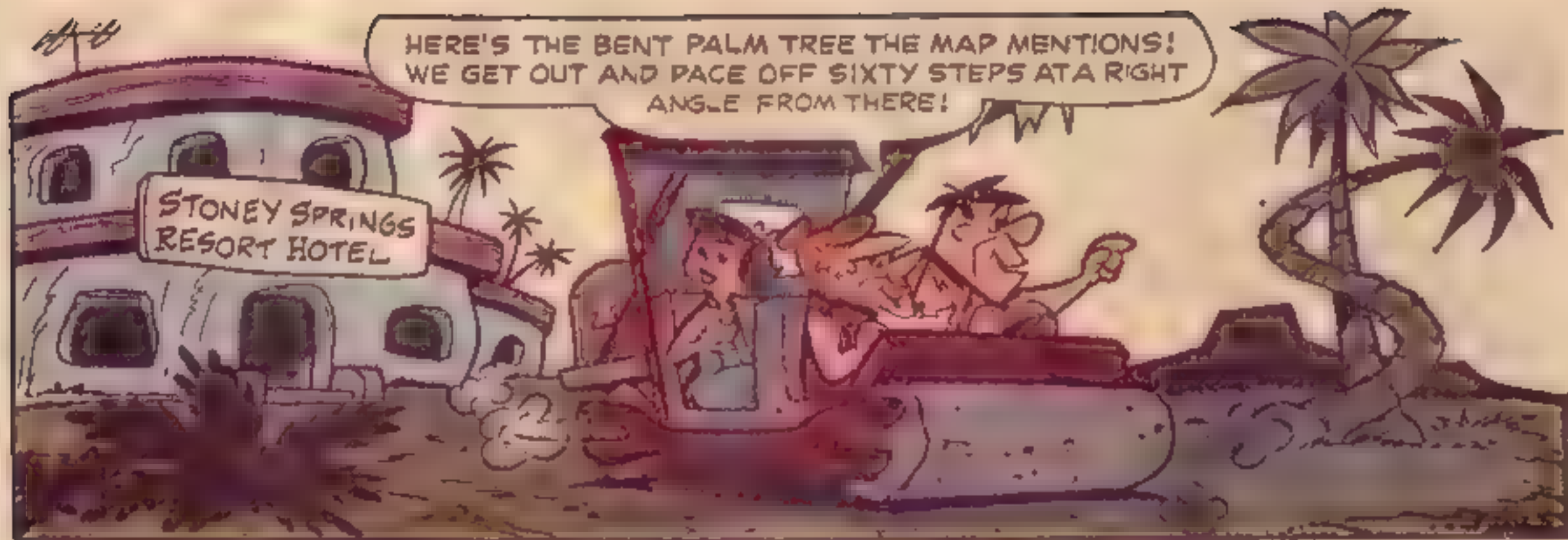


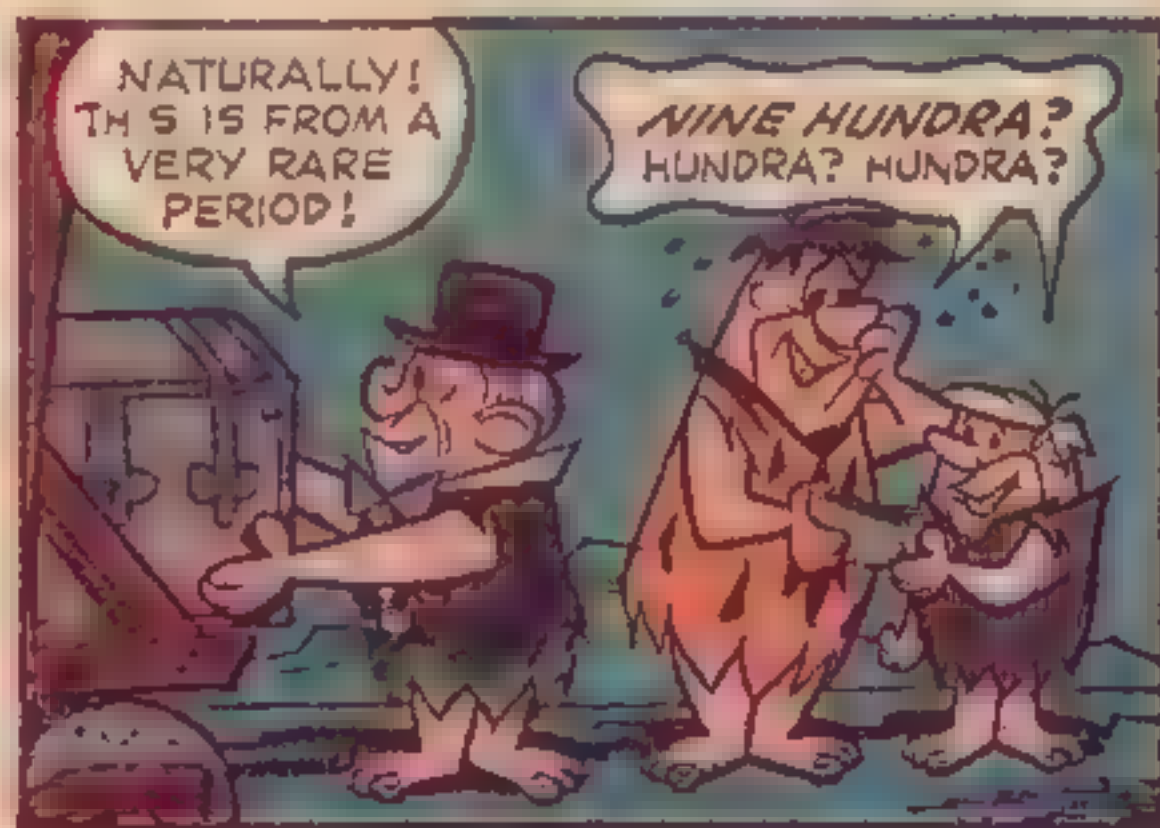
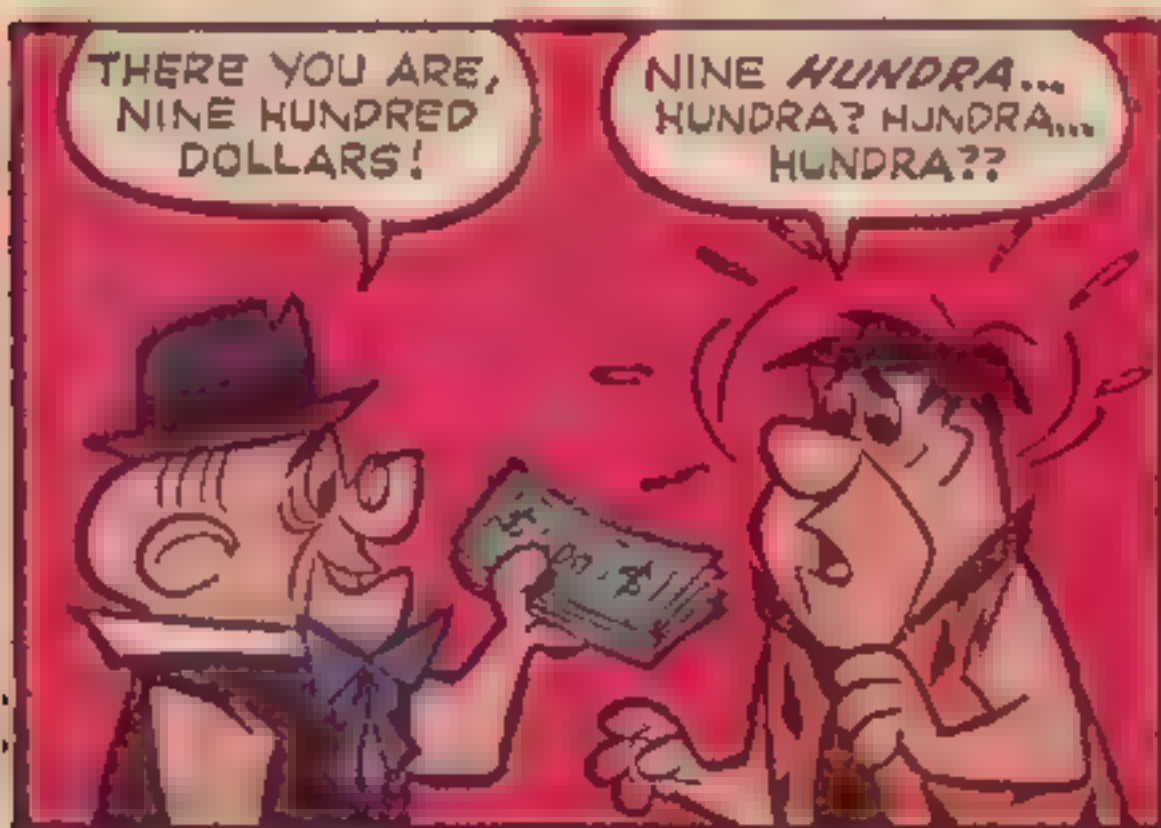
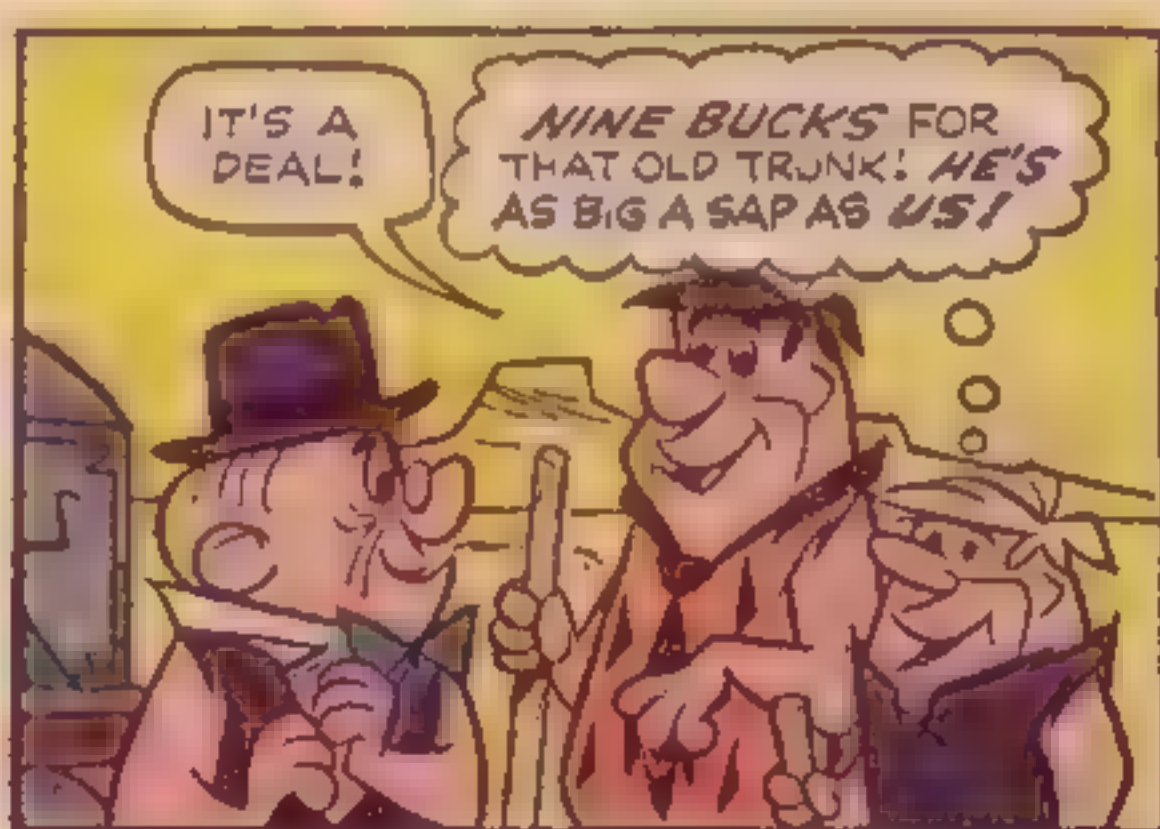
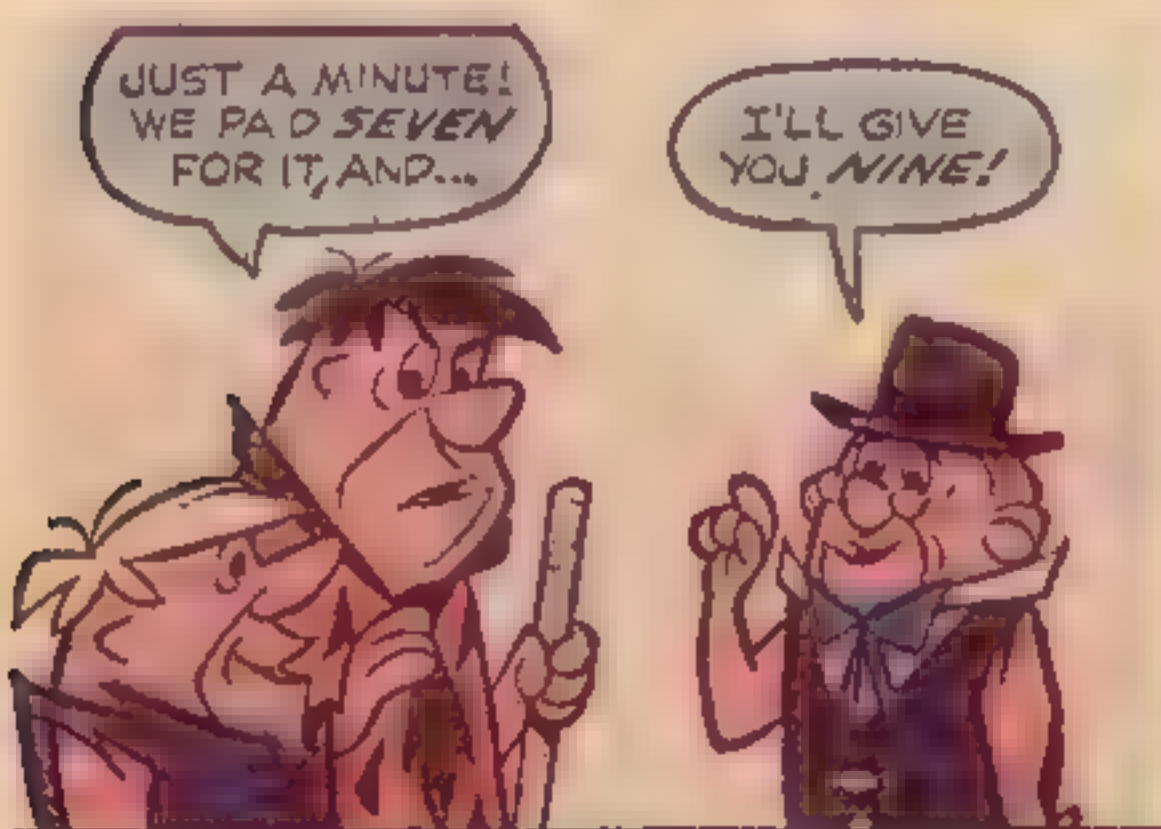
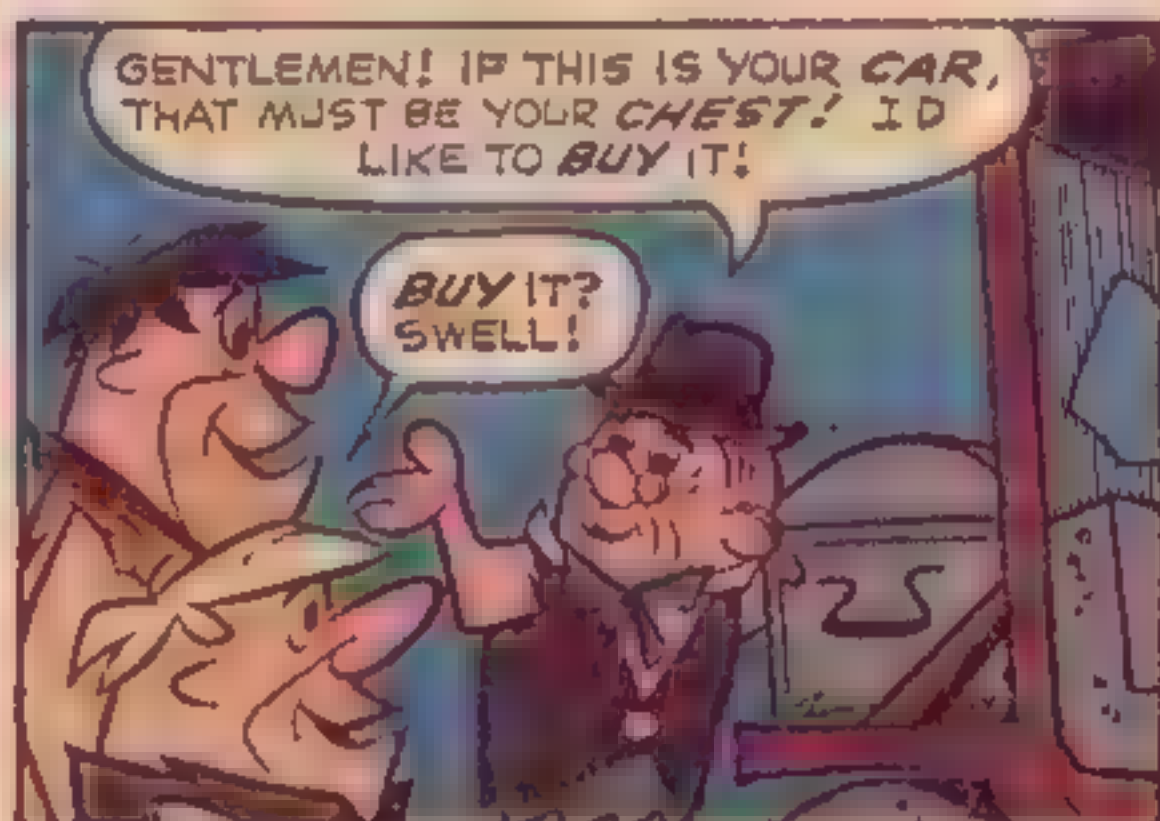
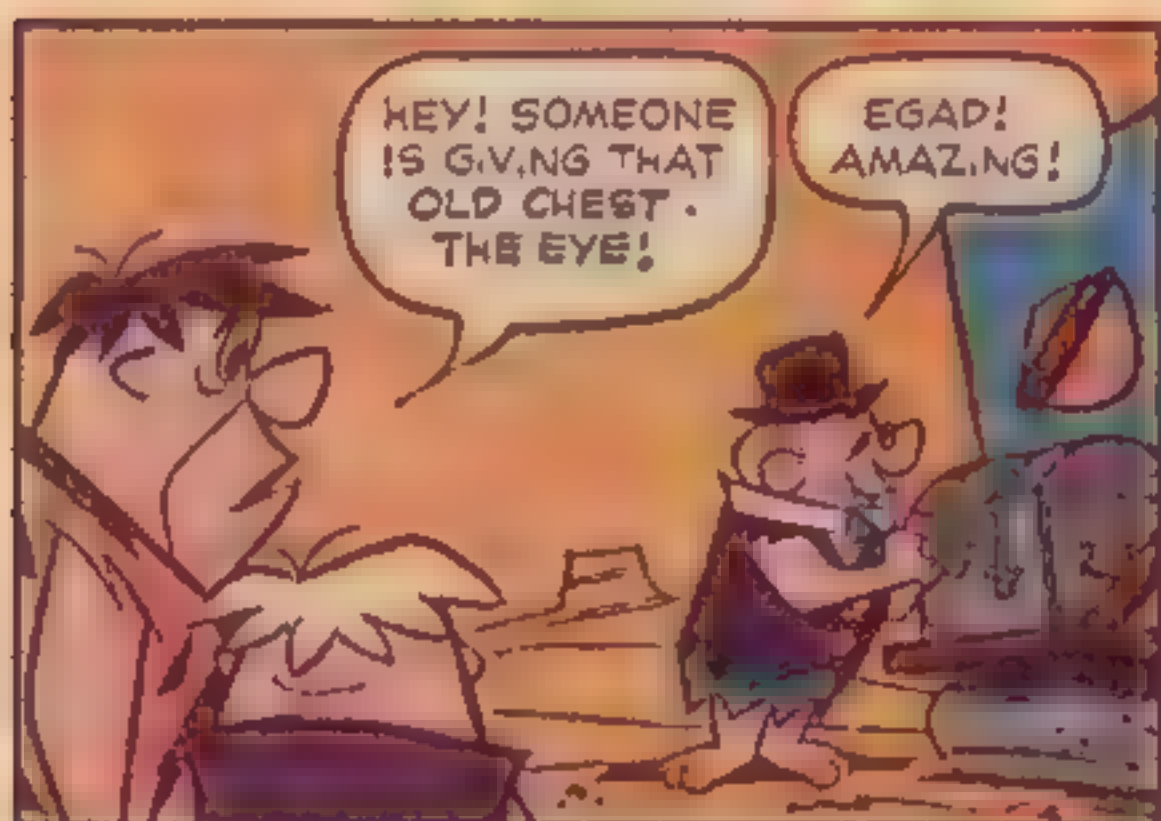
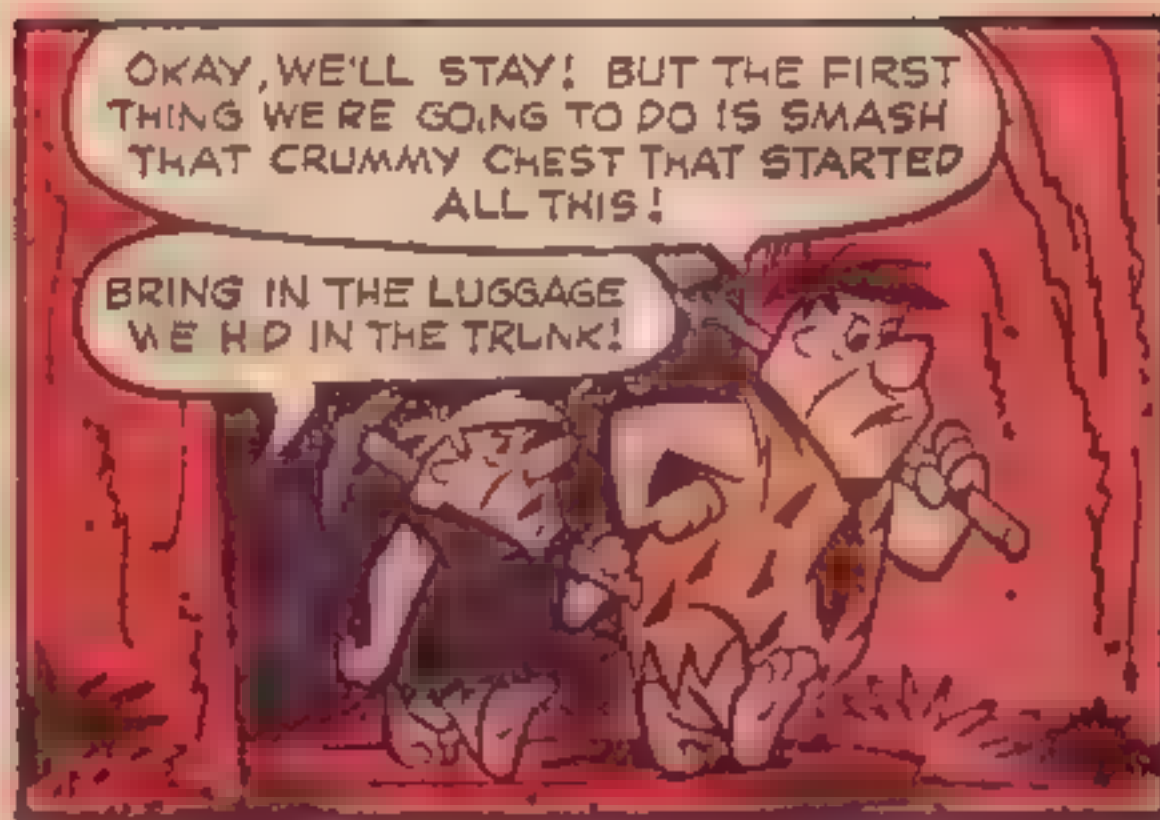


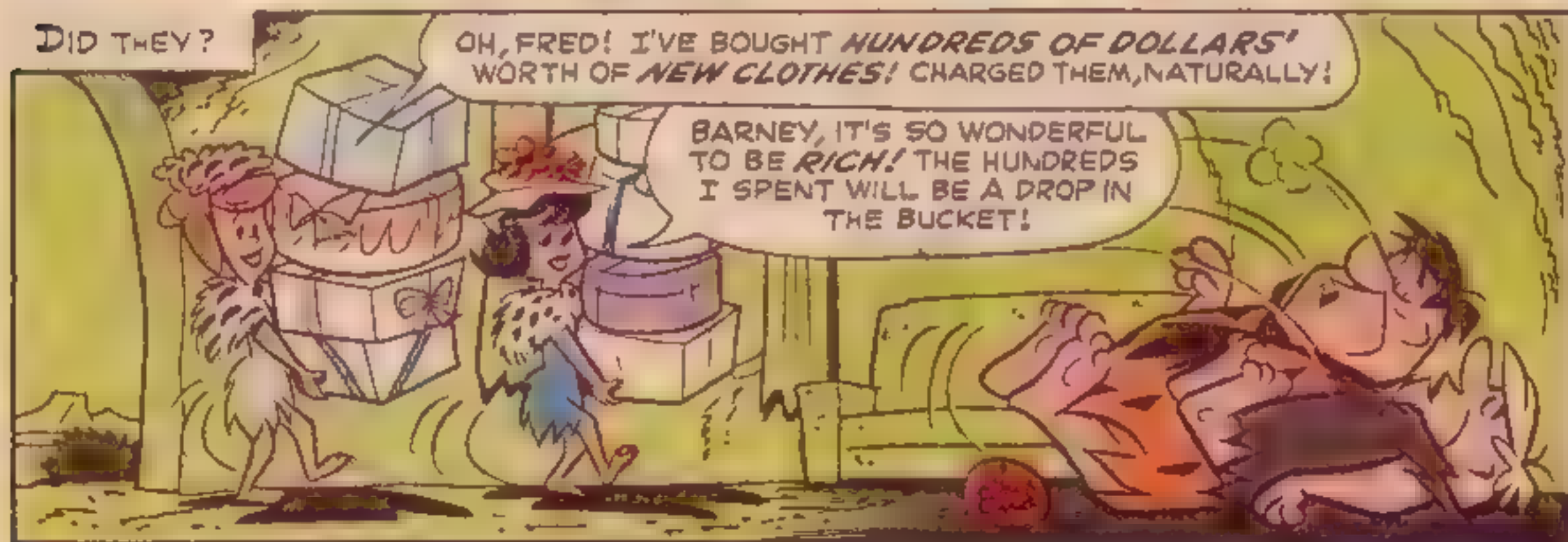
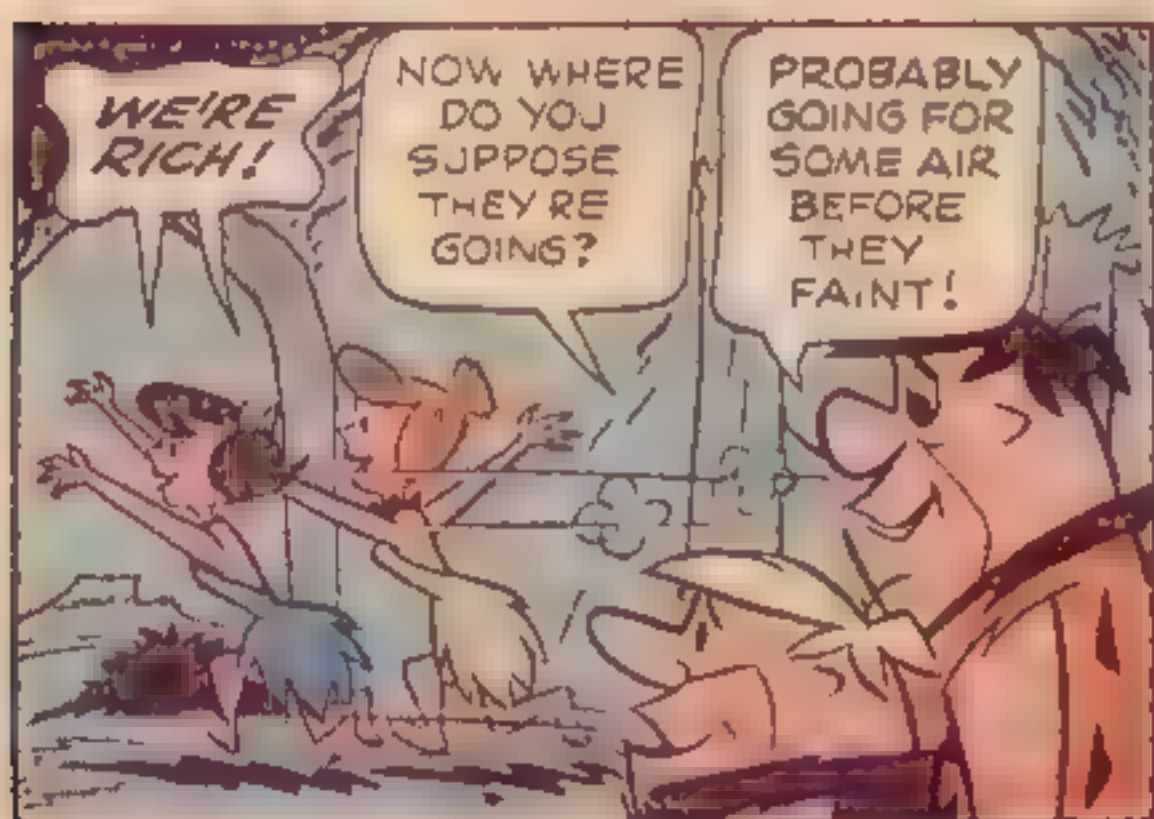
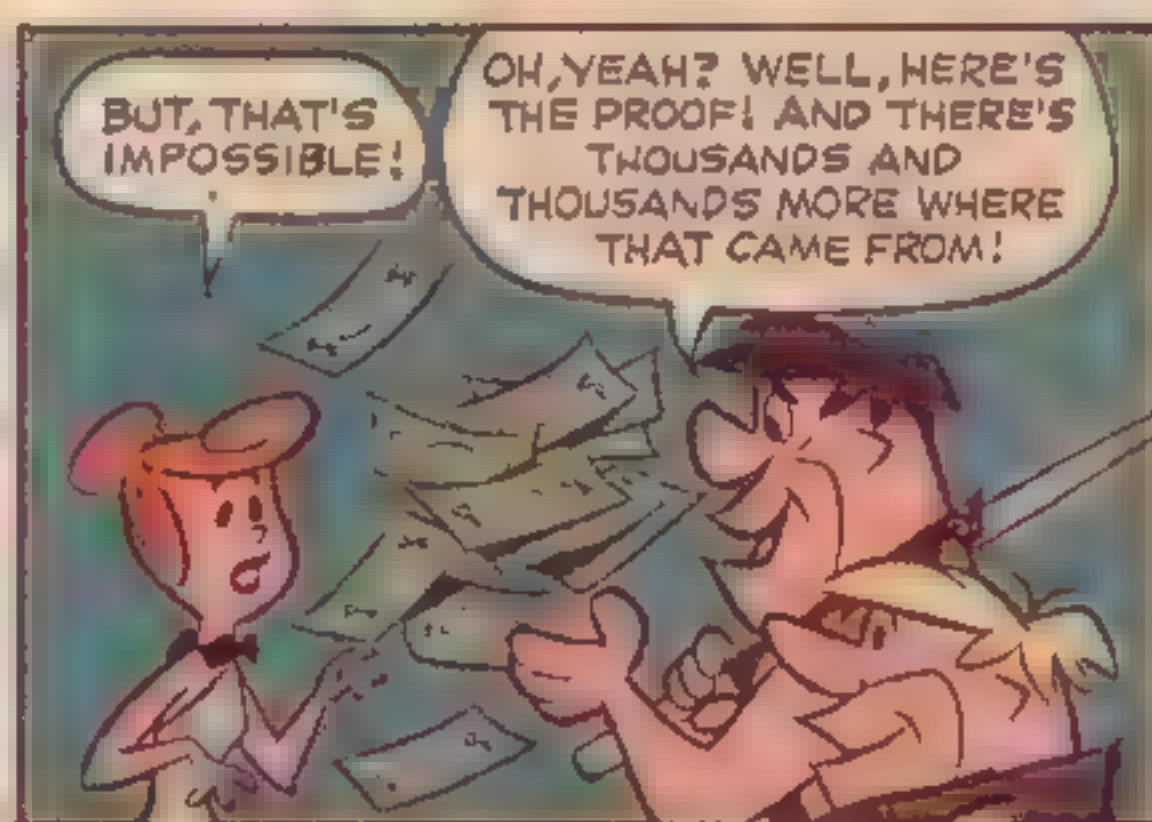
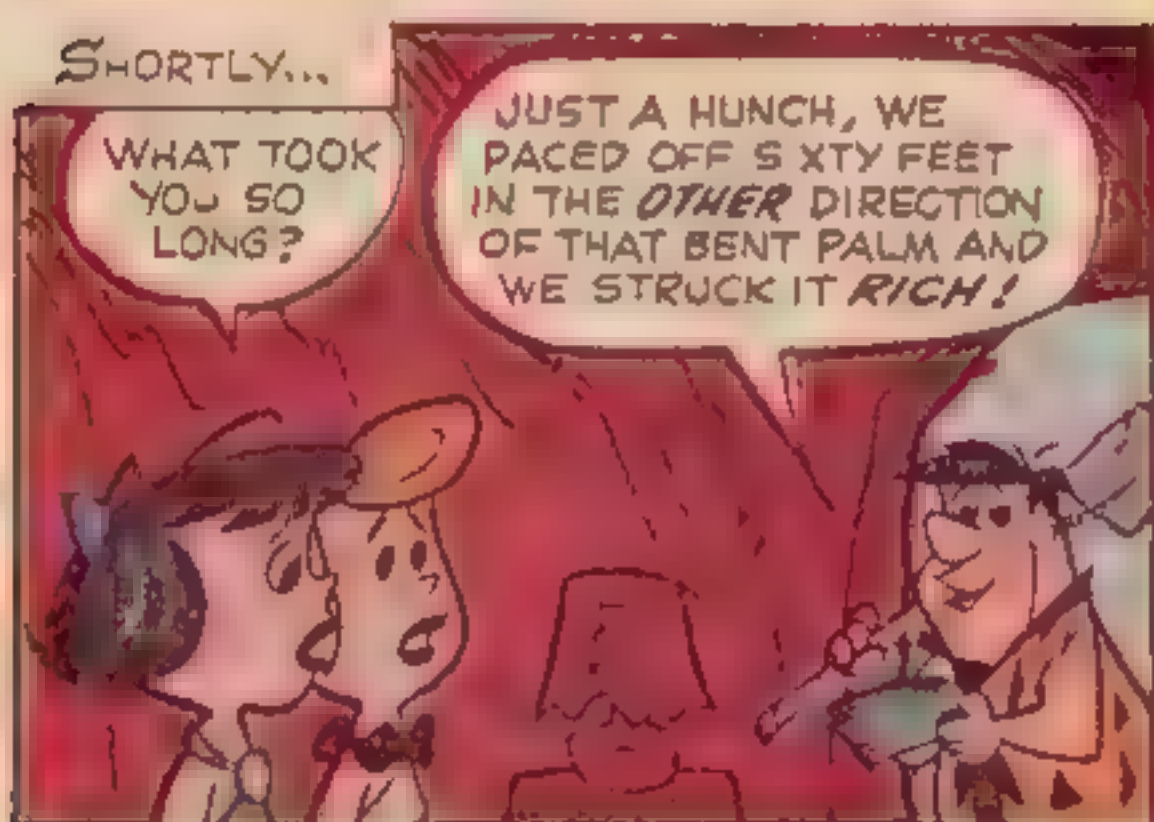
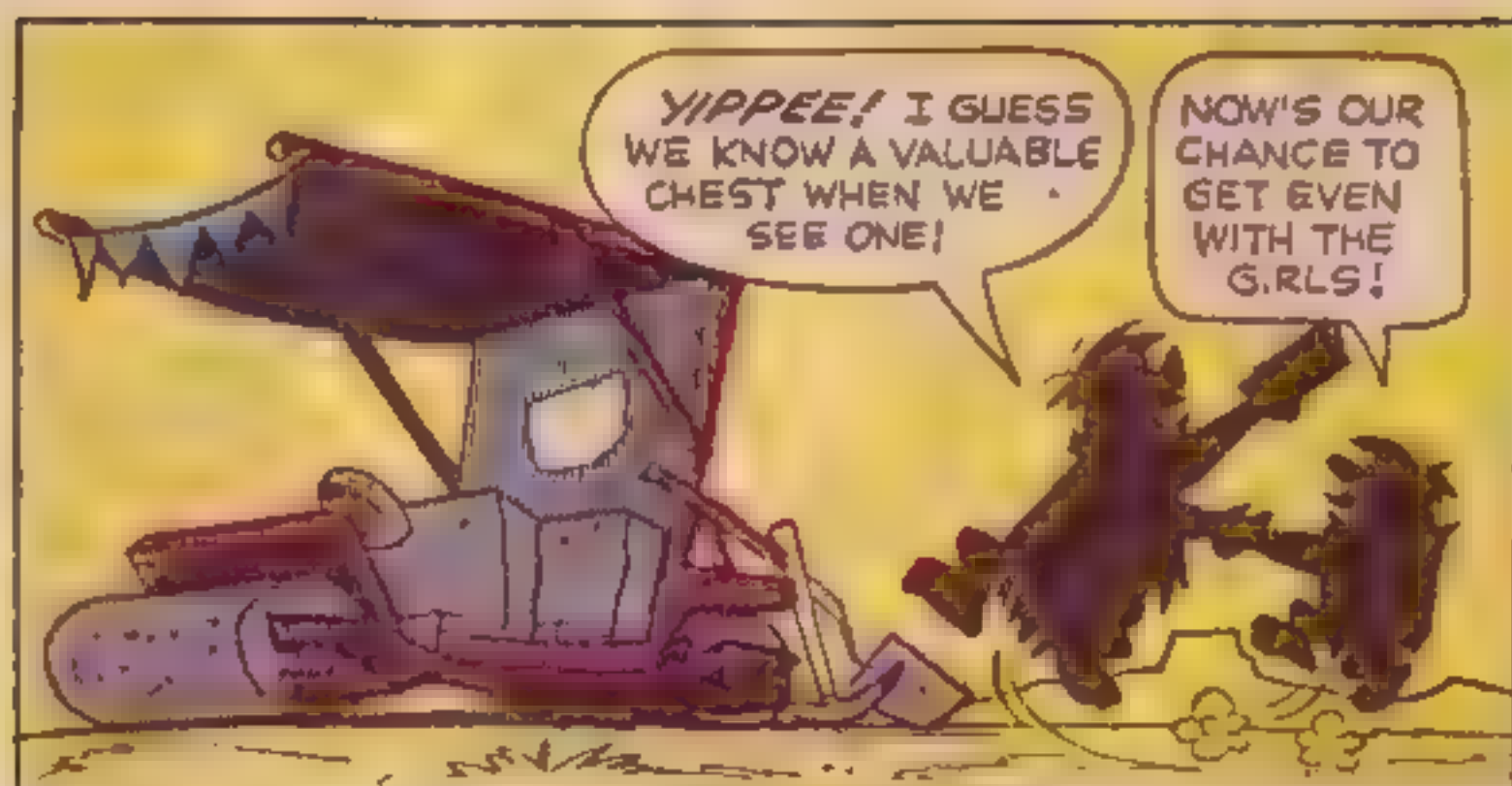












the BEAT BEAT



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Rodney Rocktop had received a letter marked "Official Government Business." Now, nobody ever wrote to Rodney. Why should the government? Rodney pondered hard. Could it be to tell him to pay his income tax? No. He had no income to tax. Could it be a reminder about his social security? No. He wasn't social and he had no security. And it couldn't be a notice about a job, because he had never, ever, applied for one.

For four days, Rodney had been sitting at the same table in the Purple Zen Den, the same cup of cold café espresso before him, staring at his letter. The average person, of course, would have simply opened the letter and read it. But, though Rodney was simple, he was not average. He was a beatnik. And to a beatnik, the energy required to open a letter was just too much.

When, a few moments later, the door was energetically thrown open, Rodney did not even raise his head from the table to see who was there. It was a very tall, very husky, very muscular person . . . a strange type of man, one with a haircut and a shave, who wore a military-type uniform. Rodney took all this in when he mustered his strength to partly raise one eyelid.

"Stand up and be counted," the man commanded in a booming voice that rattled the plaster and set the spider webs swaying.

Stand up? It was all Rodney could do to lift the other eyelid.

"Oh, no, man," protested Rodney weakly. "Like, I'm a beat beat."

"On your feet," insisted the military man, who continued, as Rodney reluctantly dragged himself into an upright position. "How can I recruit you into the standing army when you're sitting down?"

At the words "standing army," Rodney slowly crumpled back into his chair.

"Why didn't you report for the draft like that letter ordered?" the man asked.

At last, Rodney knew.

"The army will make a man of you."

"Man, who needs it?" Rodney sneered.

"I'm the army's first sergeant," the man boasted.

Historically, he probably was, and before he left, Rodney would have been the first to say that he should have been the last.

"I don't dig you, dad," Rodney said.

"You'll dig in the army," First Sergeant assured Rodney, "trenches and foxholes."

"Who needs foxholes, excepting foxes?"

First Sergeant was not amused. "You'll need them," he replied, "on maneuvers."

"Like, what's maneuvers, man?" Rodney was always curious about new words.

"Well, for instance, when you march twenty miles carrying a full pack."

"Ugh," moaned Rodney. "What a drag."

By this time, both Rodney and First Sergeant were beginning to get the same idea. This battle between brain and brawn ended in a draw. Rodney (he was the brainy one) was too tired to speak, so brawny First Sergeant said it for both of them.

"Seems to me you could serve the army best by staying out of it. I'll put you down as an unconscious objector."

With that, the army clicked its heels and marched out of Rodney's life.

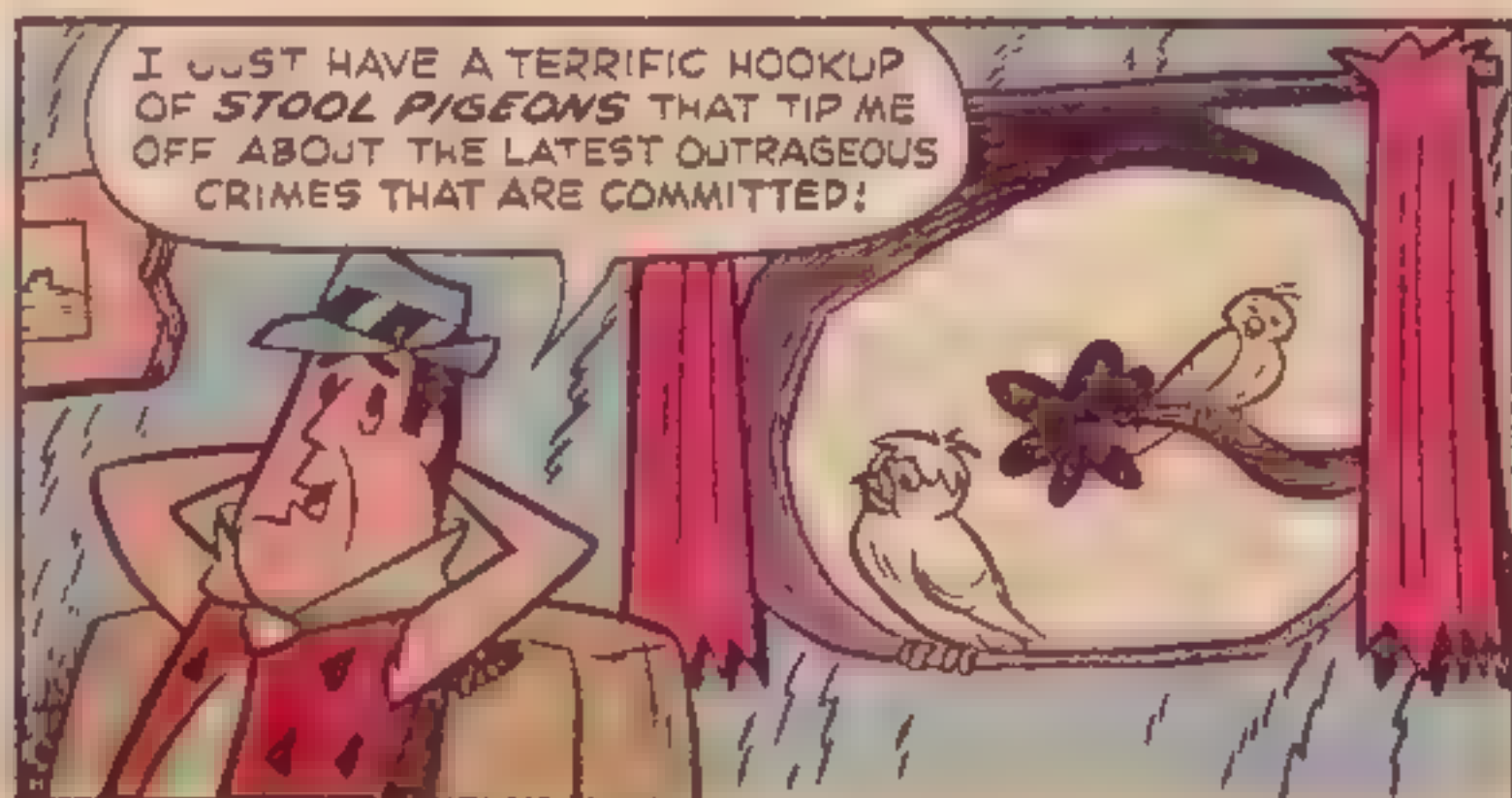
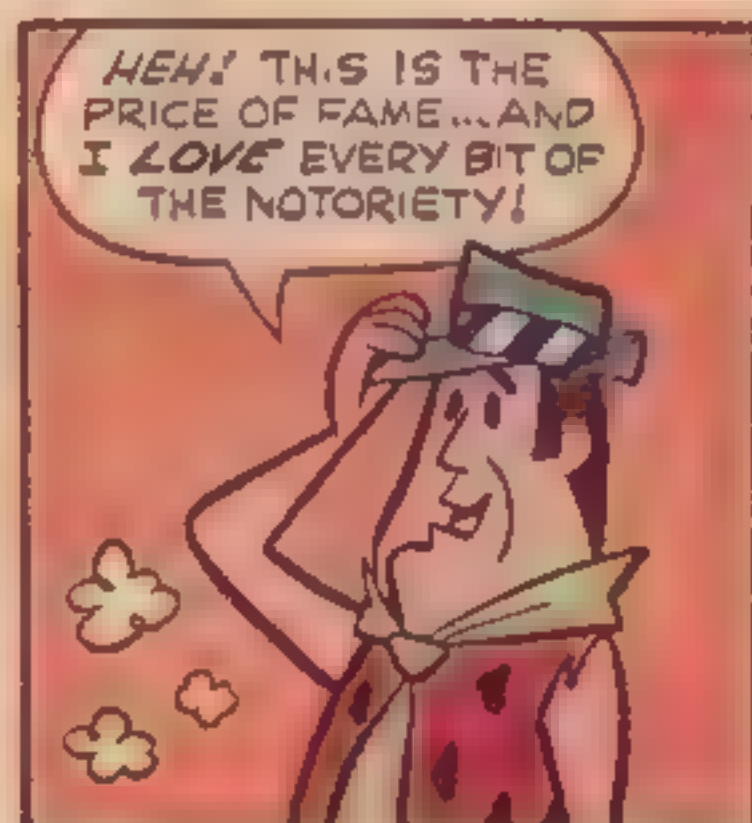
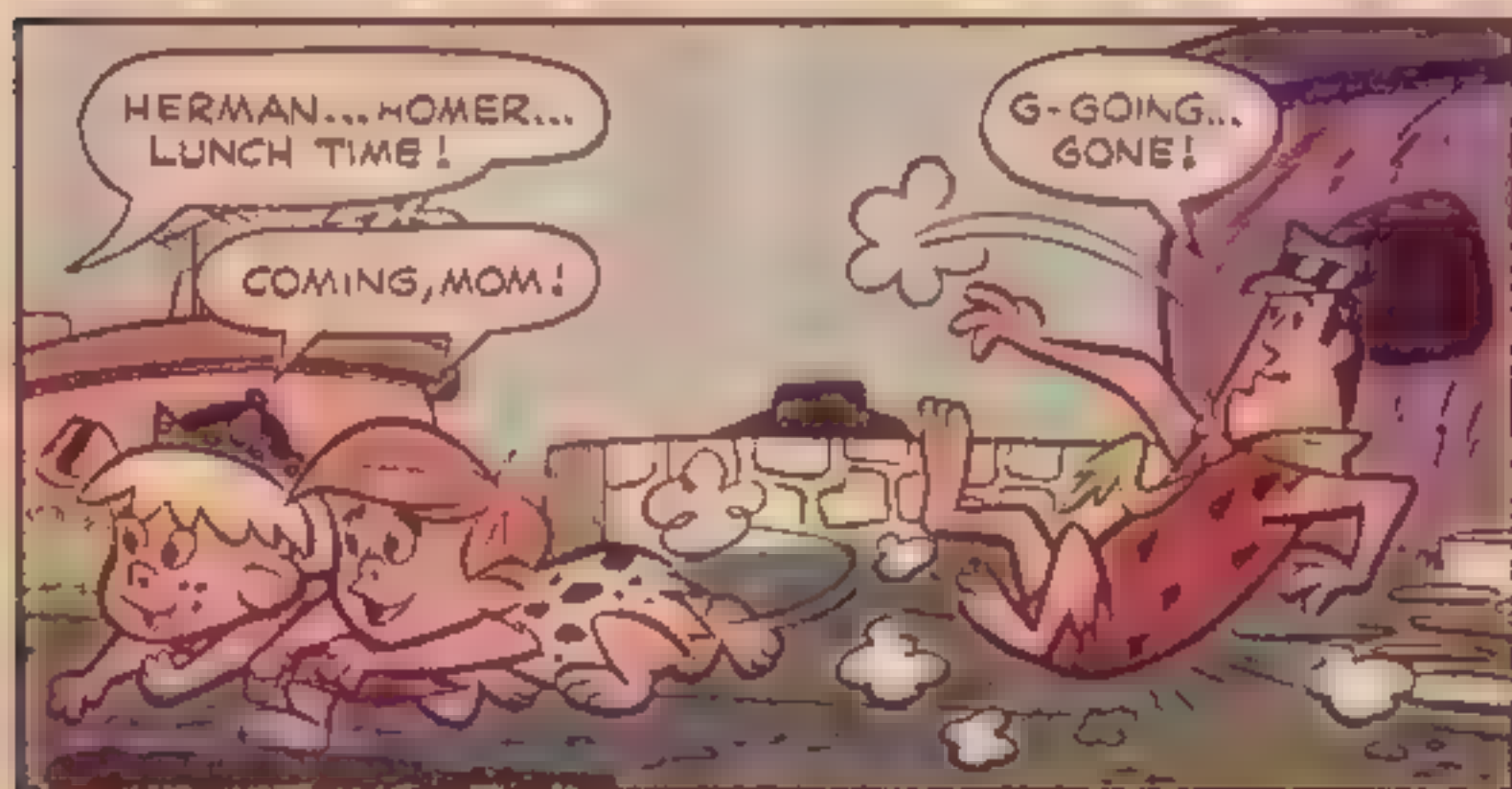
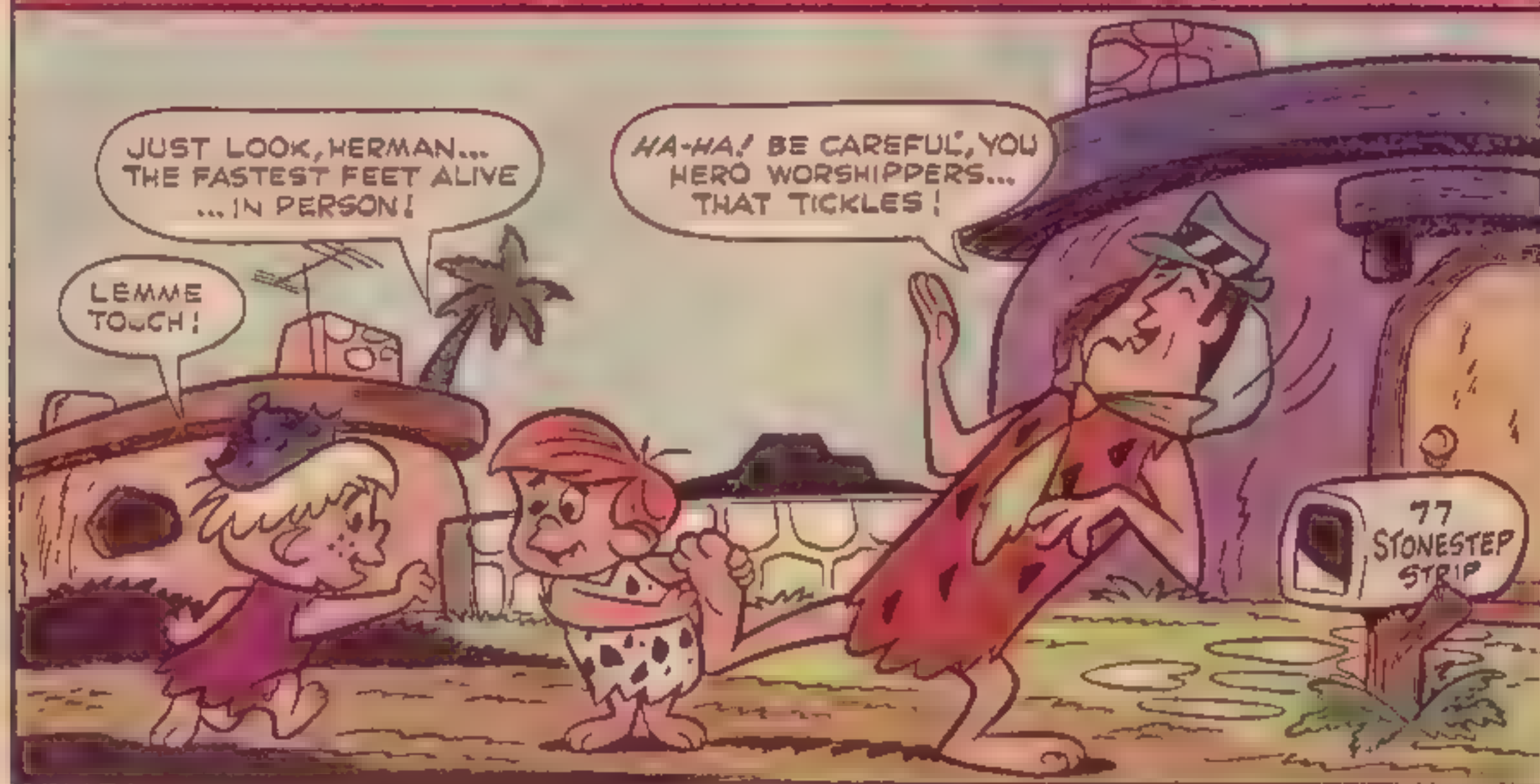
Rodney continued to sit in the Purple Zen Den, his cold cup of café espresso on the table, waiting for his beat buddies.

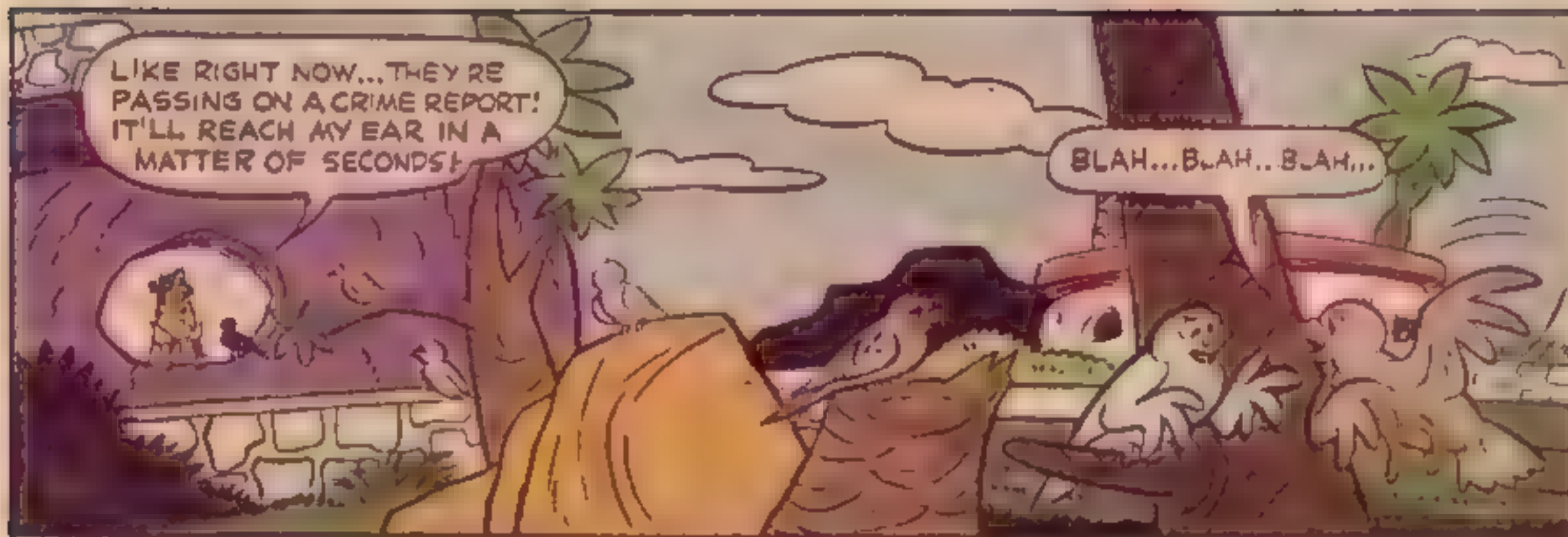
Historians claim that this episode inspired the famous saying, "He also serves who only sits and waits."

Hanna-Barbera

PERRY GUNNITE

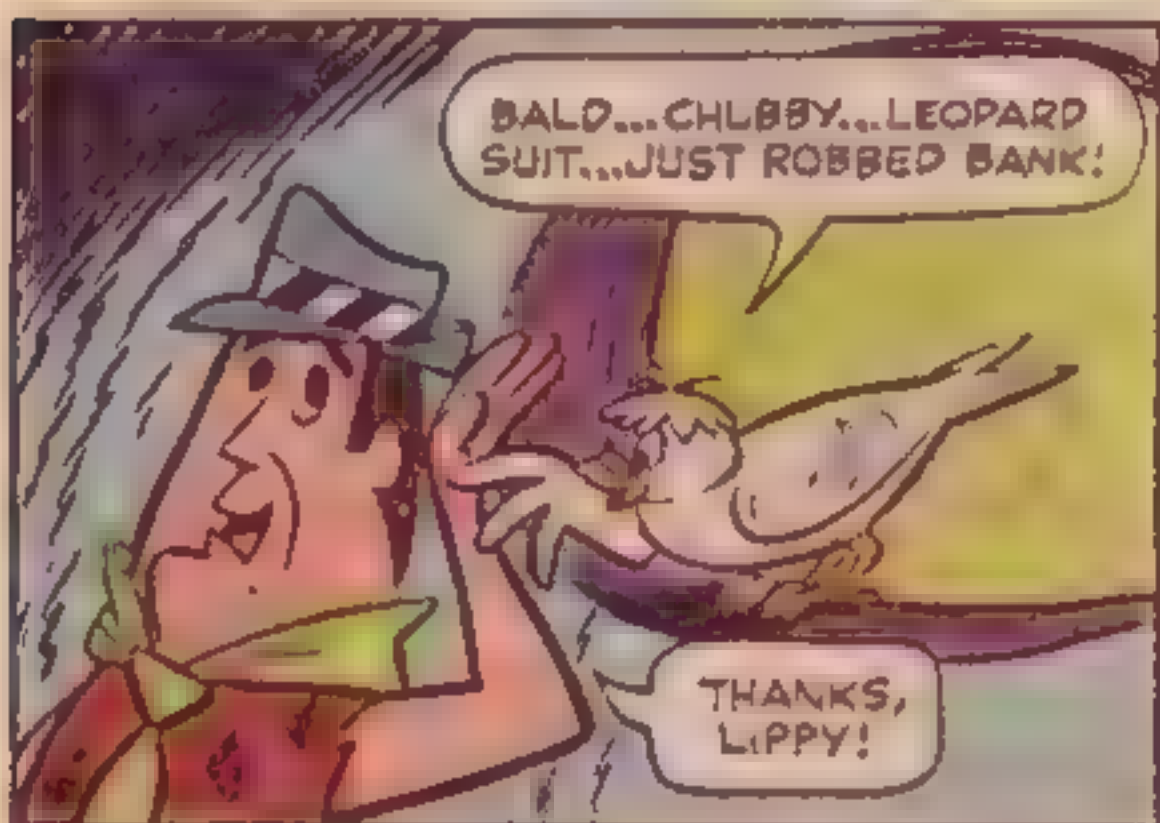
THE INSIDE-OUT-JOB





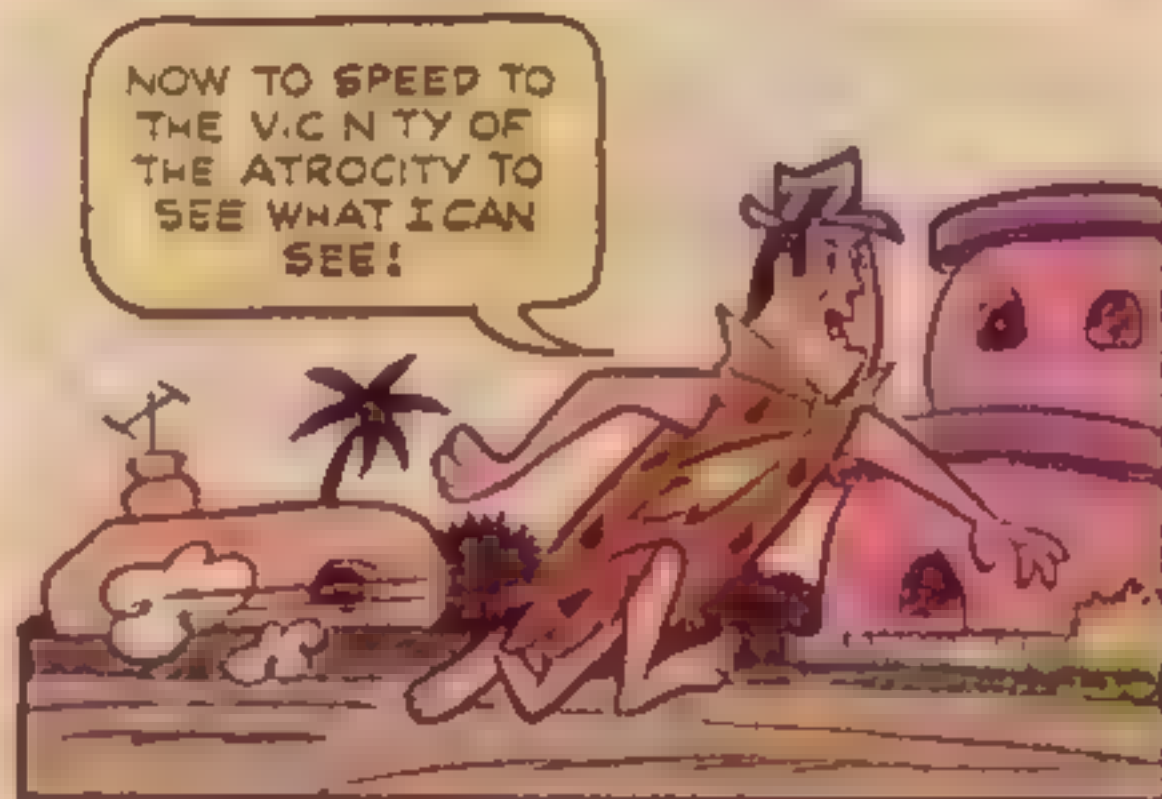
LIKE RIGHT NOW...THEY'RE PASSING ON A CRIME REPORT! IT'LL REACH MY EAR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

BLAH...BLAH...BLAH...

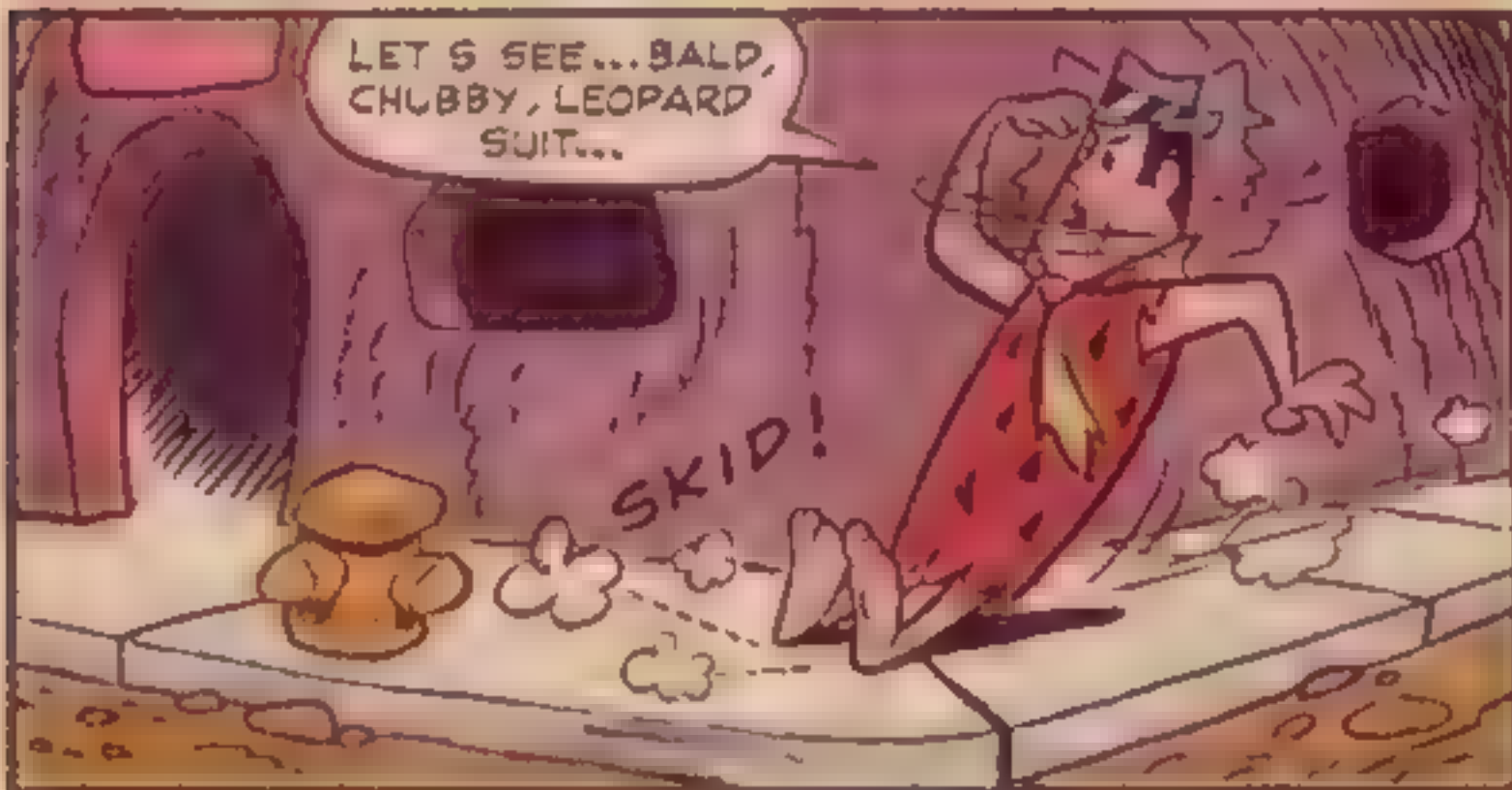


BALD...CHUBBY...LEOPARD SUIT...JUST ROBBED BANK!

THANKS, LIPPY!



NOW TO SPEED TO THE VICINITY OF THE ATROCITY TO SEE WHAT I CAN SEE!

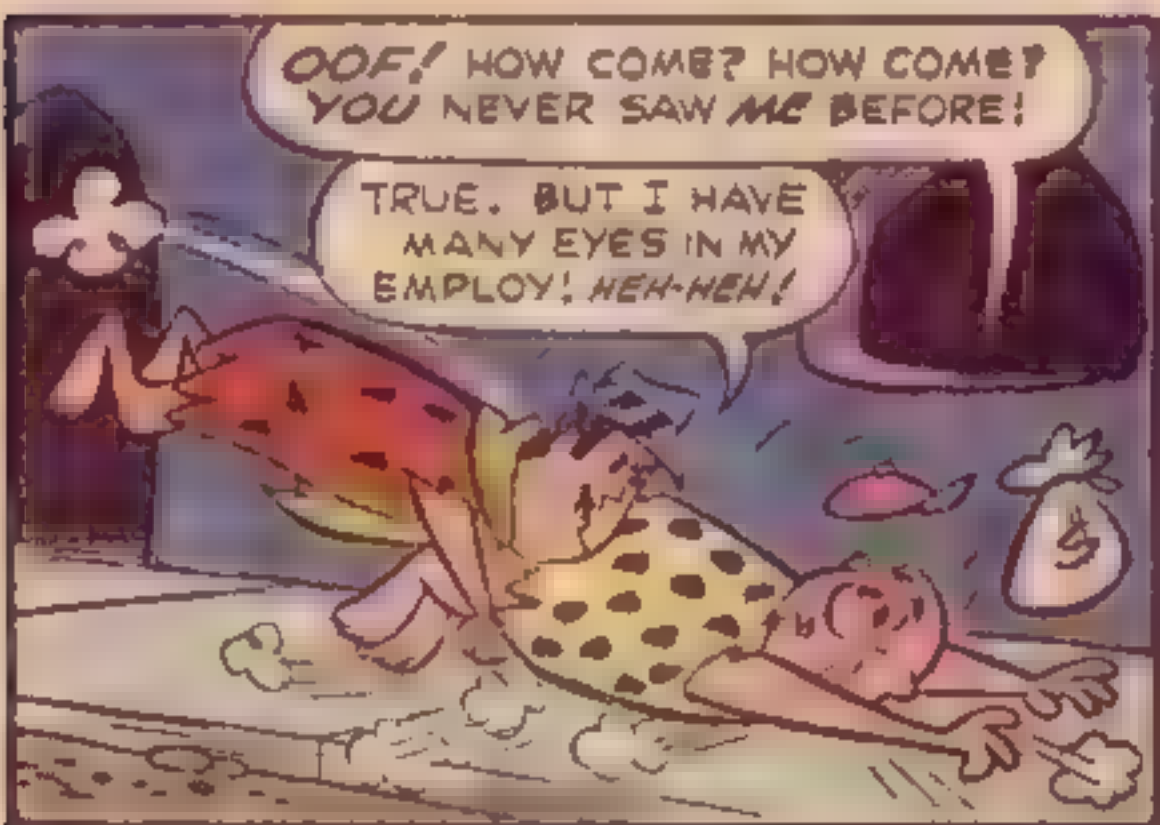


LET'S SEE...BALD, CHUBBY, LEOPARD SUIT...

SKID!



THERE HE IS!



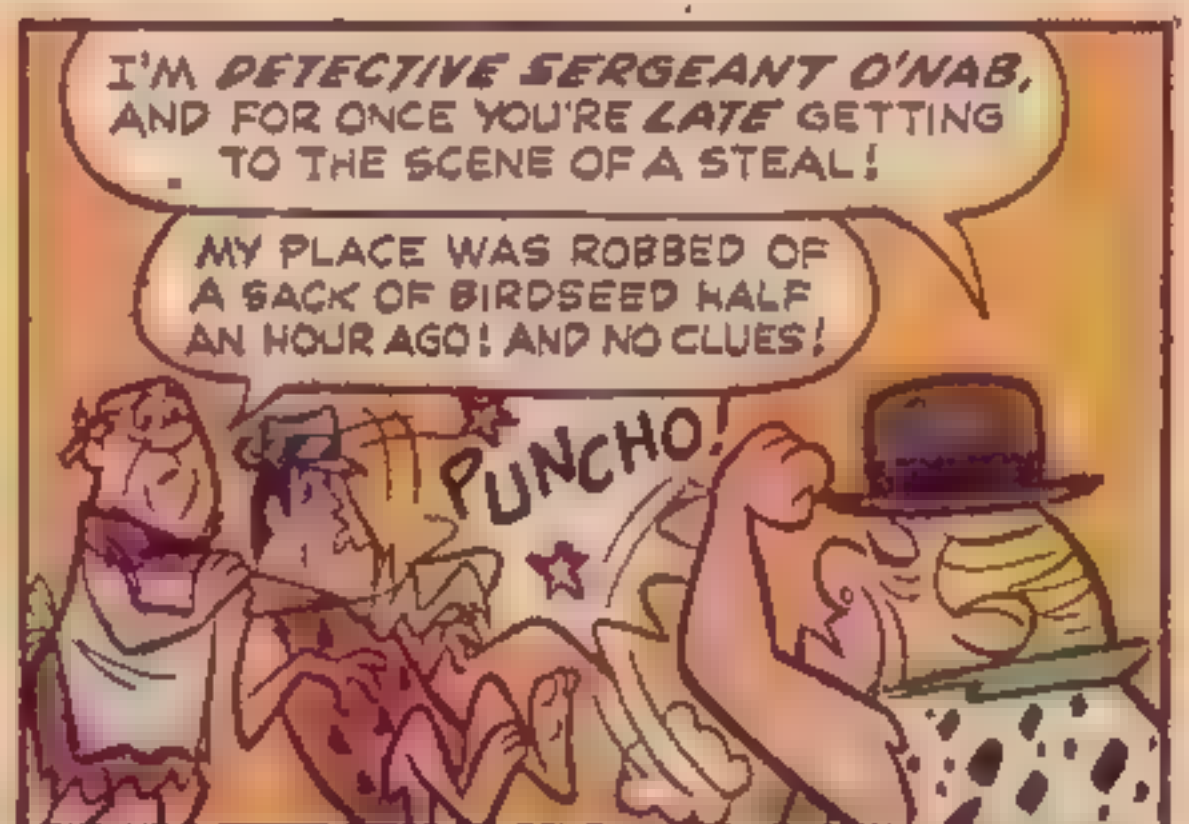
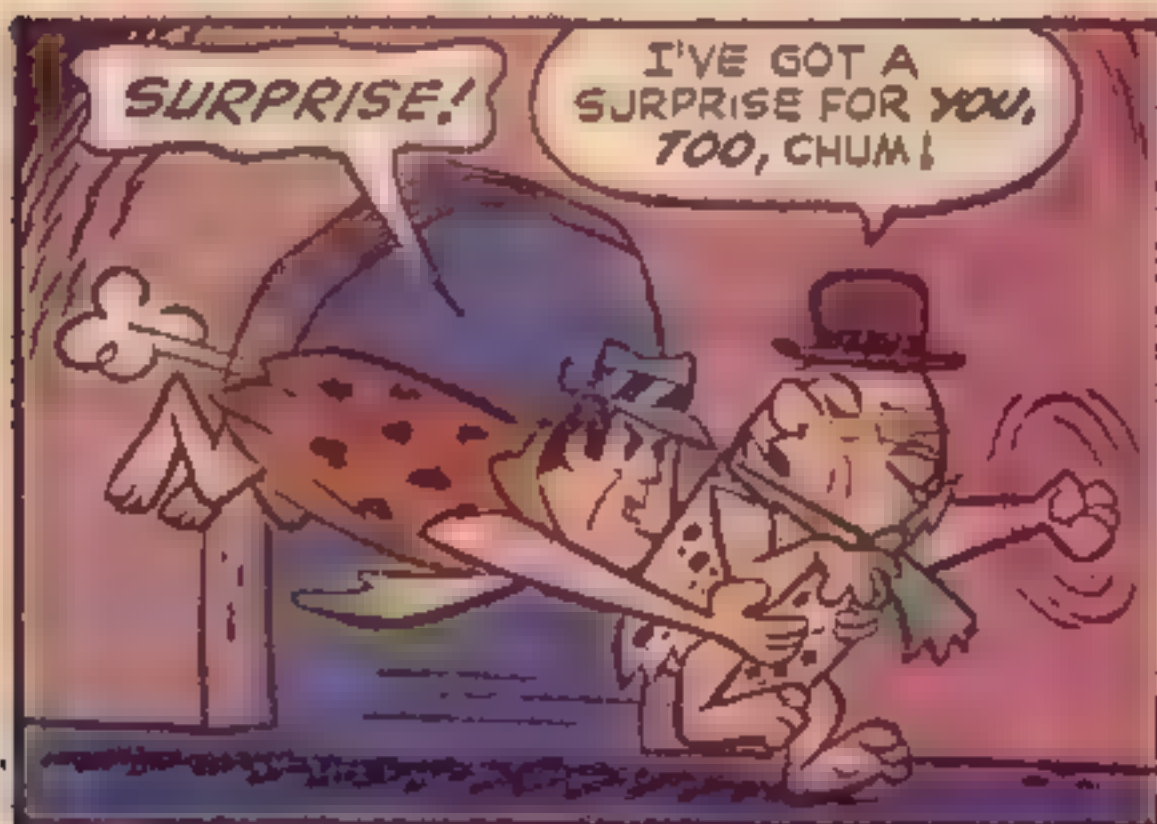
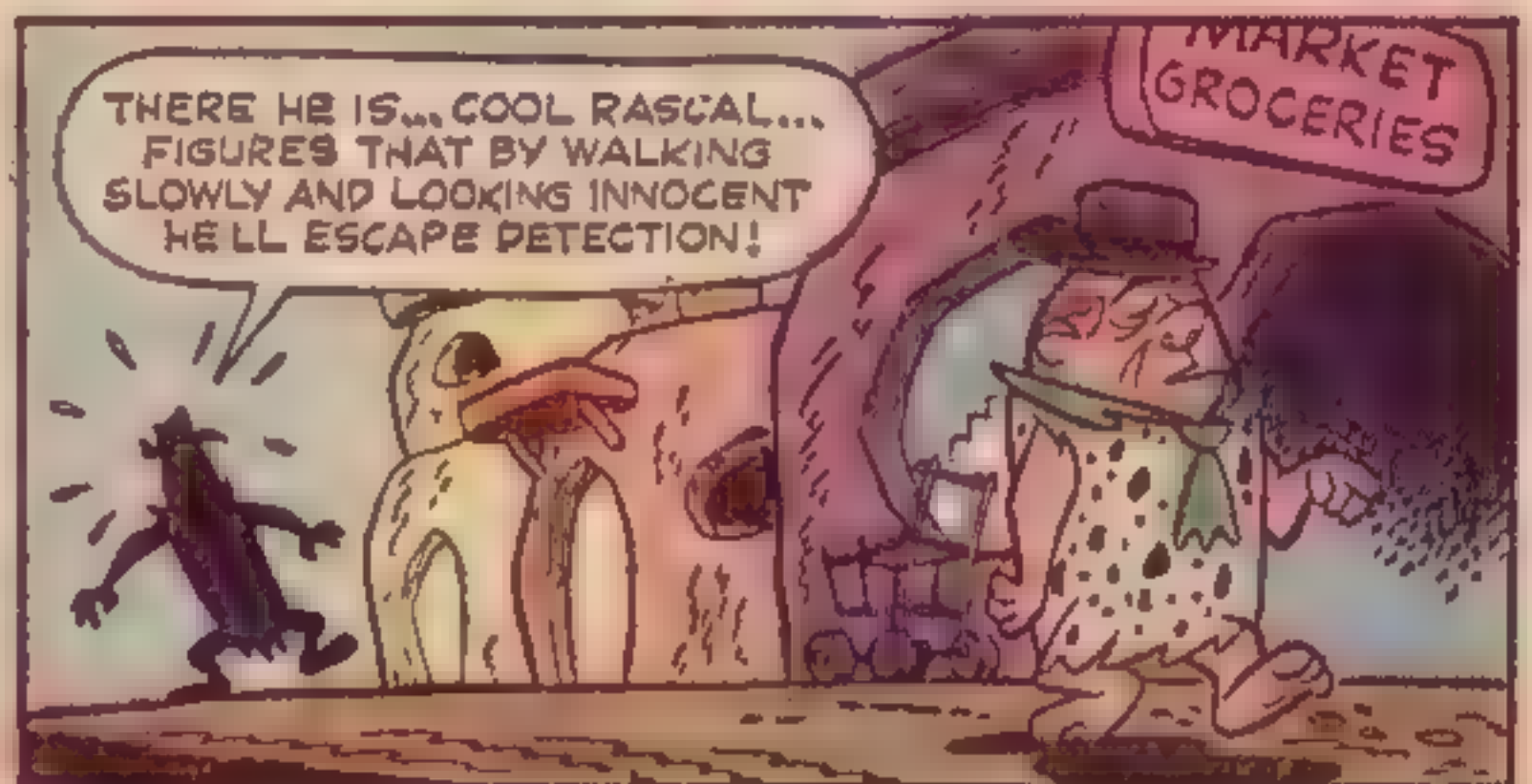
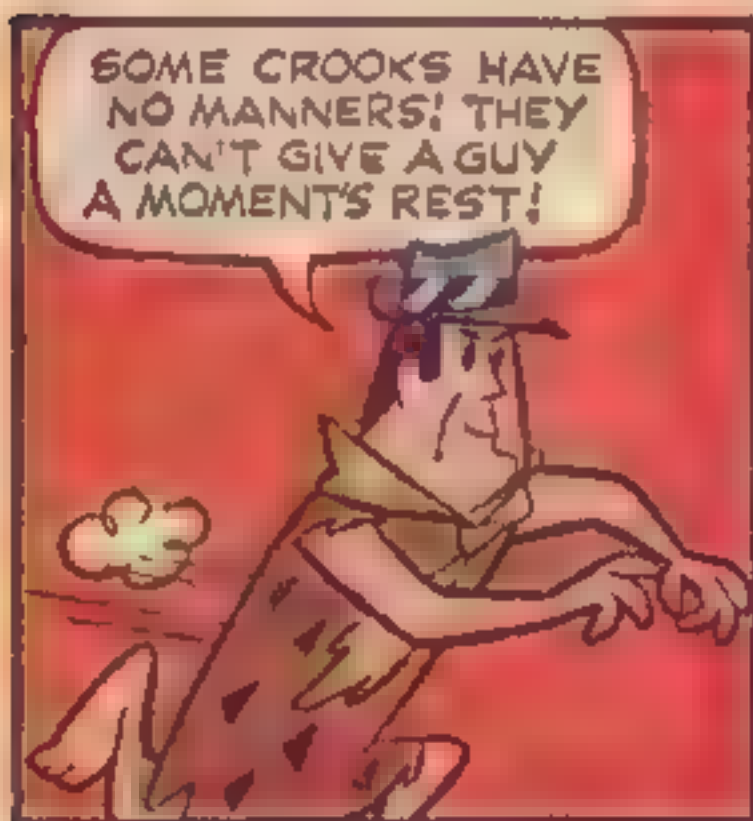
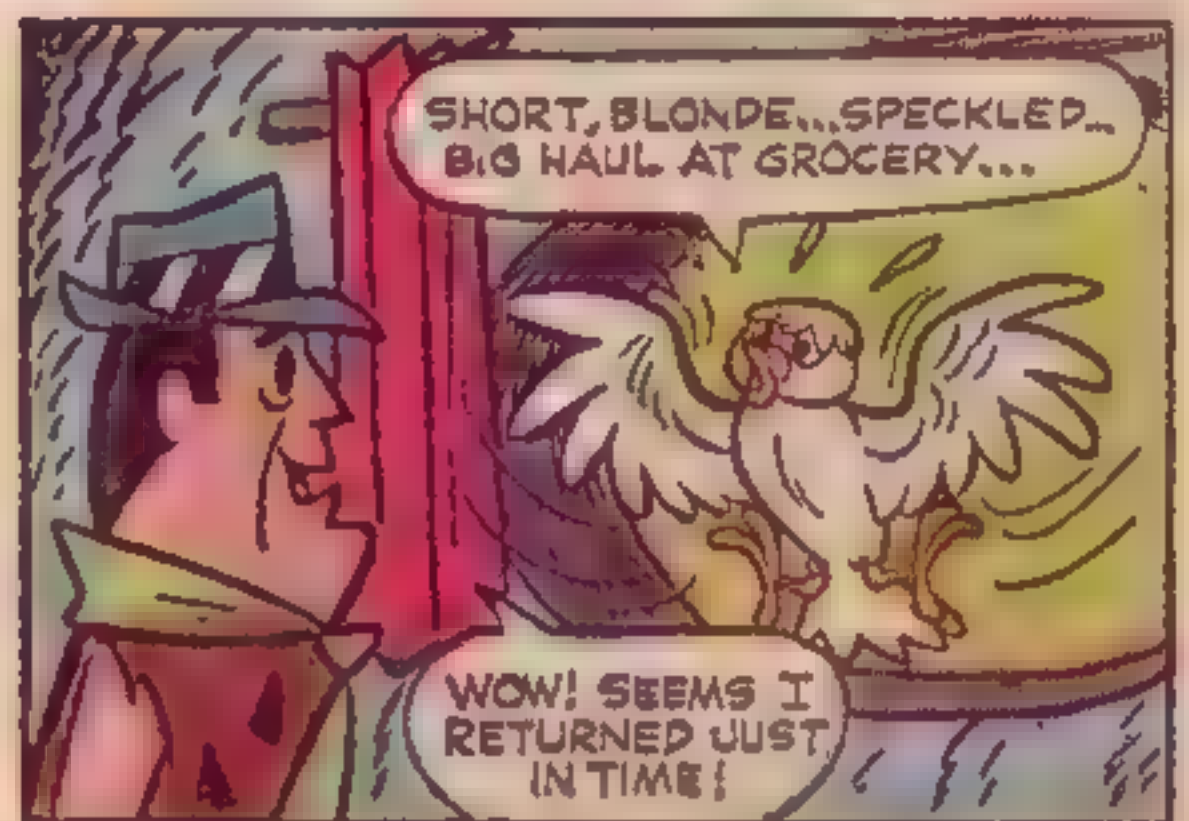
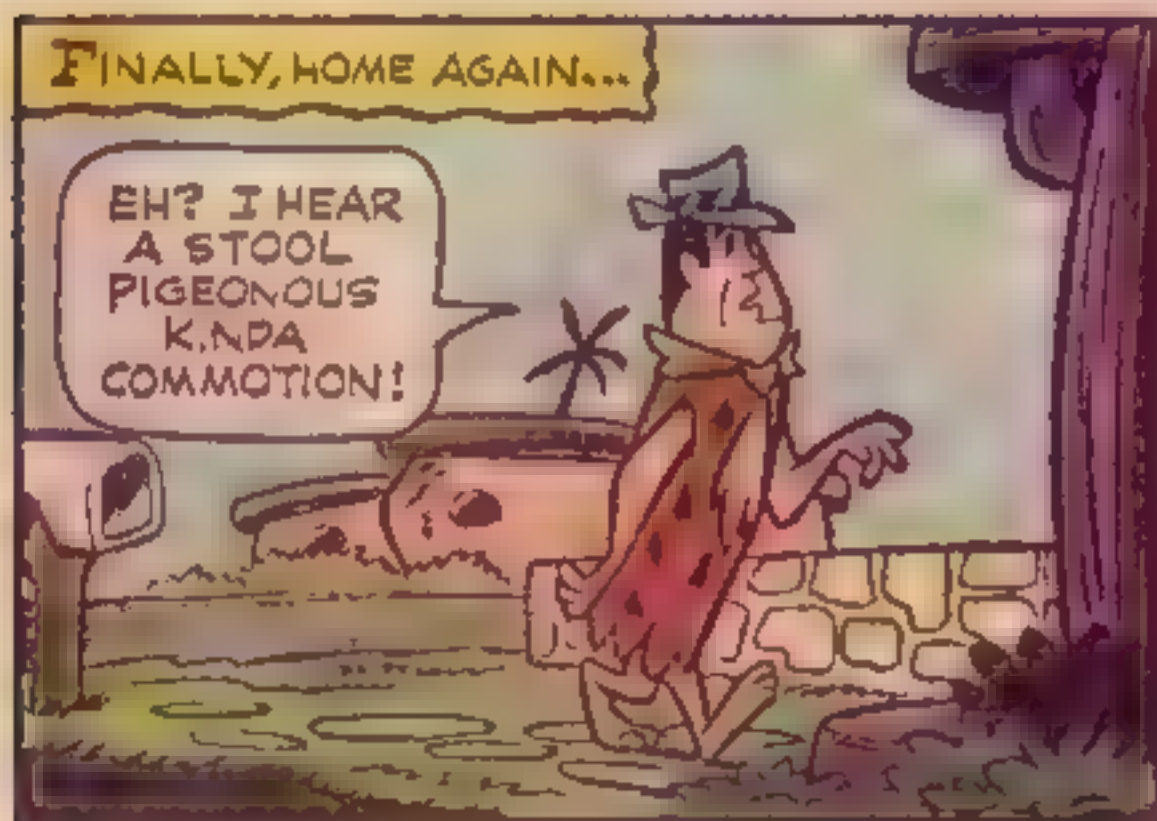
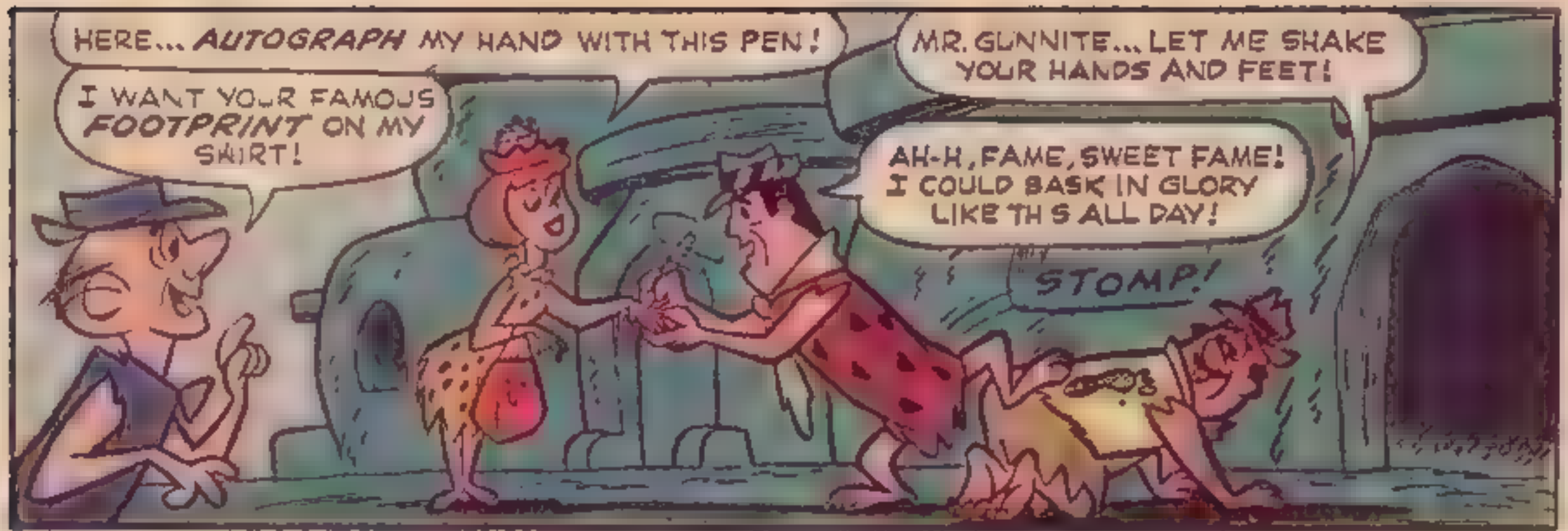
OOF! HOW COME? HOW COME? YOU NEVER SAW ME BEFORE!

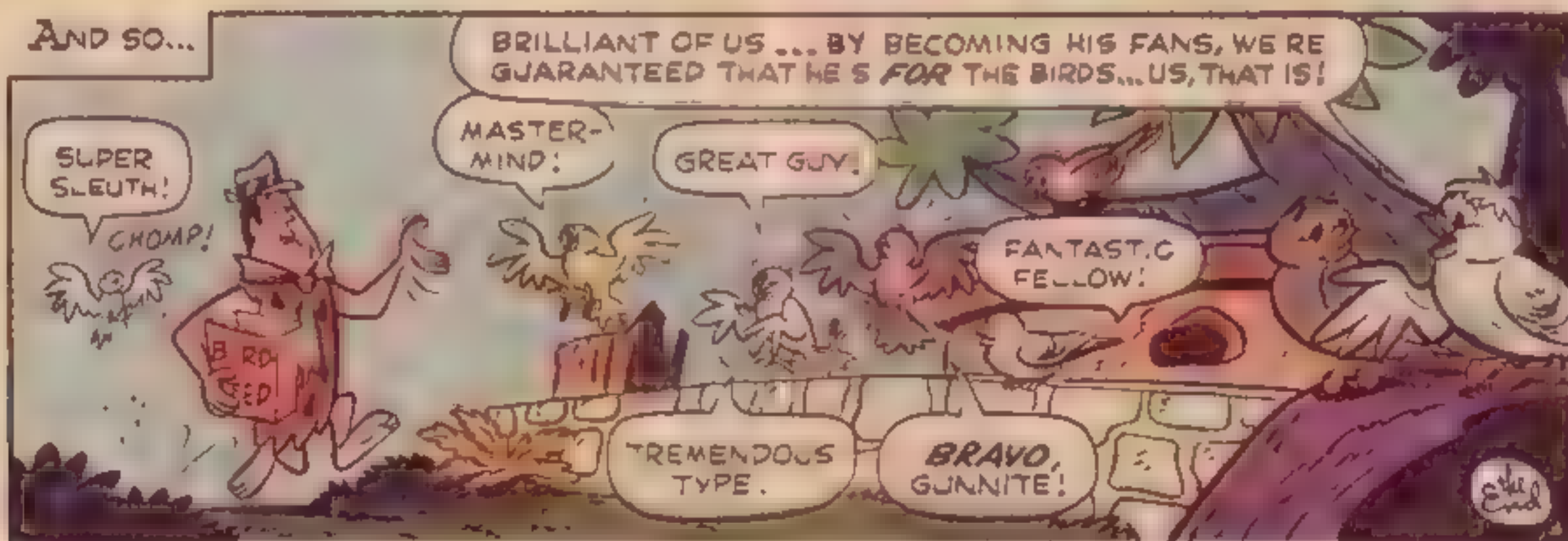
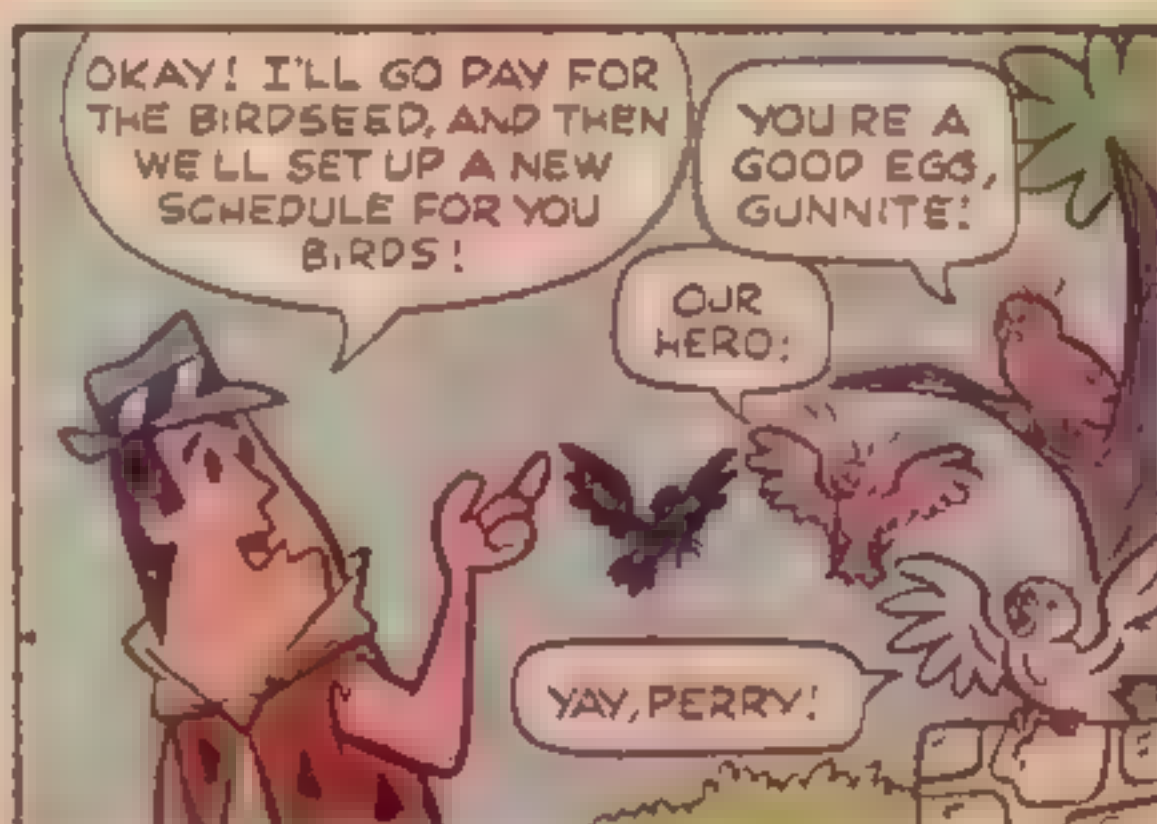
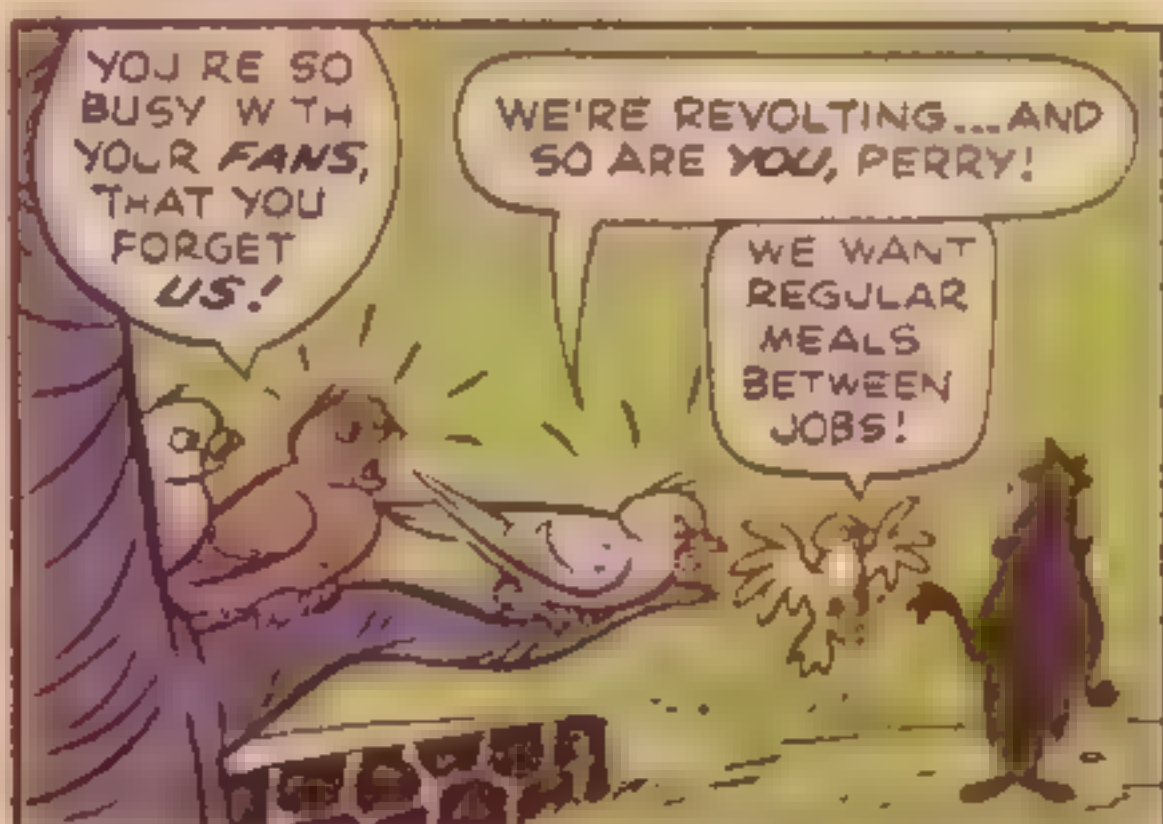
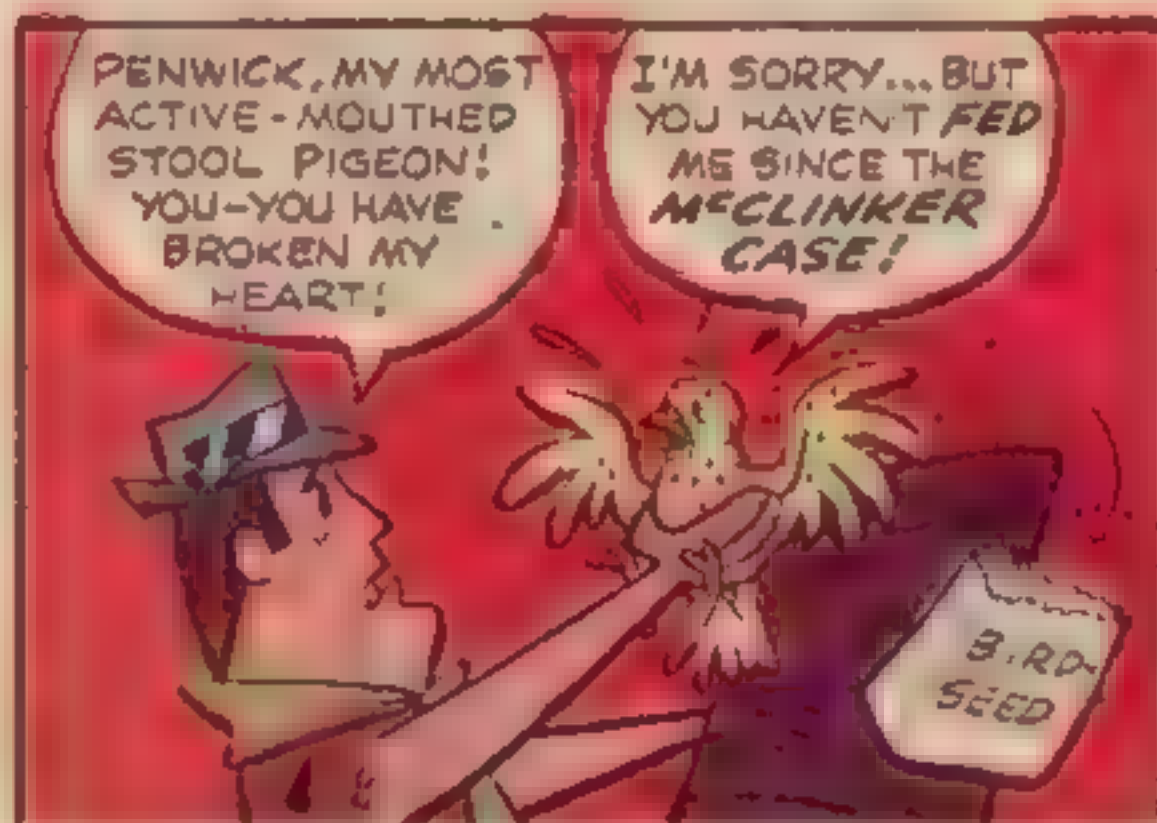
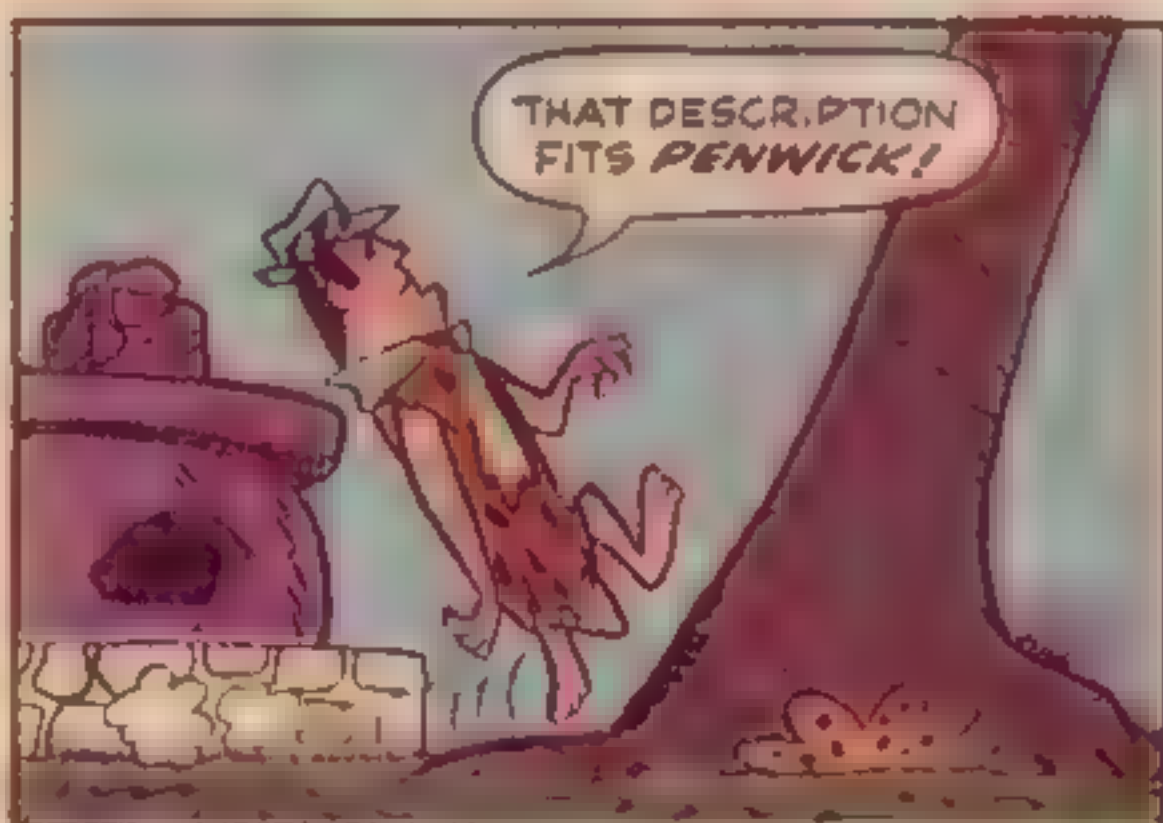
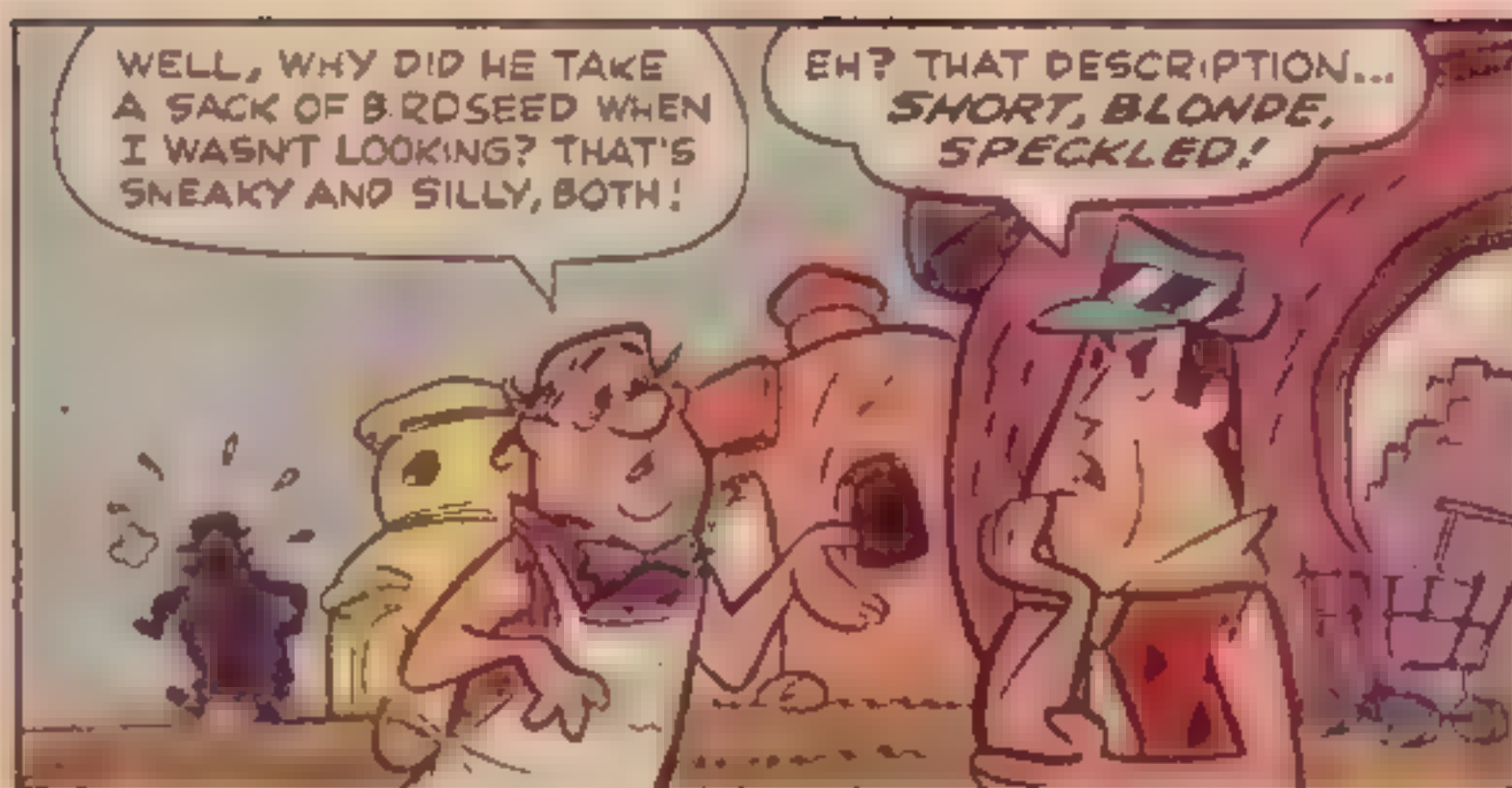
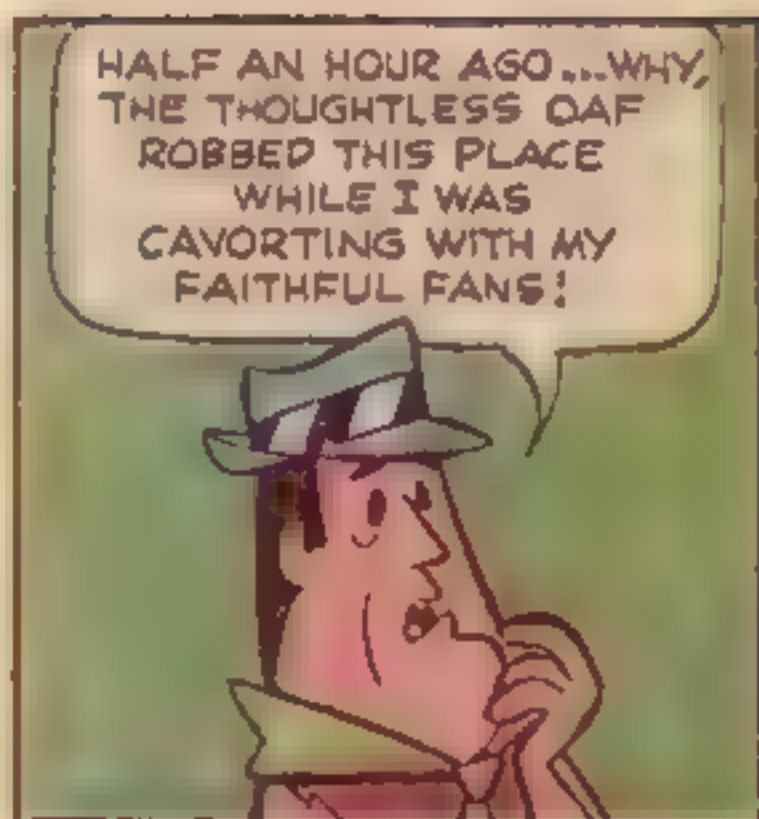
TRUE, BUT I HAVE MANY EYES IN MY EMPLOY! HEH-HEH!



TRA-LA-LA! ANOTHER CROOK IS TOOK!

IT'S PERRY GUNN TE.. THE FASTEST FLATFOOT IN BEDROCK!





Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES WHEN YOU WISH UPON A FISH

SO LONG, WILMA! I'M
MEETING BARNEY DOWN
AT THE LAKE FOR SOME
FISHING.

BUT, FRED, WHY
ARE YOU TAKING
YOUR OLD, VOICE-
THROWING
VENTRILLO-
BUTTON?

HEH-HEH! THAT'S TO PLAY
A LITTLE PRACTICAL JOKE
ON BARNEY, IN CASE THE
FISHING GETS DULL!

FRED, YOU
SHOULDN'T ALWAYS
BE PULLING JOKE
ON POOR BARNEY!

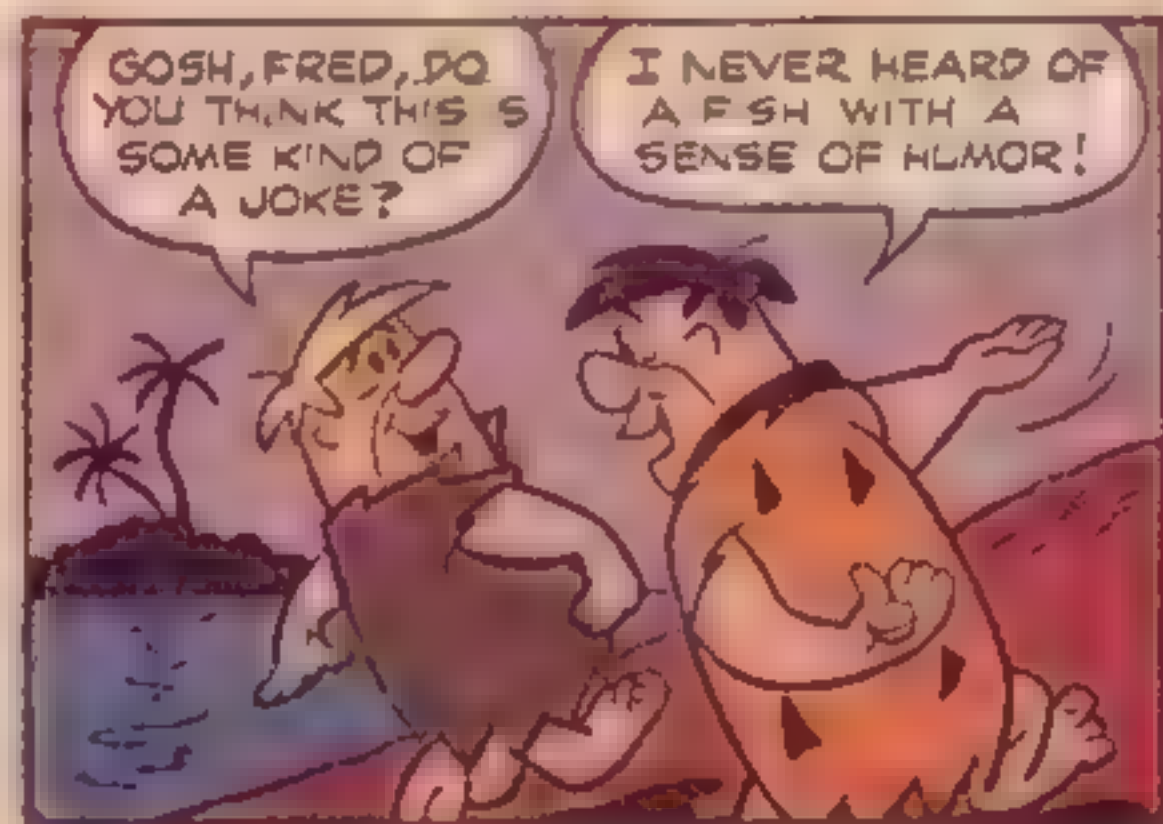
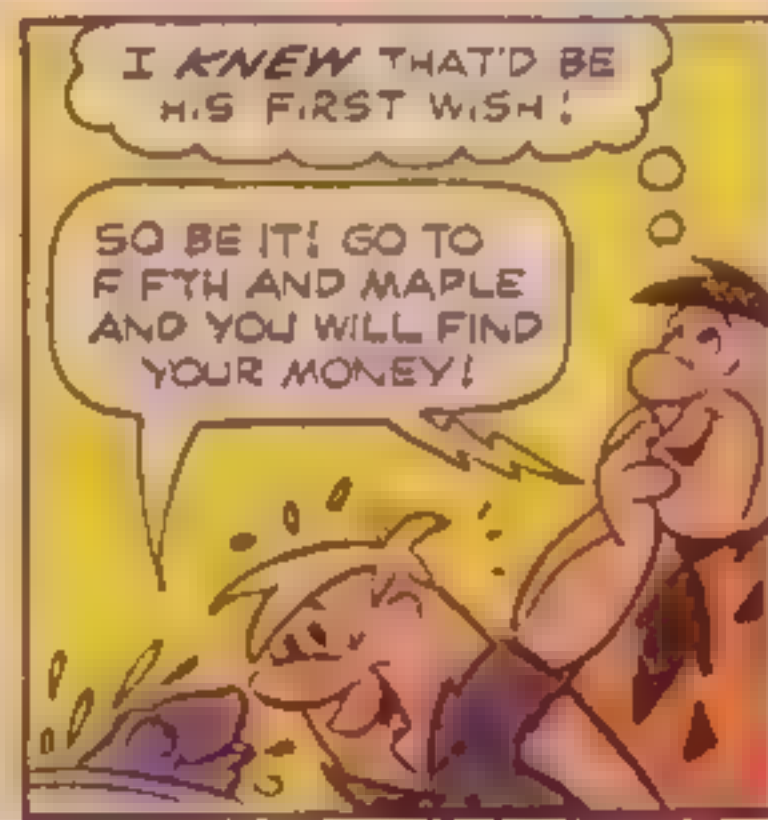
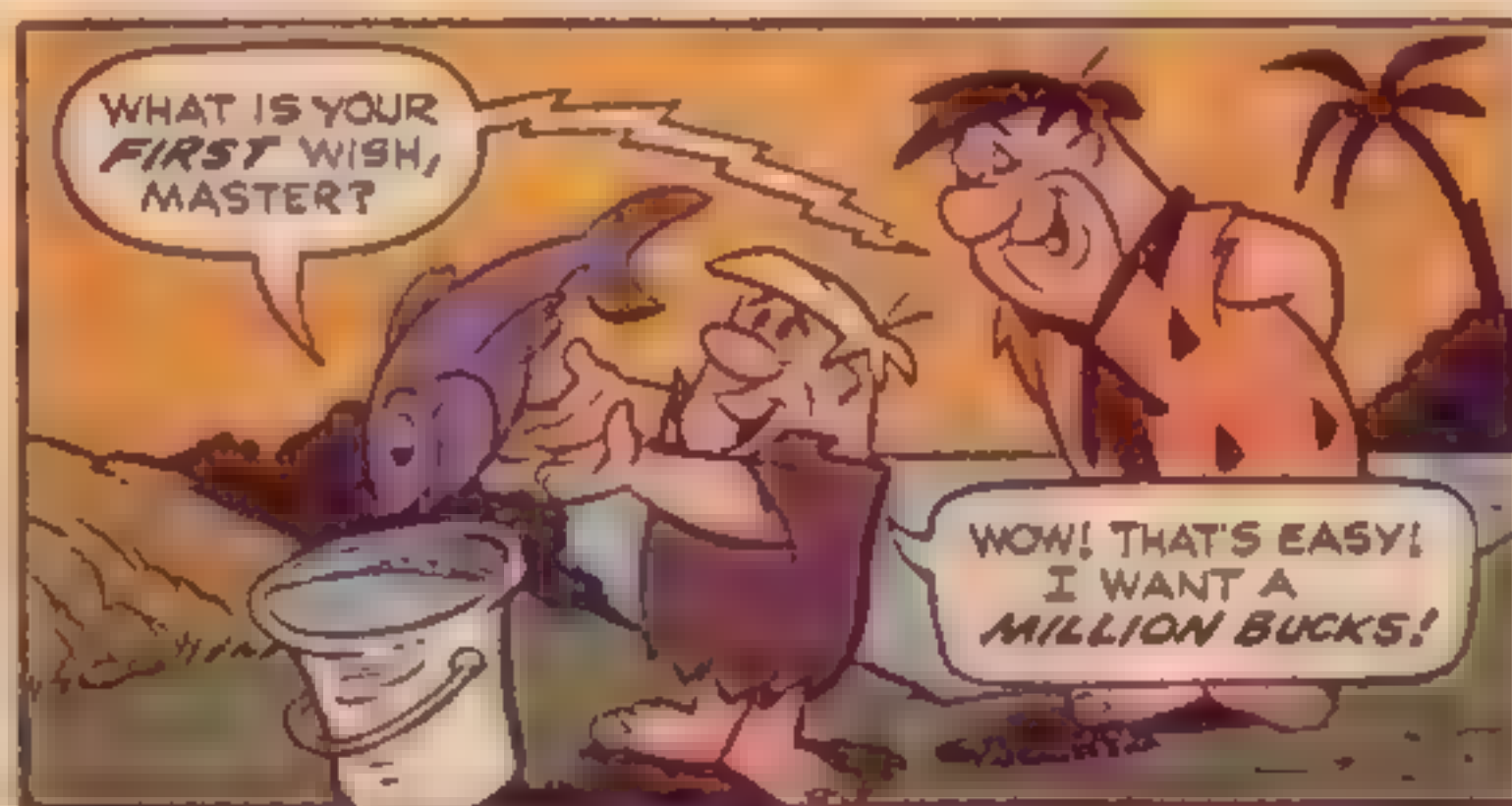
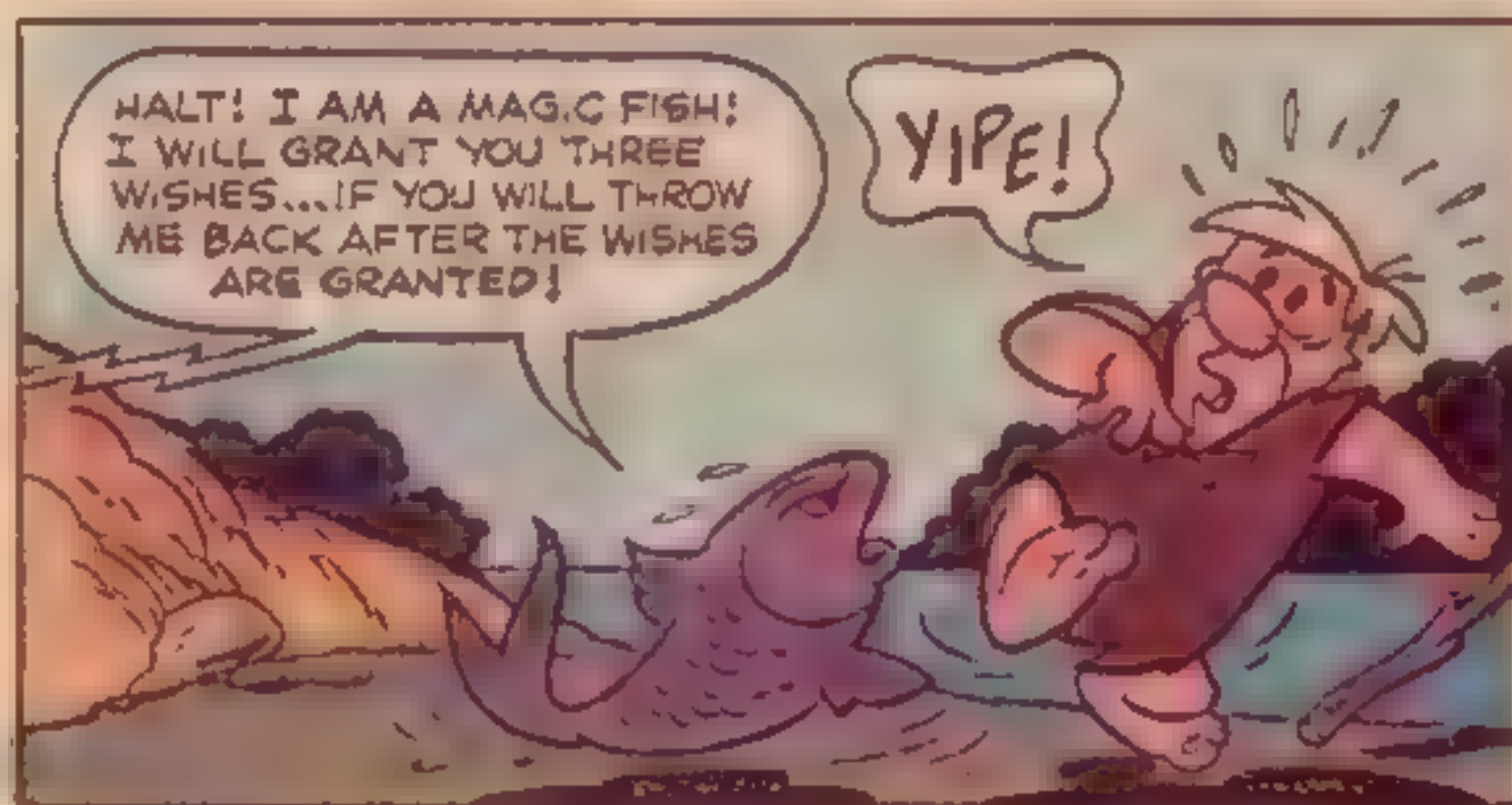
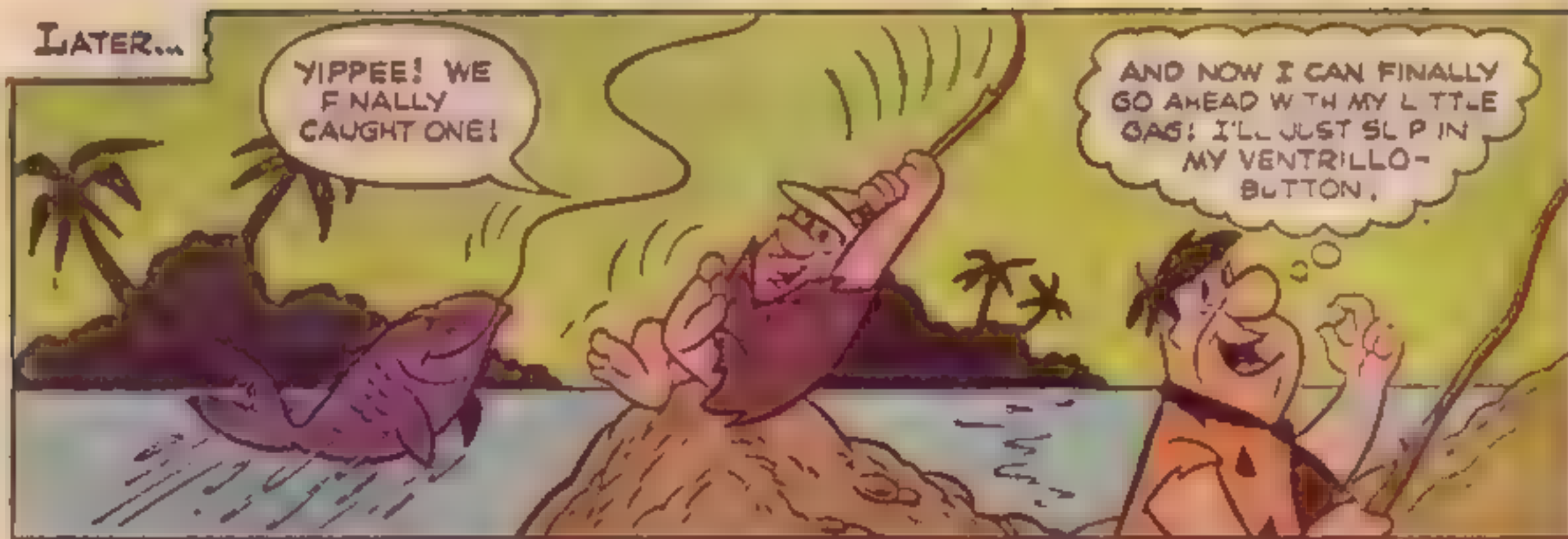
WHY? IT DOESN'T
HURT ME A BIT!
HA-HA!

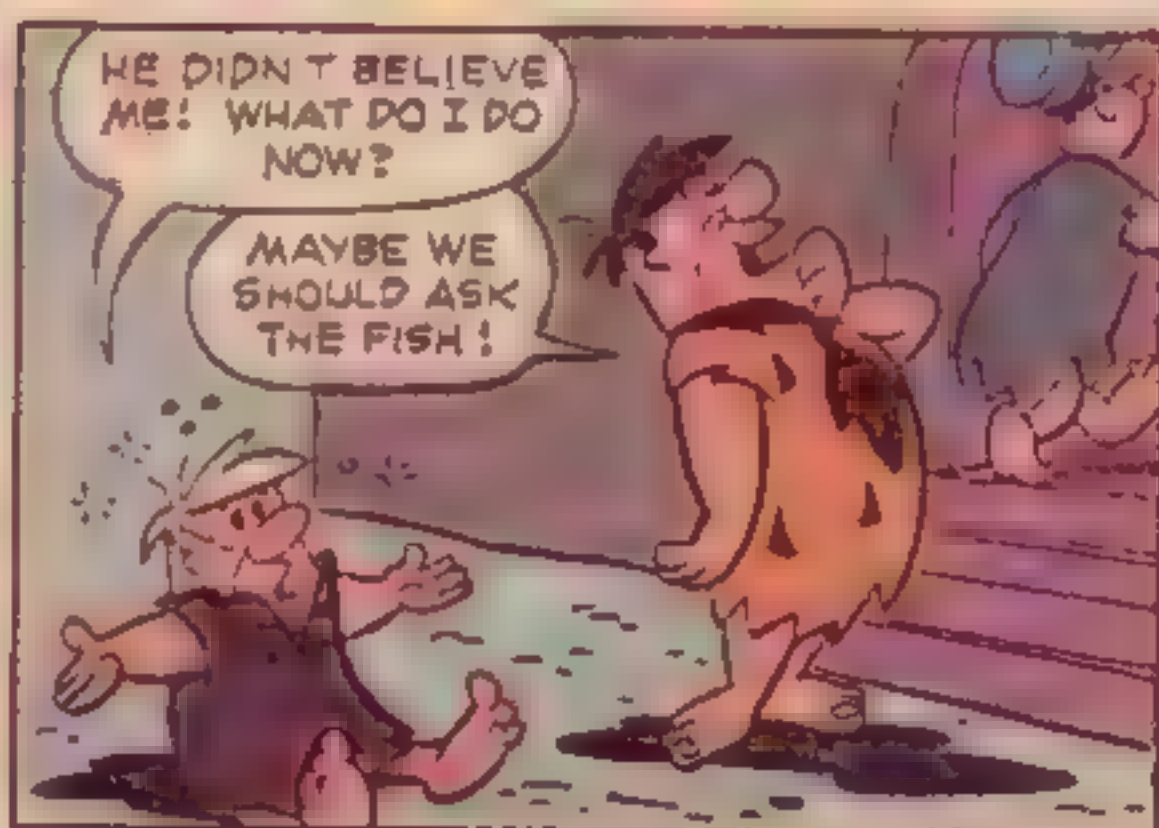
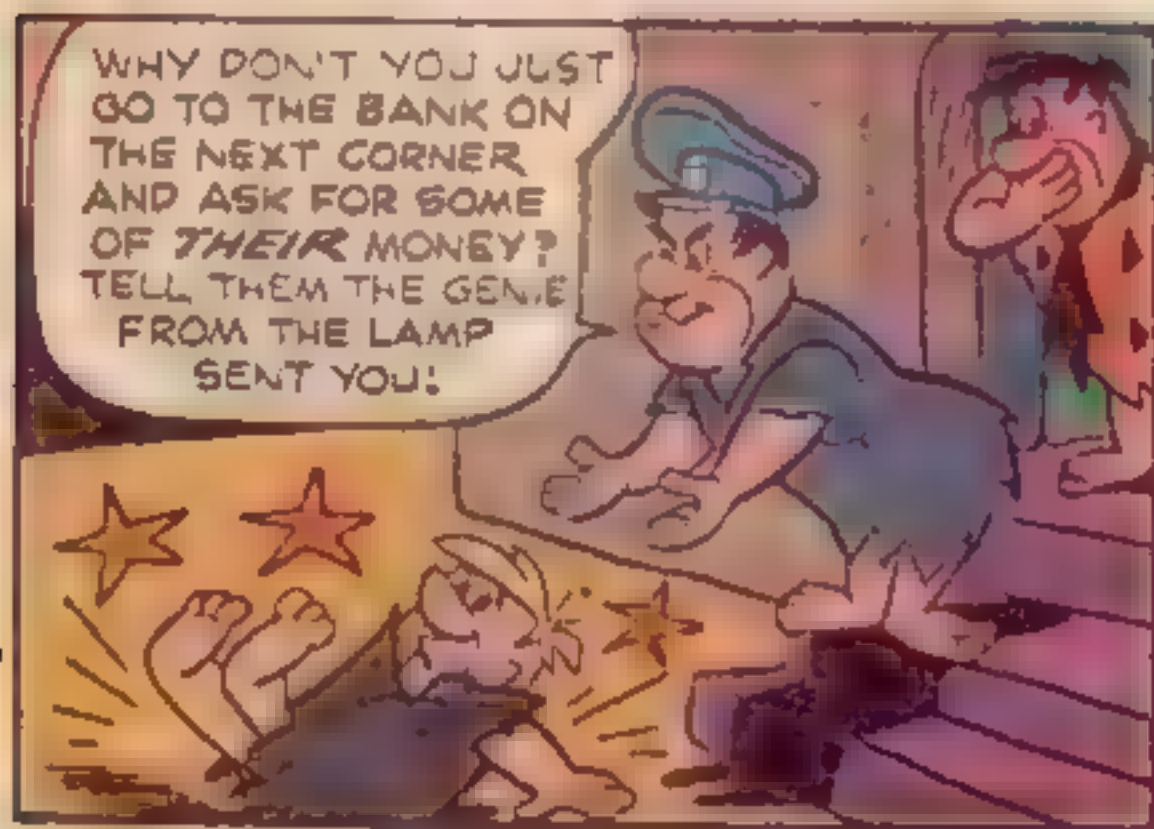
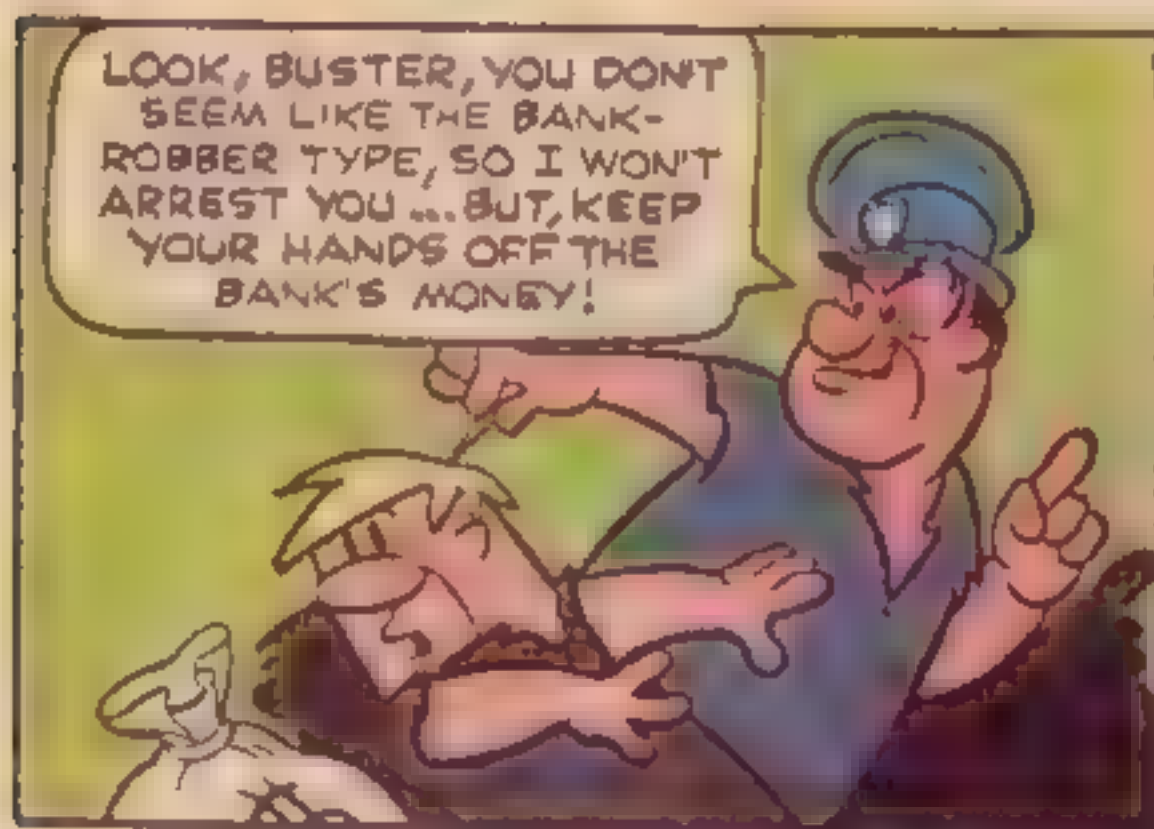
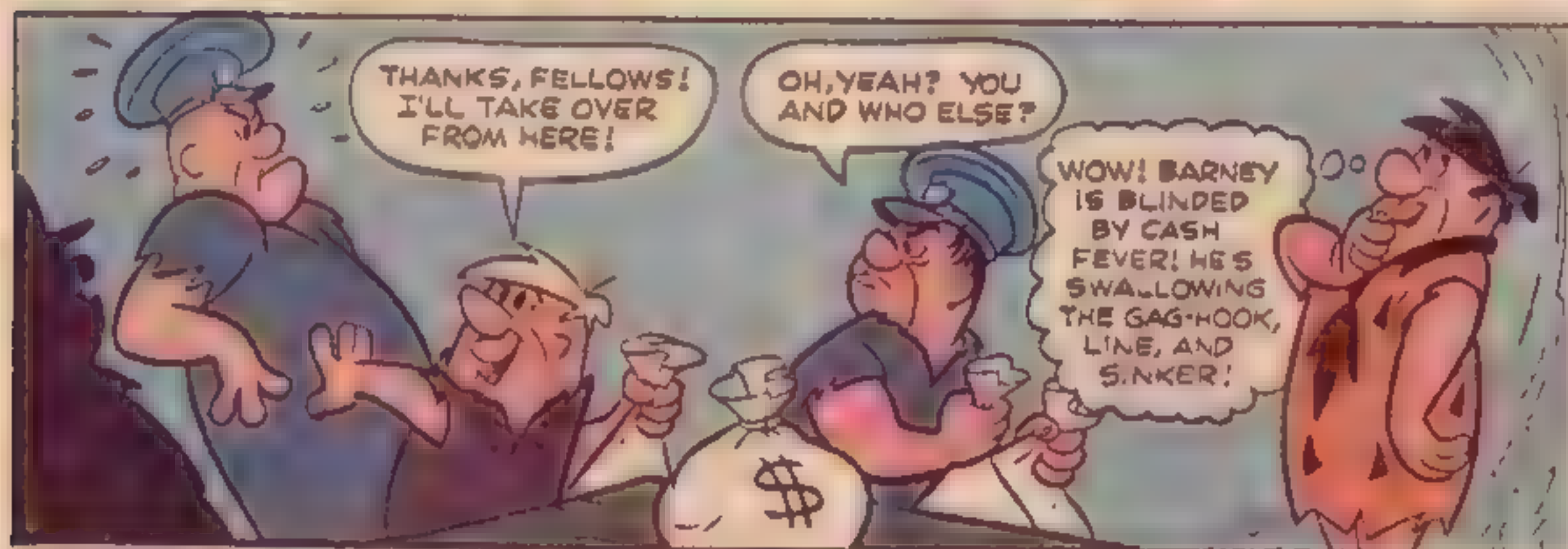
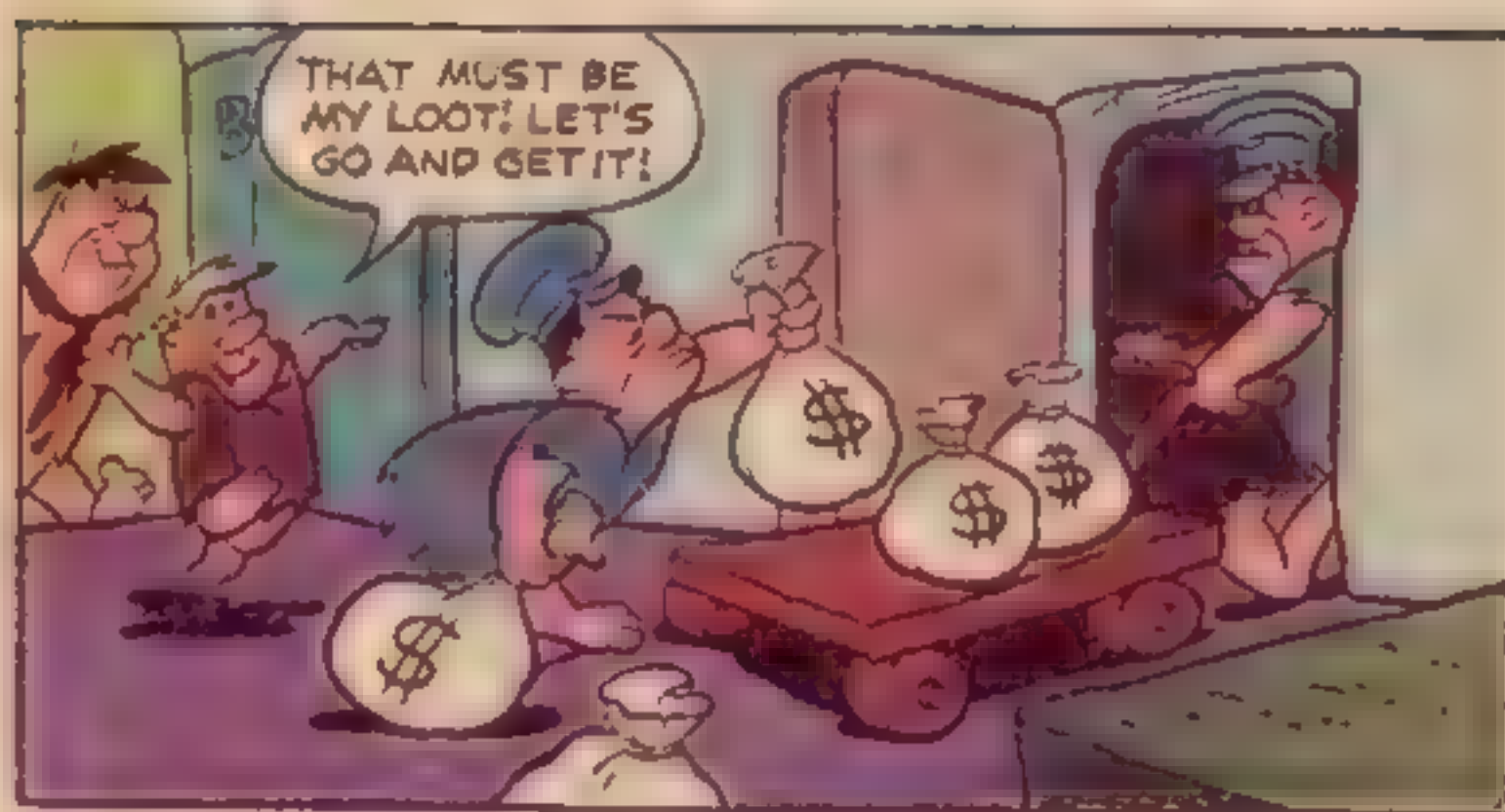
HUMPH! SOMEDAY
SOMEBODY WILL
TEACH *YOU* A
LESSON ABOUT
PRACTICAL JOKE!

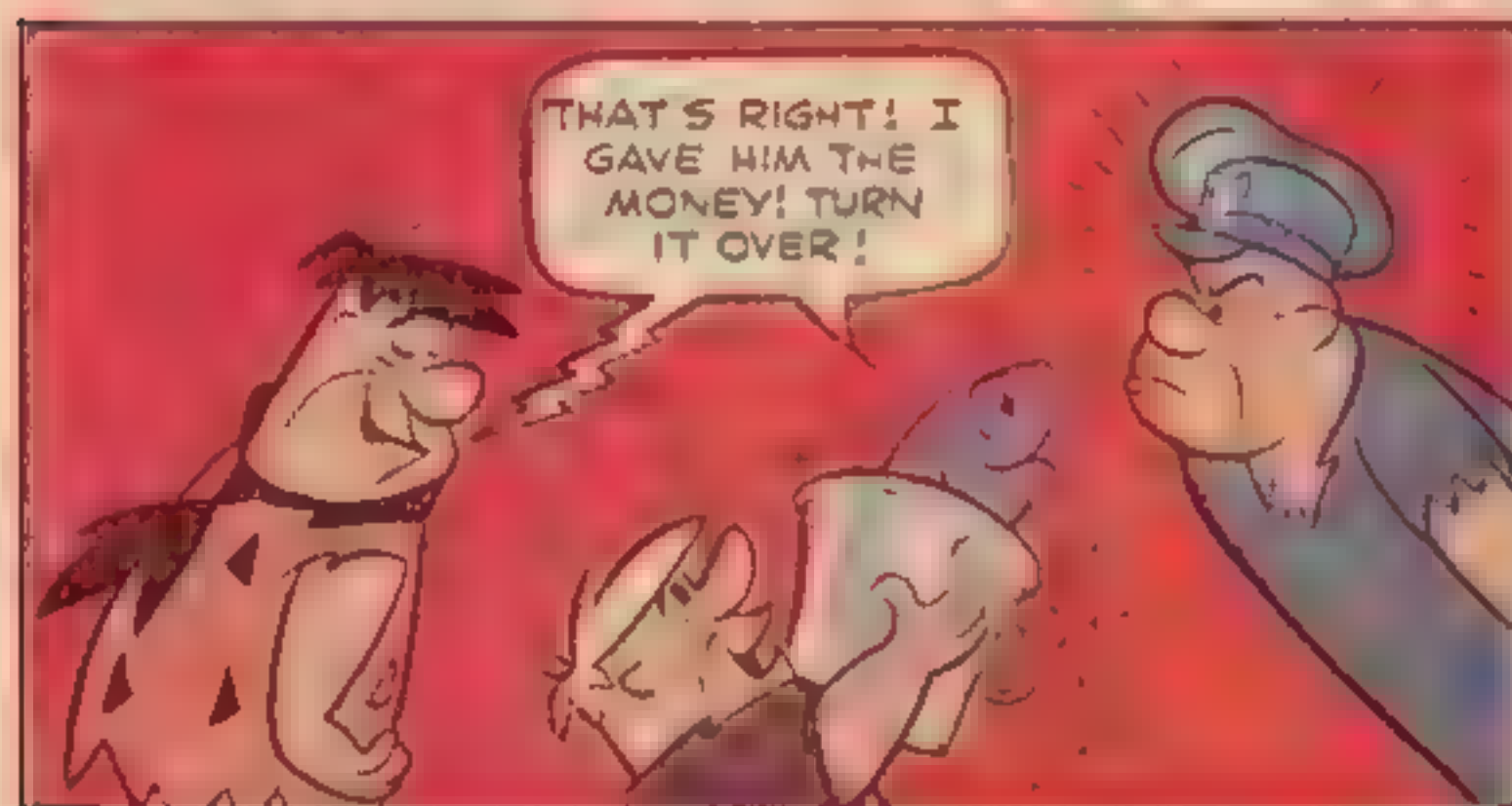
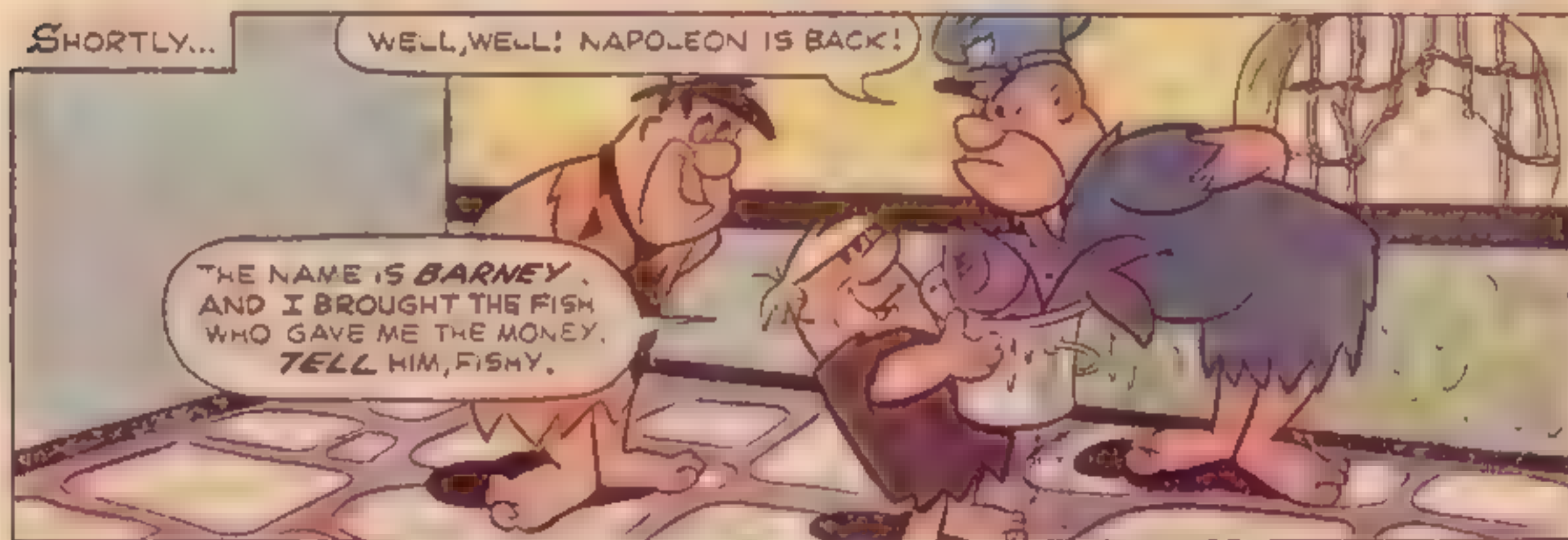
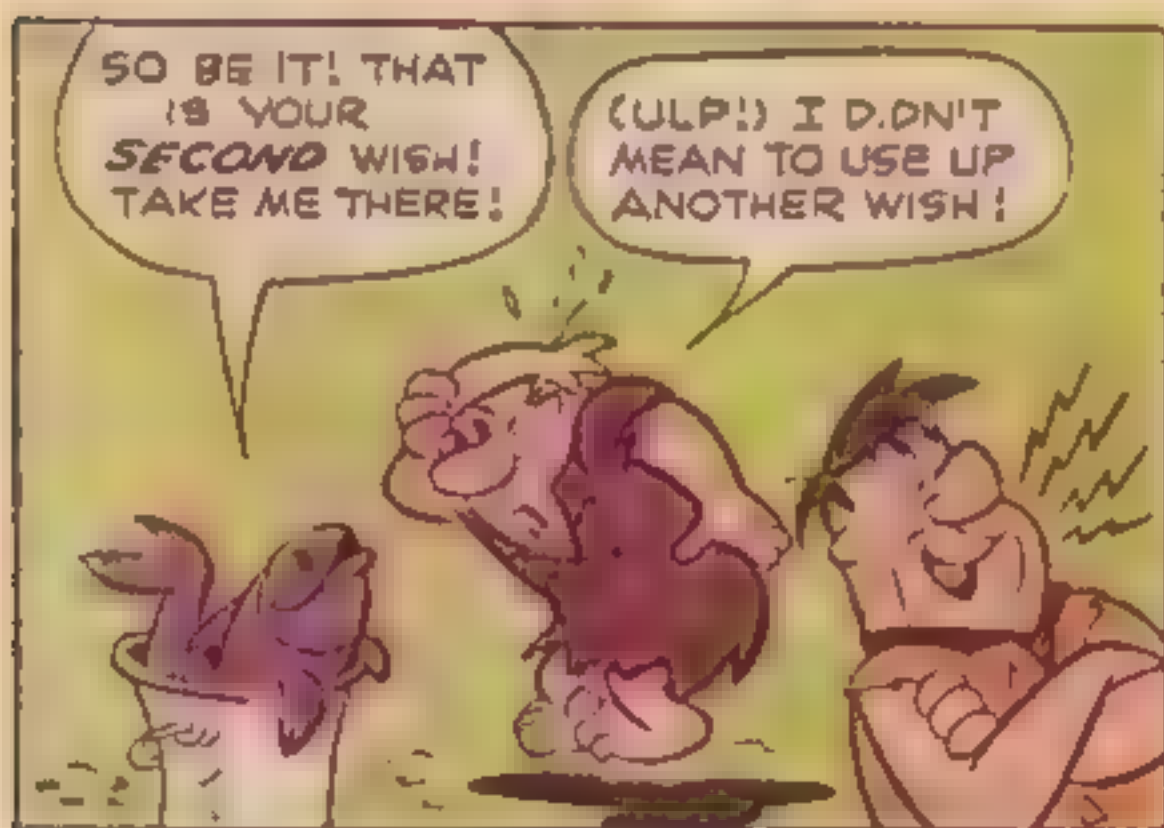
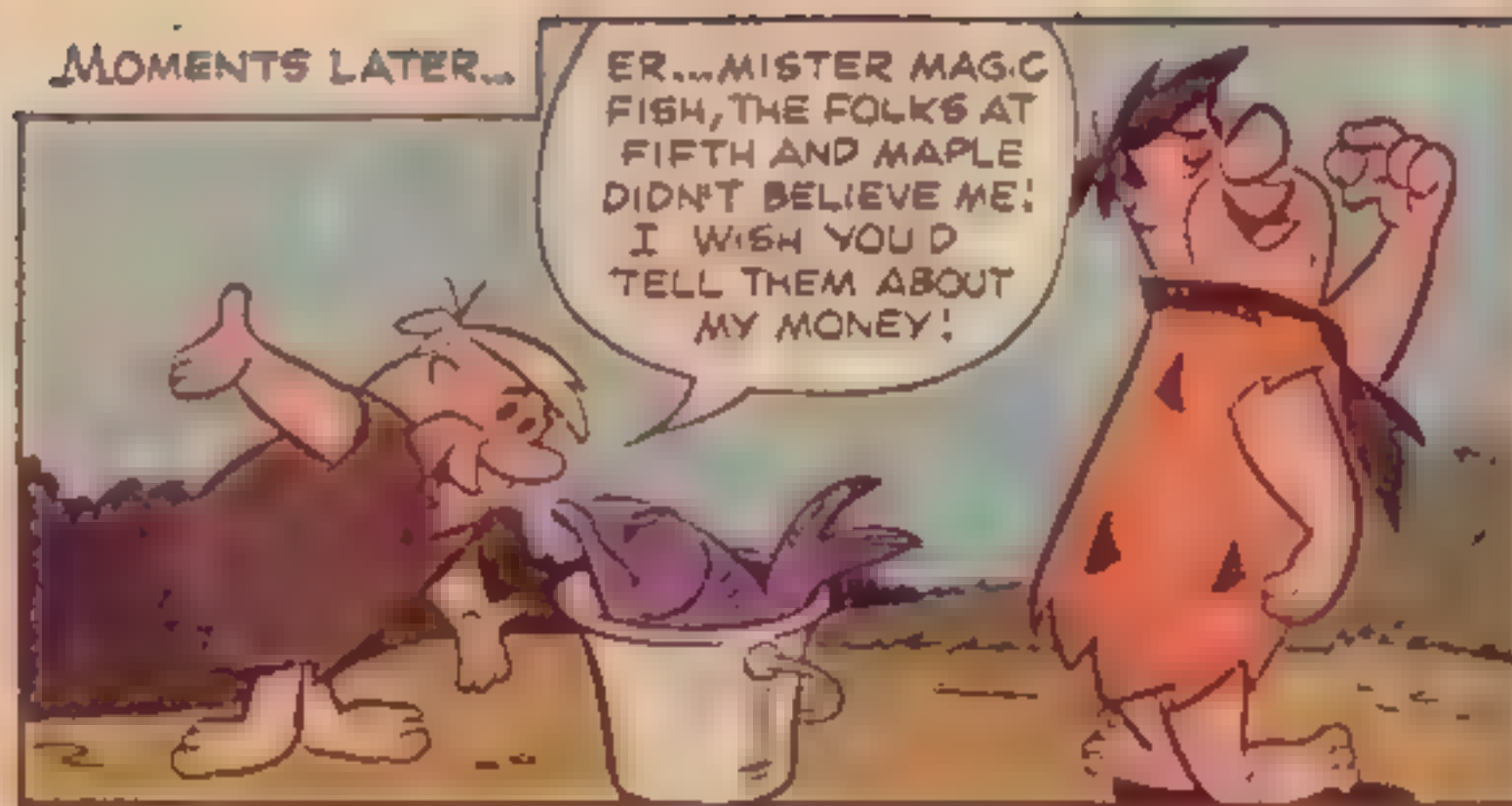
AND MAYBE THAT
SOMEBODY WILL
BE *ME*!

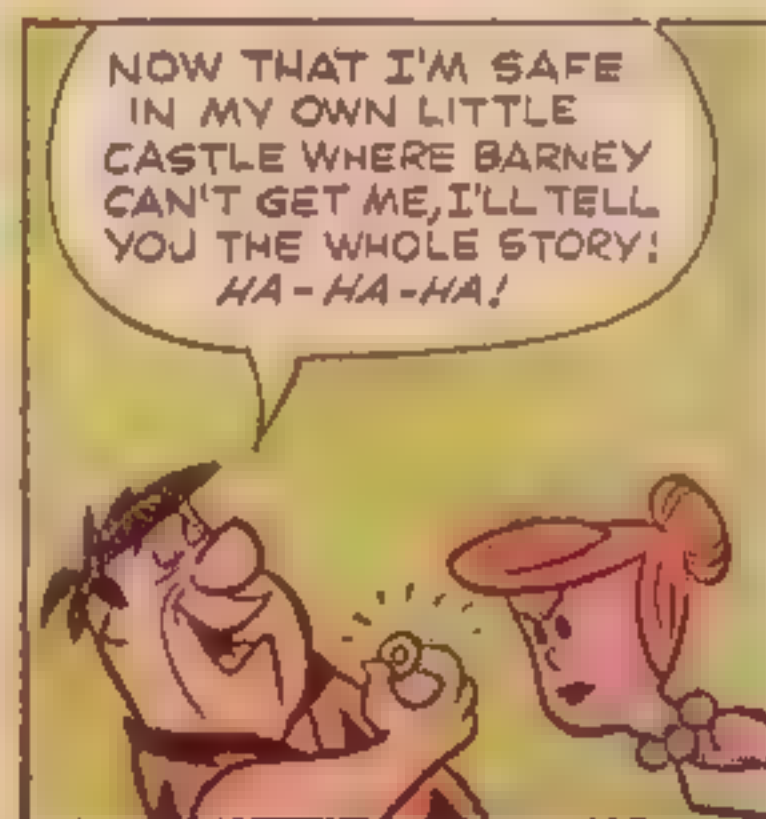
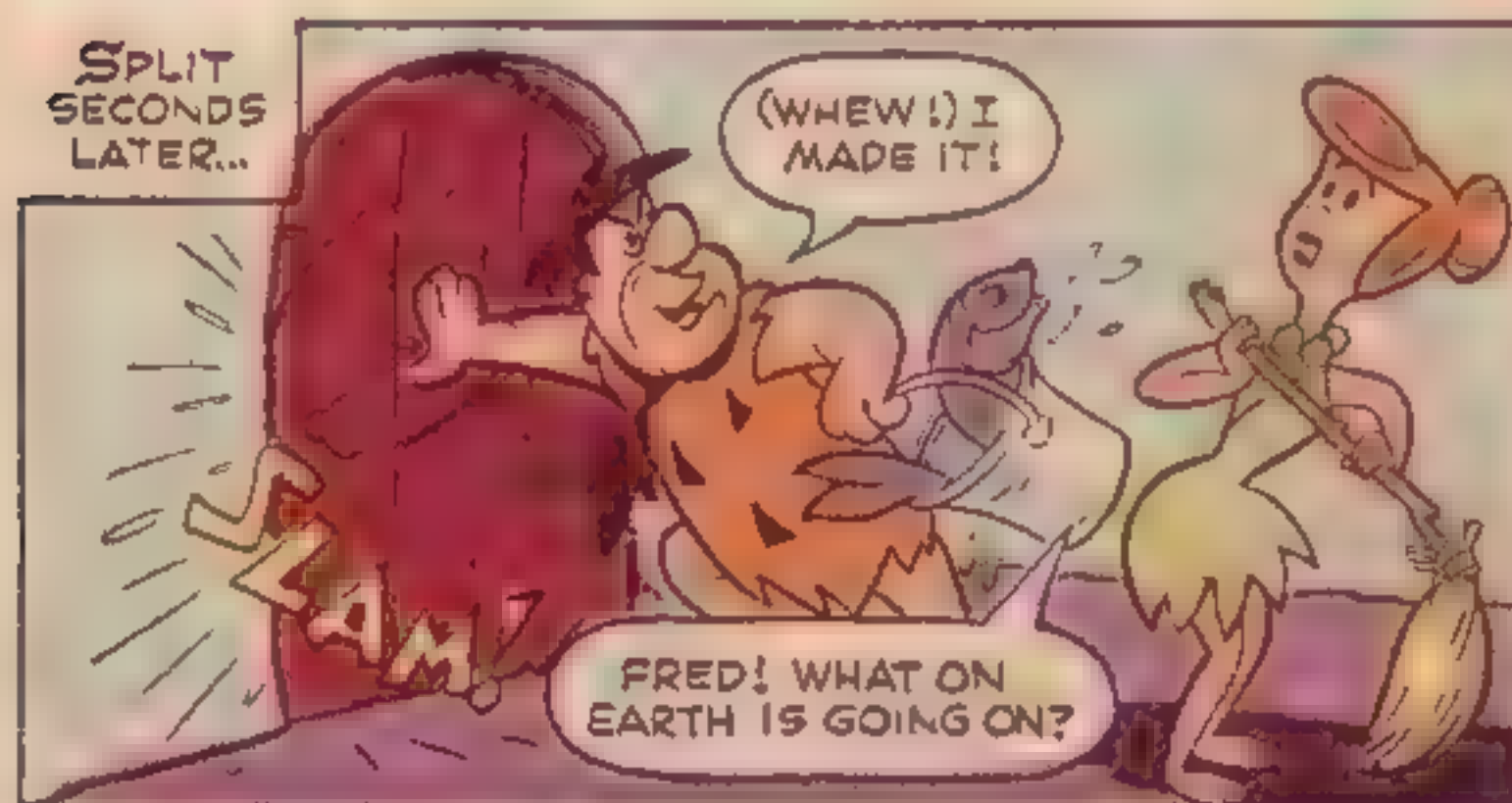
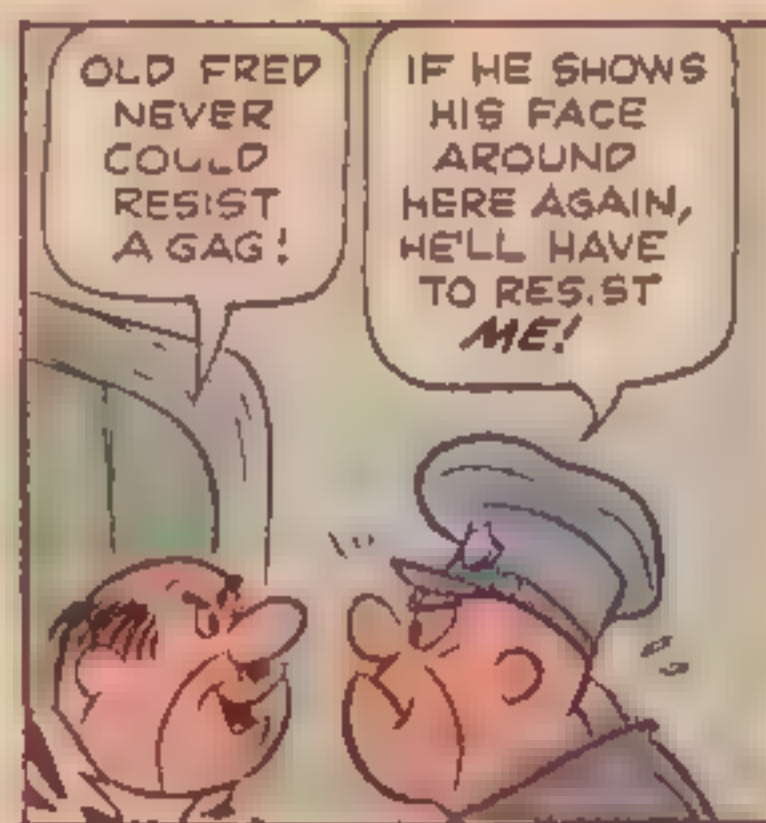
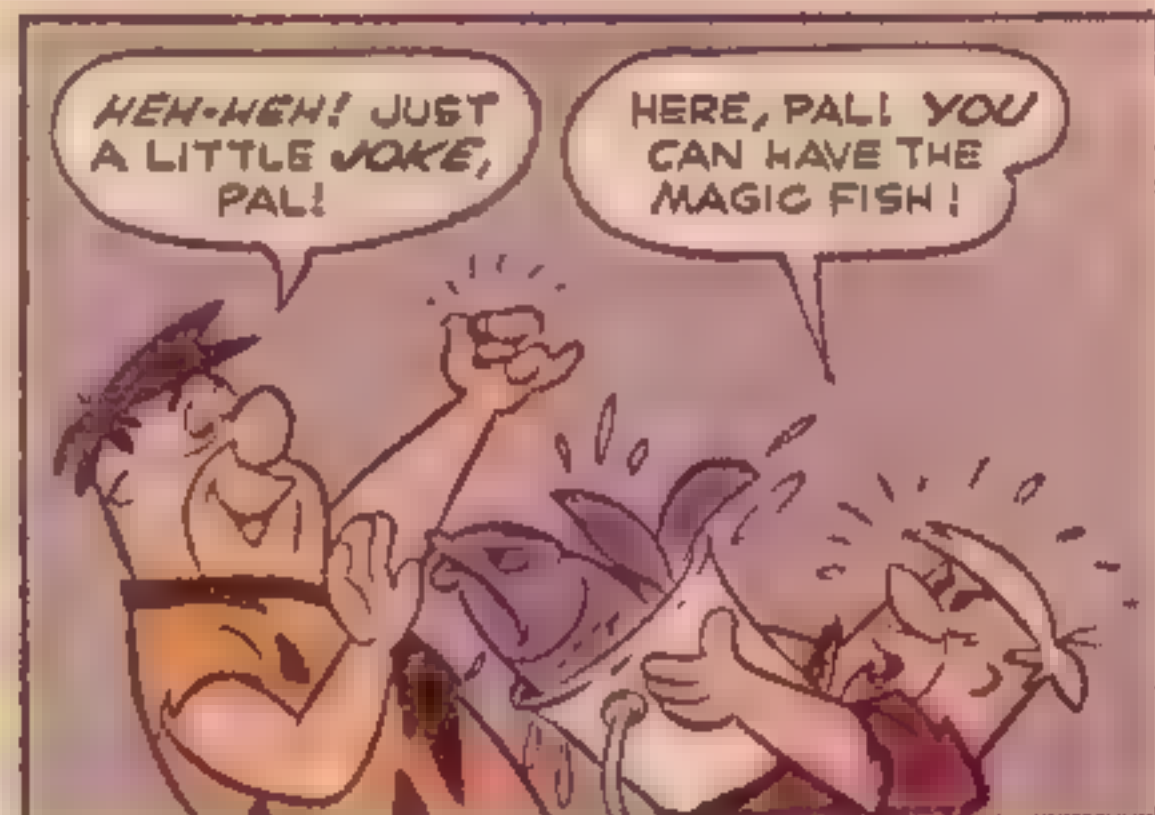
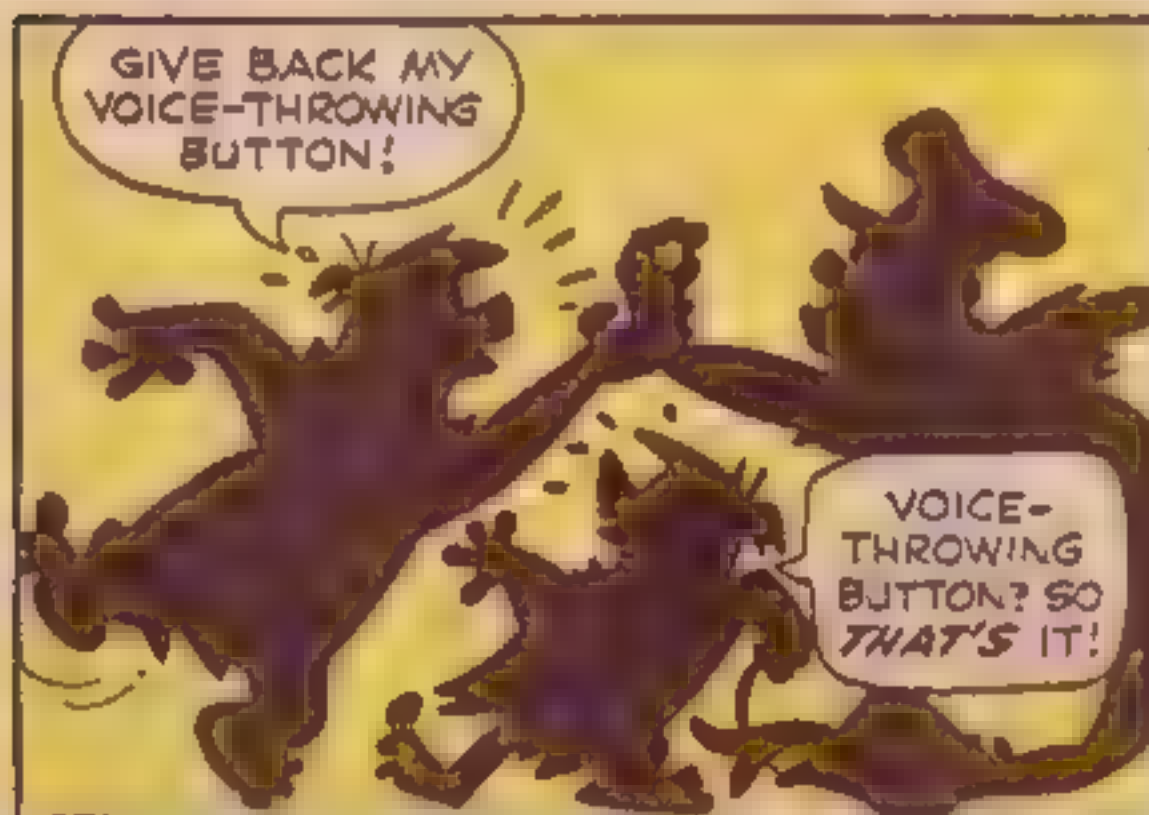
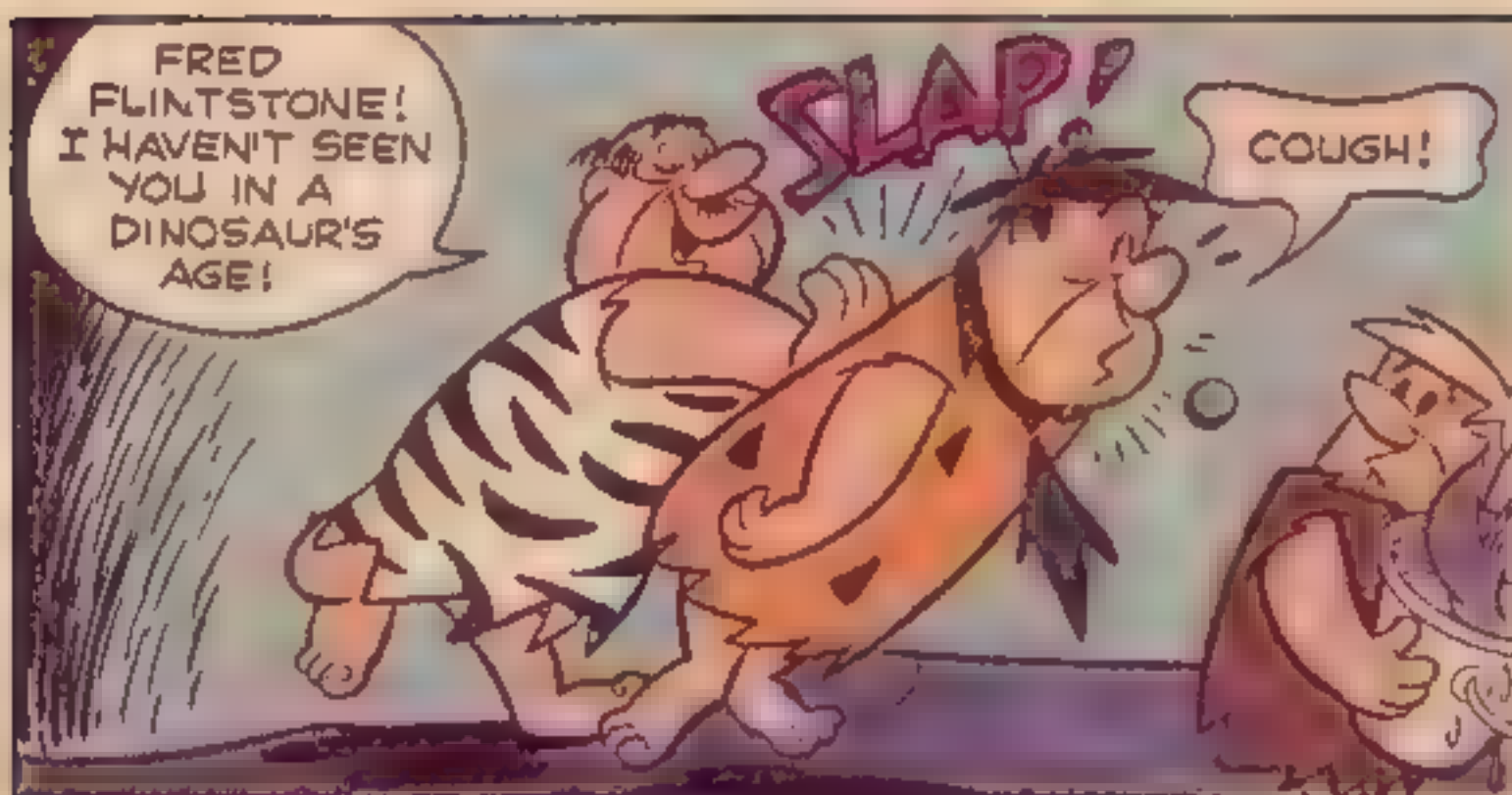
THIS GAG I'M
GOING TO PULL
ON BARNEY IS
A REAL DOOZY!
I CAN HARDLY
WAIT!

LATER...

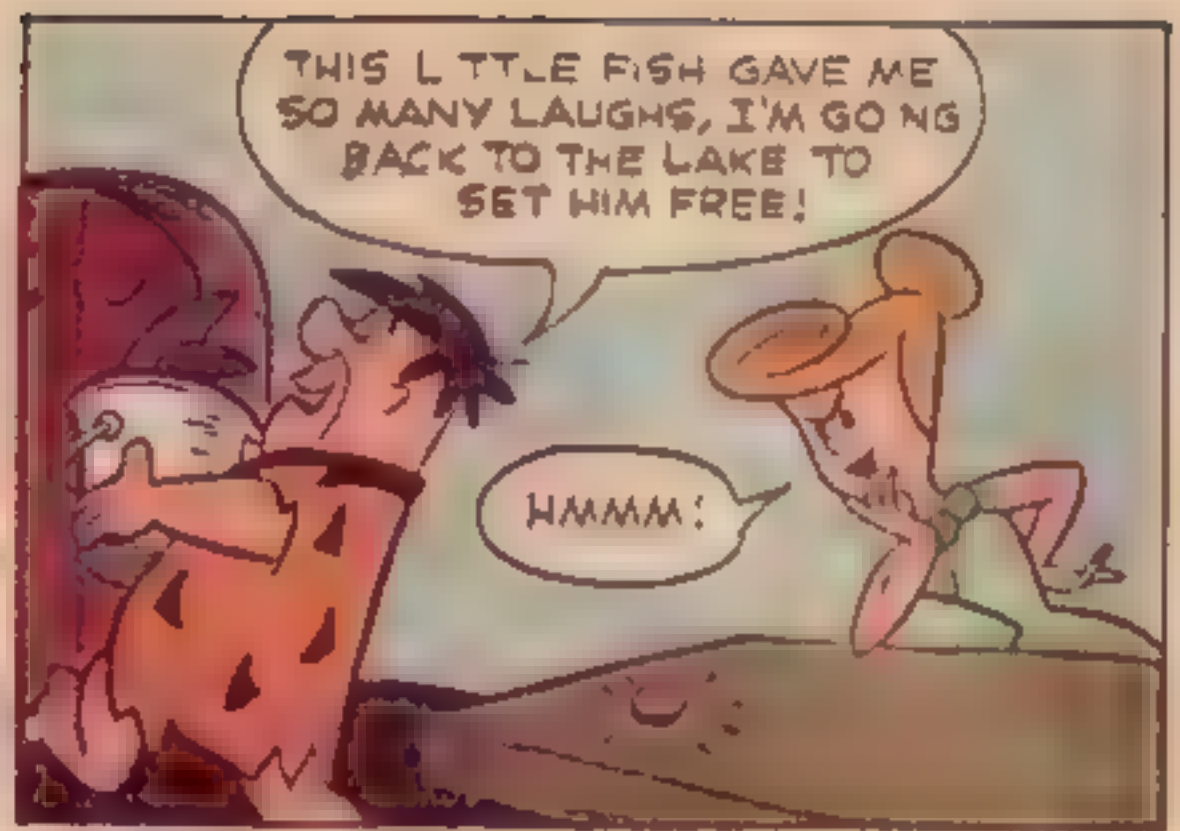
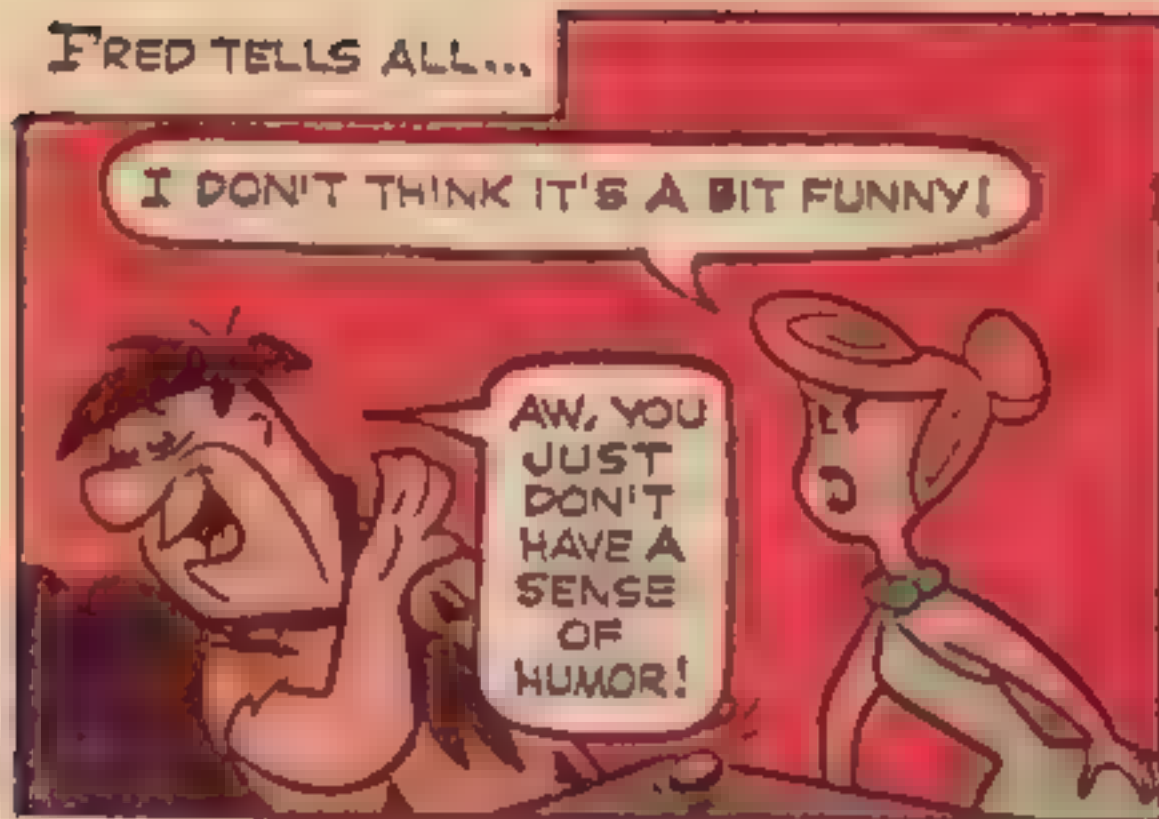




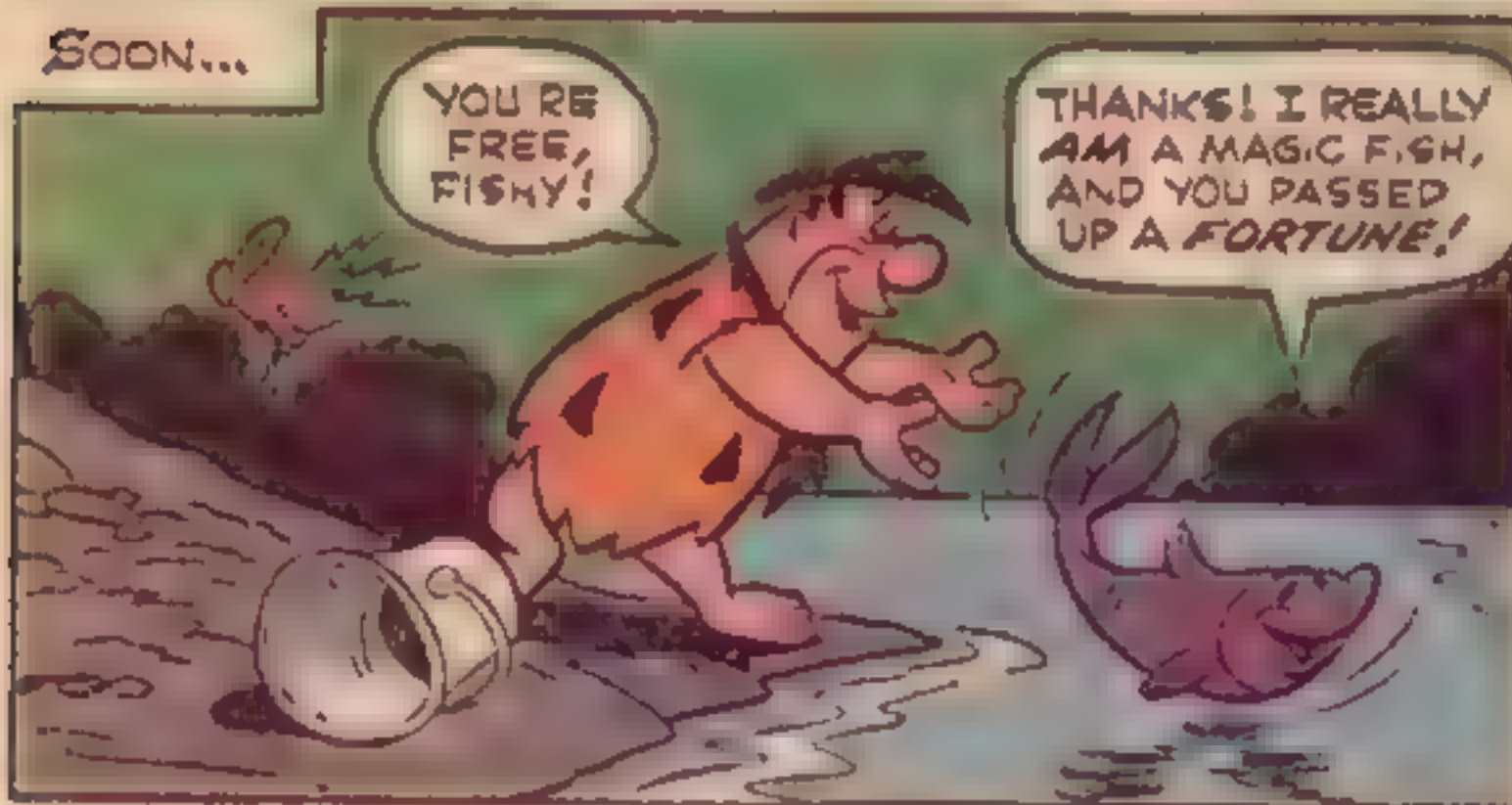




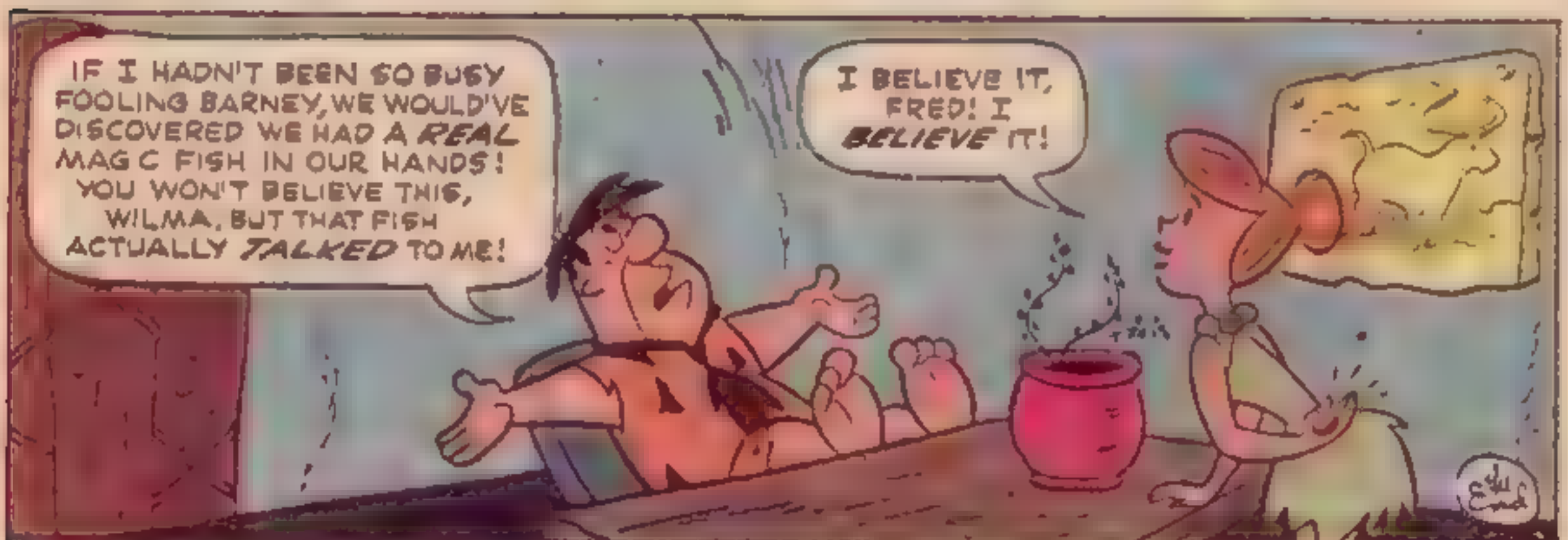
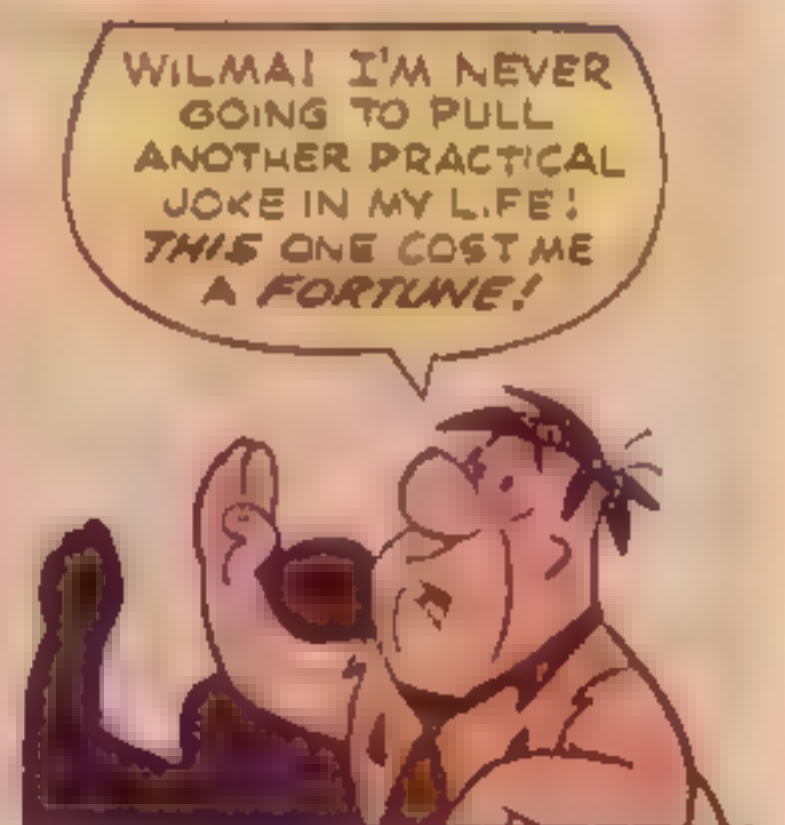
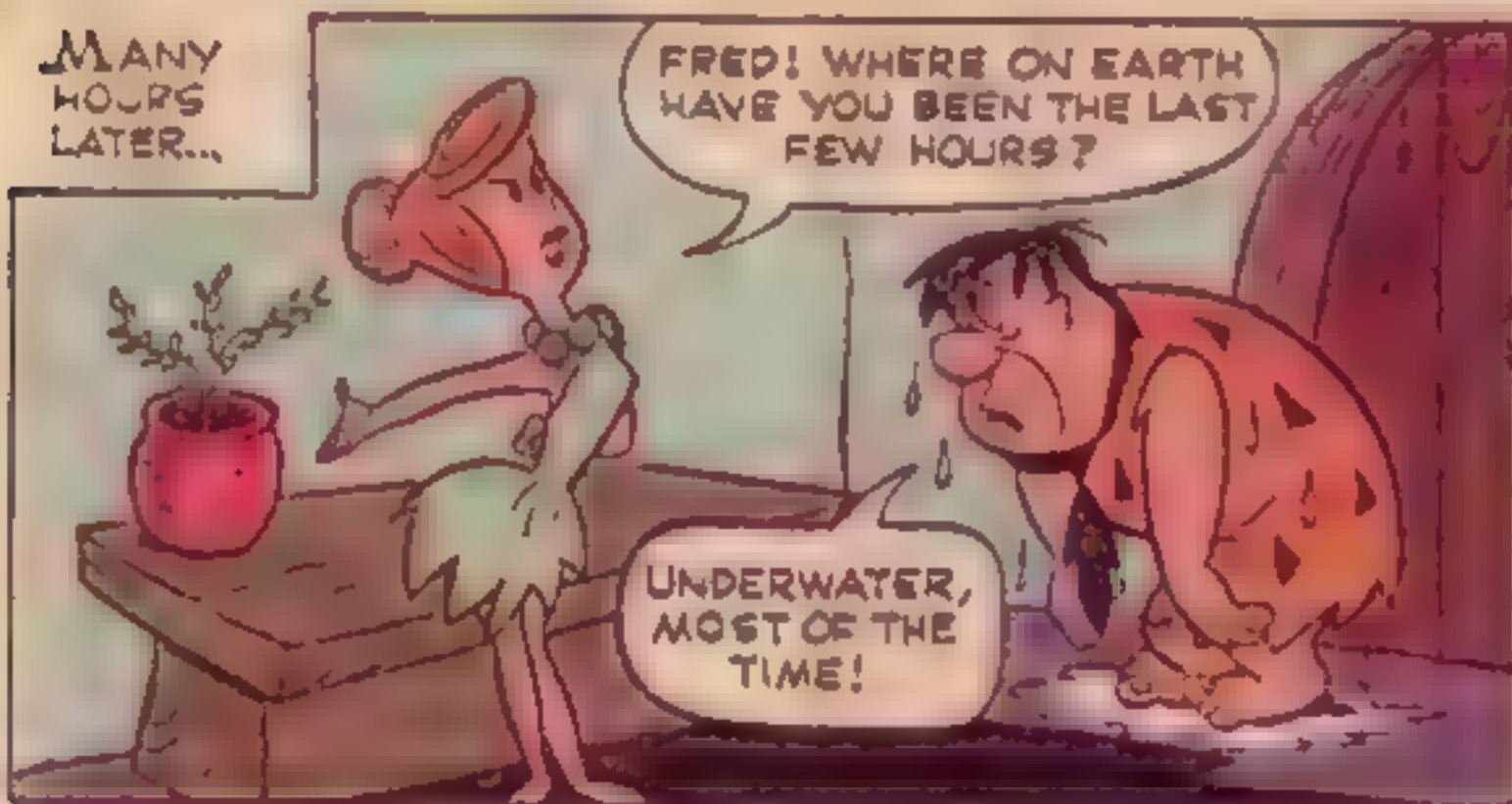
FRED TELLS ALL...



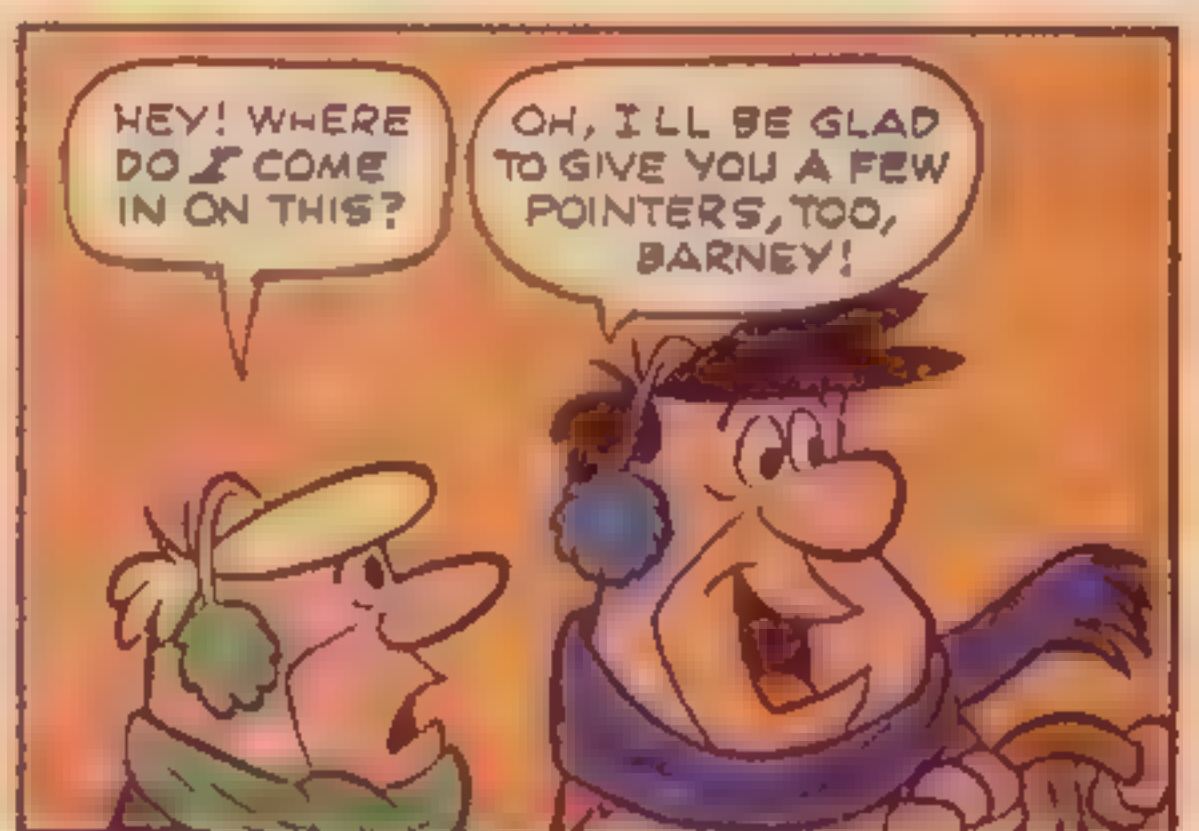
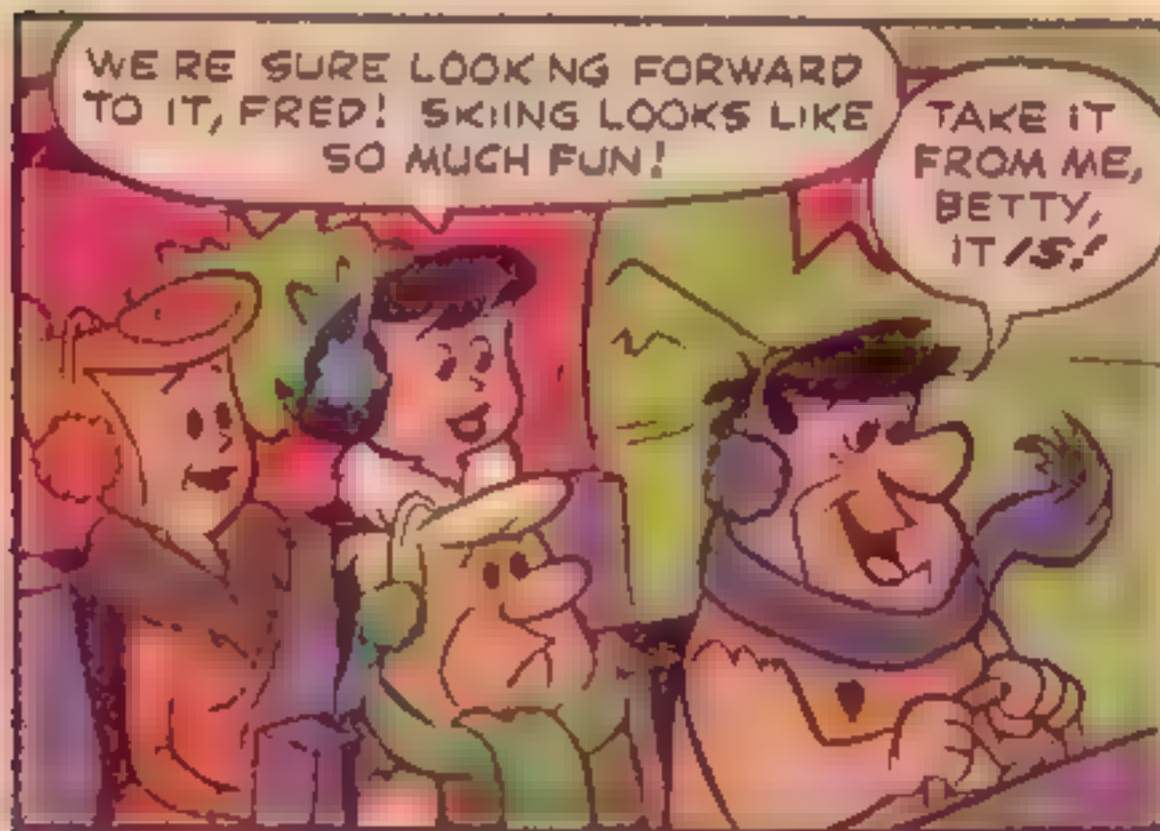
SOON...

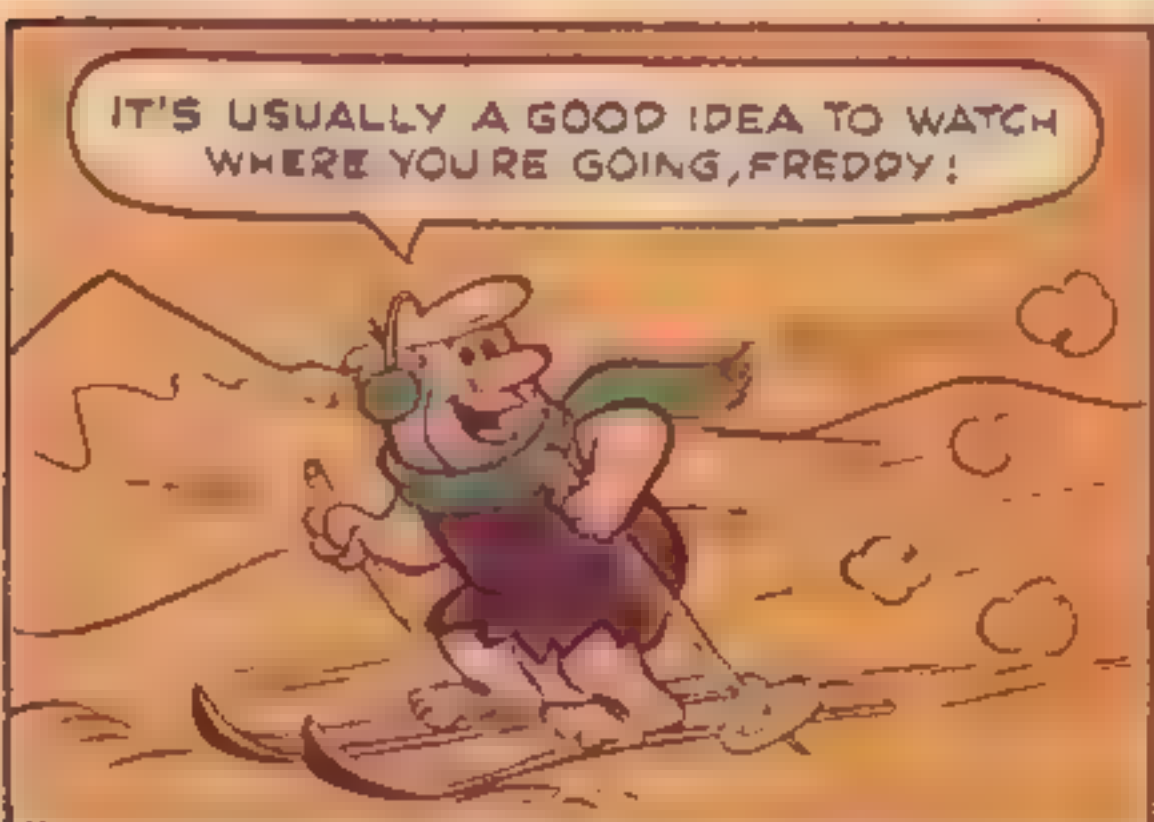
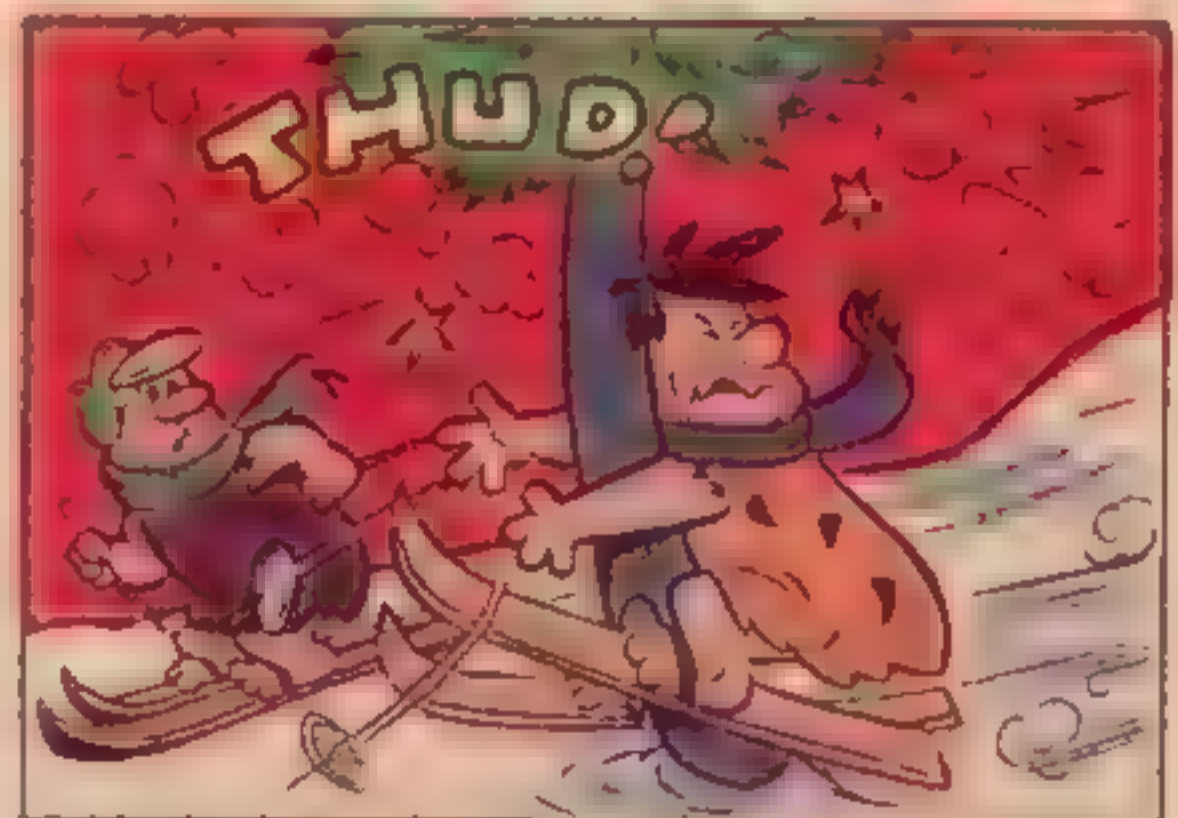
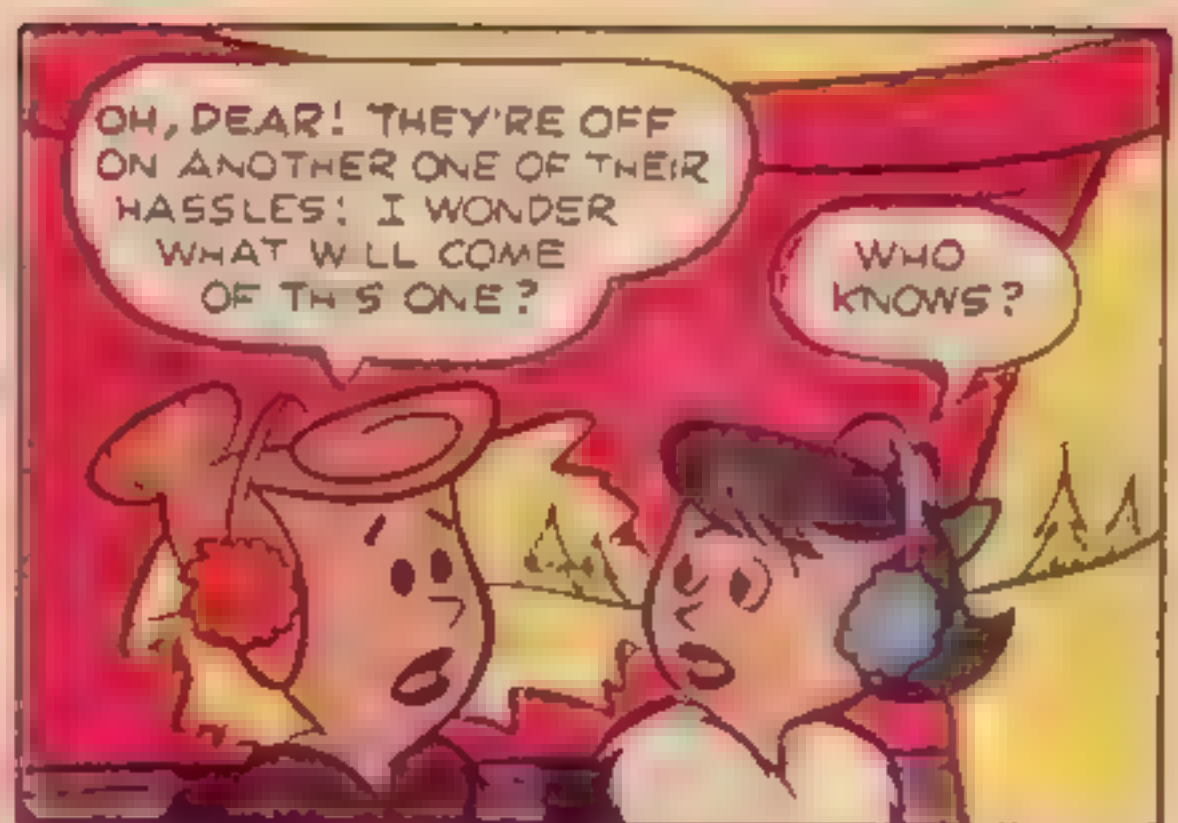
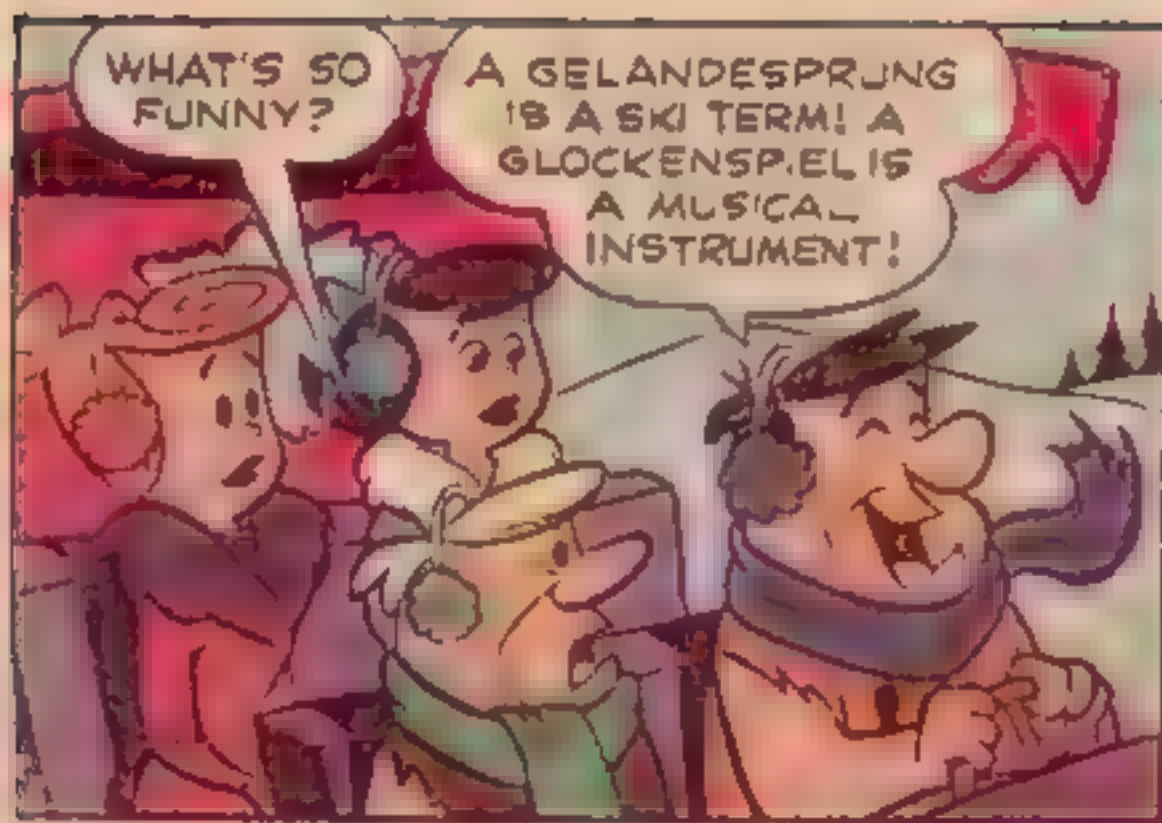


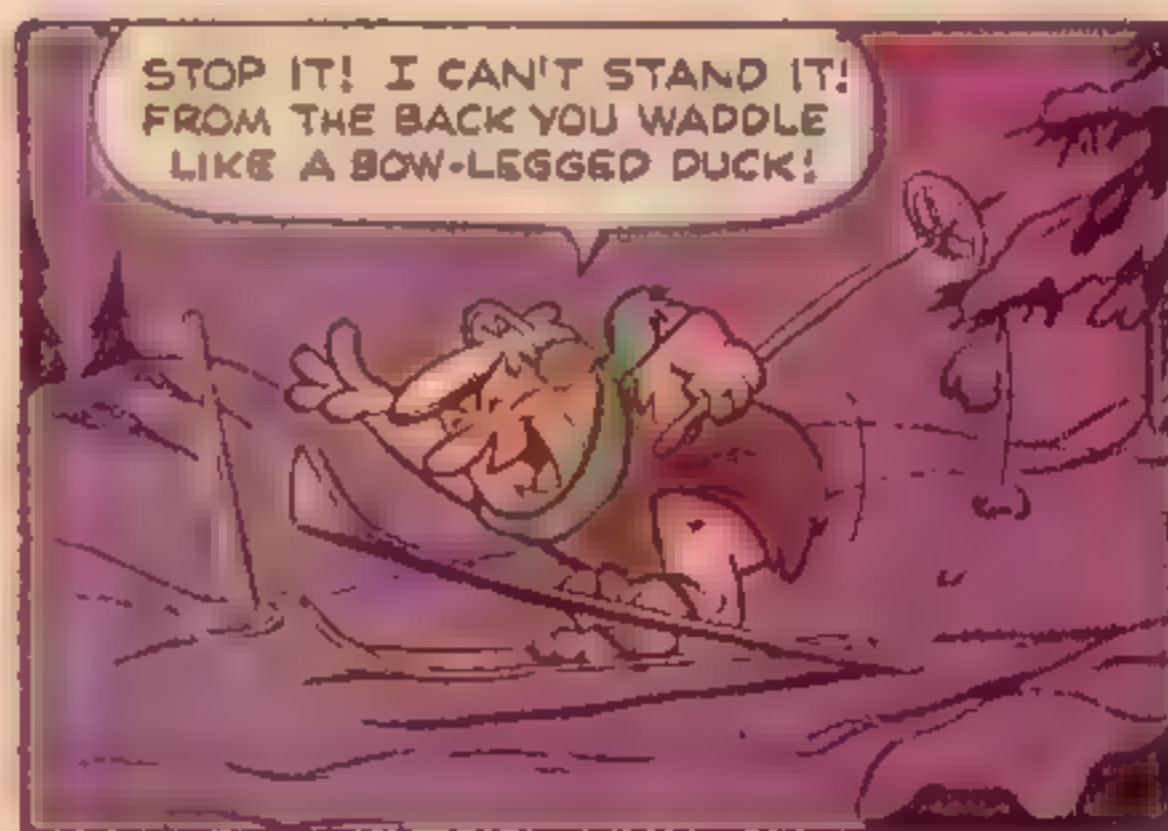
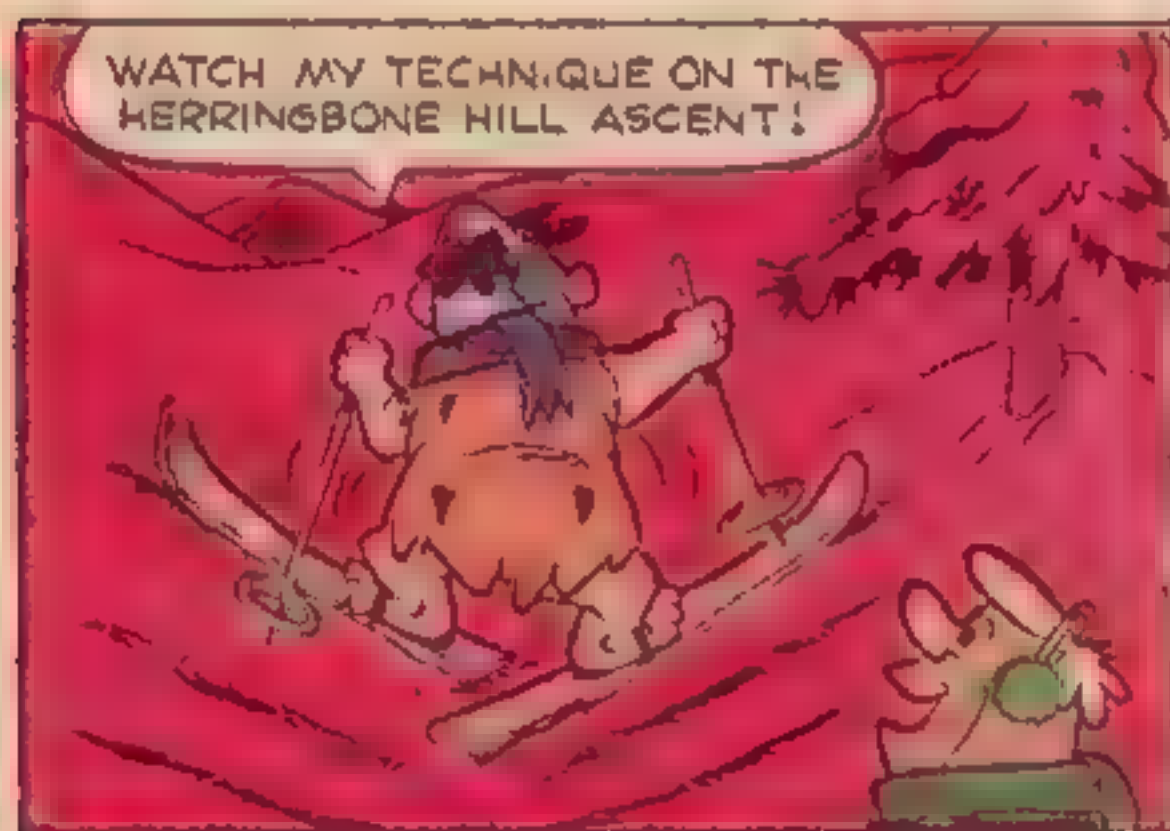
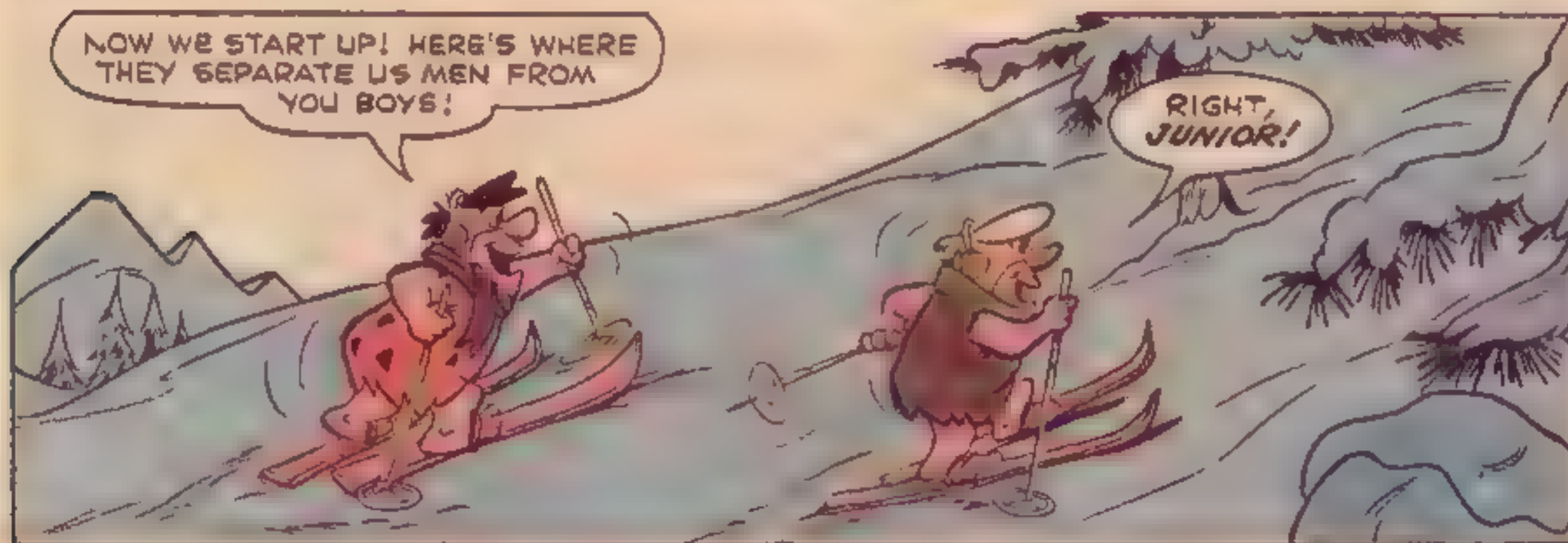
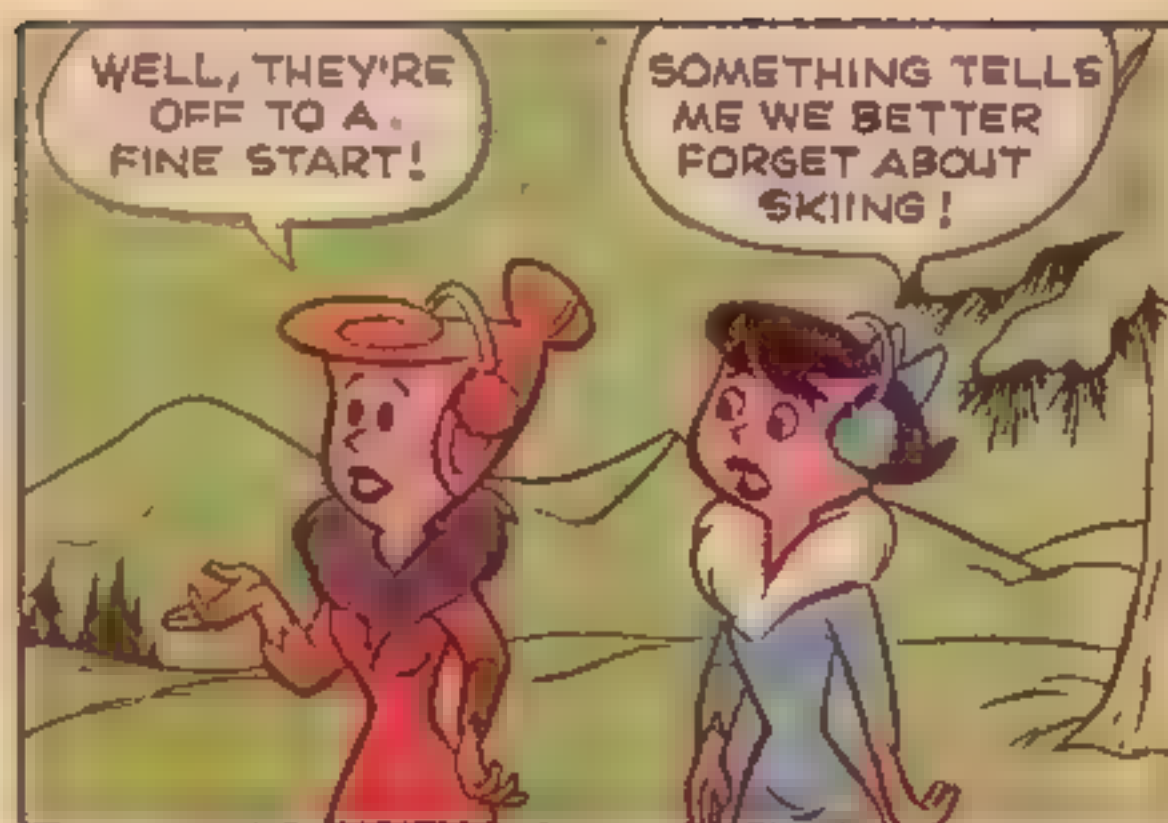
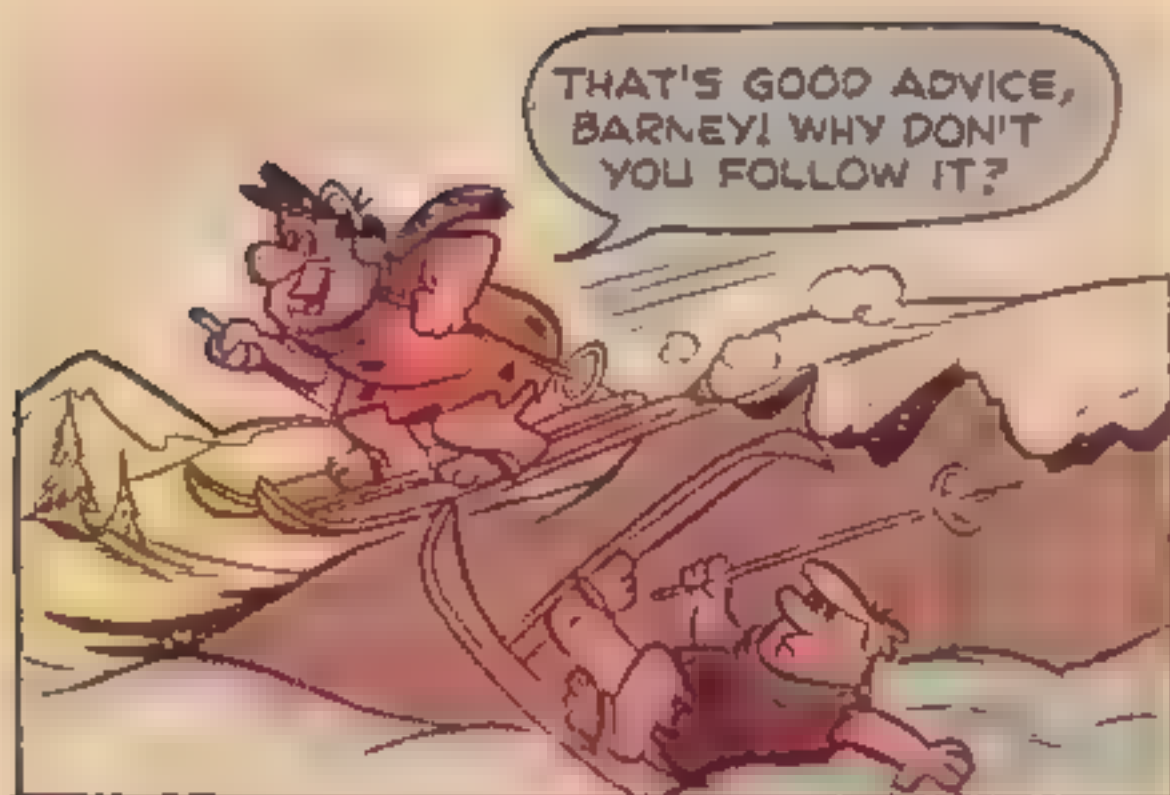
MANY HOURS LATER...



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES
SKI FOR TWO





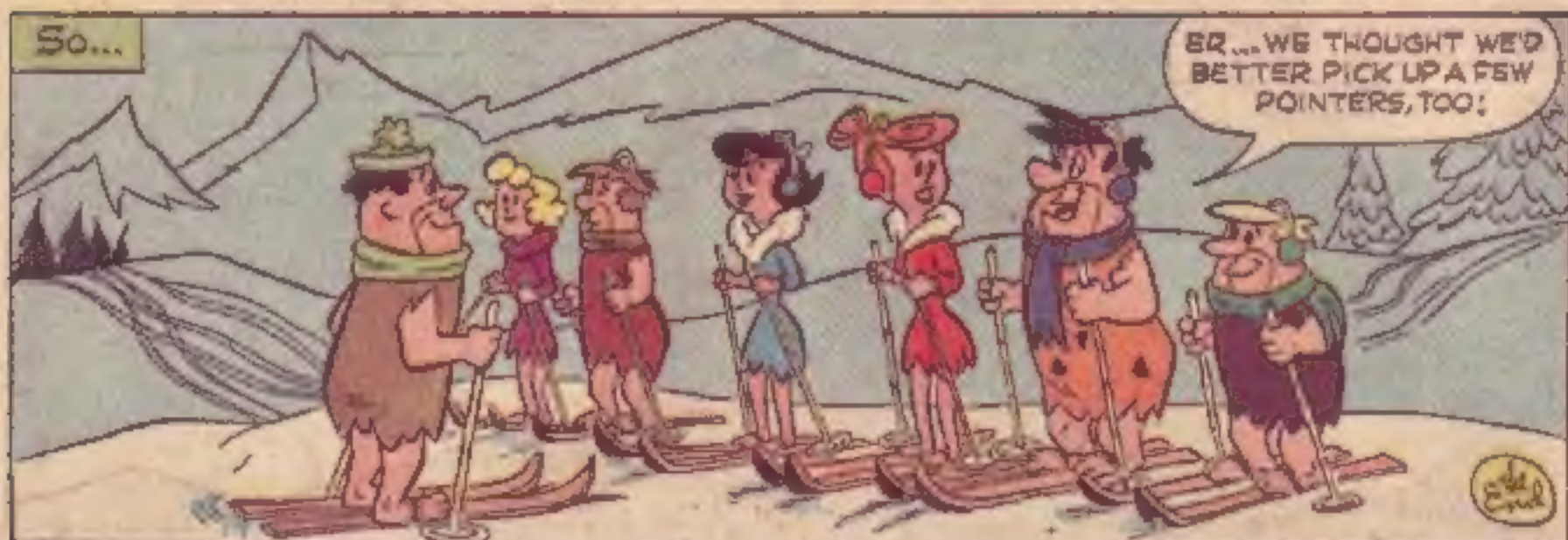






SHORTLY...





THE FLINTSTONES

PIN-UP NO. 4

